















LA  
BELLE ASSEMBLÉE

OR,  
BELLE'S  
COURT AND FASHIONABLE  
*Magazine,*

ADDRESSED PARTICULARLY TO  
THE LADIES.

VOL. VII.  
FROM JULY 1, TO DECEMBER 31, 1889

LONDON,  
PRINTED FOR J. BELL, GALLERY OF FINE ARTS,  
Southampton-Street, Strand.  
1810.



# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

FOR JULY, 1809.

---

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

---

1. An Elegant PORTRAIT of HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.
2. TWO WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON, COLOURED.
3. AN ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano forte; composed exclusively for this Work, by Mr. HODGKINS.
4. Two elegant and new PATTERNS for NEEDLE-WORK.
5. MAP of the Seat of War in Germany, and Plan of the Sanguinary Battle of Aspern.
6. MAP of the Island of WALCHEREN.

---

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

Her Grace the Duchess of Rutland ..... 3

---

### ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

- Of the possibility of growing young again ..... 4
- Hymenæa in search of a Husband ..... 5
- Life of a Lounger ..... 11
- Description of the inhabitants of West Barbary ..... 13
- Paradise of women ..... 17
- An account of the Island of St. Helena ..... 20
- Anecdotes of Scotti ..... 24
- Account of the battle of Aspern between the Archduke Charles and Bonaparte ..... 29
- Description of the Island of Walcheren ..... 37
- Art of Drawing ..... 39

---

### PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

- Up all Night; or, The Smuggler's Cave .. 39
- Foundling of the Forest ..... *ib.*

---

### BEAUTIES OF THE BRITISH POETS.

---

#### BEAUTIES OF DR. JOHNSON.

- The vanity of Human Wishes ..... 1
- Spring; an Ode ..... *ib.*
- The Midsummer Wish ..... *ib.*
- Autumn; an Ode ..... *ib.*
- Winter; an Ode ..... 6
- An Evening Ode ..... *ib.*
- The vanity of Wealth ..... 7
- To Lyce ..... *ib.*
- The natural Beauty ..... *ib.*
- To Miss ..... 8
- Epitaph on St. Thomas Hanmer ..... *ib.*

---

#### LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

- Explanation of the Prints of Fashion .... 41
- General Observations on the most approved Fashions for the Season..... *ib.*
- Letter on Dress ..... 42
- On female beauty ..... 44
- Supplementary Advertisements for the Month



Bell's,

COURT AND FASHIONABLE.

MAGAZINE.

For JULY, 1809.



---

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

---

The Forty-eighth Number.

---

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND,

---

THE Portrait presented to our readers in this Number of *La Belle Assemblée* is that of her Grace the DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, second daughter of Frederick, Earl of Carlisle, by Elizabeth, Countess of Carlisle, daughter of the late Marquis of Stafford.

The present Portrait has been copied, by express permission; the original painting being from the pencil of Hoppner, and is in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle.

Her Grace the Duchess of Rutland was married very early in life, and almost her first *debut* in the fashionable world placed her in an elevation of rank and title which raised her to the head of it.

Since her marriage, her Grace has passed her life very much in that style, in which life is generally consumed amongst the fashionable circles; she has not indeed been much distinguished for the splendour and magnificence of her routs, or that unrestrained dissipation which we observe amongst some titled persons; but, on the other hand, she does not seem to rank the virtues of retirement and domestic economy as the first in the list; she has certainly no passion for seclusion and obscurity. In a word, the character of the Duchess of Rutland may be dispatched with that sort of commendation which is no ordinary fame, that it is perhaps neither to be blamed nor praised.



## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

## ON THE POSSIBILITY OF GROWING YOUNG AGAIN.

• [Continued from page 159, Vol. VI.]

Dr. Hufeland, a celebrated German physician, asserts that human life may be extended to two hundred years, and that it is possible for man, in some sort, to grow young again. Cabanis, an ornament to the medical profession in France, seems also to think it possible, when he says with the Greek physicians, that the emanations of young and vigorous animals are capable of renovating persons enfeebled by age.

The skin has such numerous relations with all the internal organs, that it is certain that its state has an astonishing influence on the state of those organs; and if we take only its extent into consideration, we shall be convinced how useful or dangerous it is to facilitate or to interrupt the secretions which take place on its surface.

A celebrated physician, treating of the influence of a good stomach in the prevention of diseases, ascribes it principally to the action, by which that viscous externally expels the causes of disease, and dissipates them by means of the secretions of the skin. "The same is the case," says he, "with most of the influences produced by disease upon the system; they act first upon the stomach. Accordingly, derangement in digestion is almost always one of the first symptoms of disease. The stomach is, in this case, the first organ by which it acts upon the body, and deranges the whole economy. It is moreover the organ on which the equilibrium of the motions of the nerves, and in particular the motion towards the circumference, principally depends. If, therefore, it possesses sufficient strength and activity, the causes of diseases cannot so easily fix themselves, they are dispelled and volatilized by the skin before they can produce any derangement, that is to say, disease in the system." The same writer also asserts that one of the means of longevity consists in possessing a good natural principle of renovation, but that this

chiefly depends on the perfect and constant action of the lymphatic system, as well as upon the good quality and regular influence of the organs of secretion. These organs, he says, separate all extraneous and pernicious particles from the nutritive substances, and purify them before they are assimilated with the system. "It is scarcely possible to conceive," he adds, "how much this quality contributes to the prolongation of life. Those who are endowed with it, may draw more largely upon their constitution, without sustaining any loss, because their resources are so speedily renewed. We have examples of men who have grown old in the midst of debauchery and fatigue: and this it was that enabled Richelieu and Louis XV. to attain to such an advanced age."

It is, therefore, true, according to Dr. Hufeland, that the skin contributes, by its secretions, to the good state of the health, to the expulsion of the principles of diseases, and to the most perfect renewal of the system.

But it is not only by its secretions that the skin contributes to health; but also by the facility with which it imbibes all the emanations of the atmosphere by which it happens to be surrounded. If the skin causes a transmission from the interior to the exterior, so also it transmits to the interior what it receives externally. To this cause we must ascribe, for instance, the fine fresh colour of butchers; to the emanations of raw meat, absorbed by the skin, is owing the fresh and vivid carnation, so common among persons who follow that trade. To the same property of the skin, must also be attributed the *embonpoint* of cooks, who sometimes eat very little, but living continually in an atmosphere impregnated with nutritious vapours, are nourished, in part, by the absorption of the skin.

• [To be continued.] •

# HYMENÆA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

[Continued from Page 192, Vol. VI.]

MR. EDITOR,

MY aunt was as constant as most women of fashion in her attendance at the Opera and at places of public diversion, and I invariably accompanied her. The Playhouse appeared to me to afford an entertainment so much superior in its kind, that I felt some surprise that a woman of the discernment, and the natural taste of my aunt, should prefer the Opera-house. We were one evening present at *Semiramide*; my aunt was almost asleep, and I earnestly wished myself at home. By way of commencing a conversation I demanded of her why she preferred the one place to the other. "At the Playhouse this evening," continued I, "the *Jealous Wife* is the performance; at the Opera the insufferable *Semiramide*."

"If I were to consult merely my taste and my inclination," said my aunt, "I should certainly have no hesitation in preferring the Playhouse; but taste and inclination have, in fact, nothing to do with it. The Opera is the established resort of people of fashion, and as such it is almost a duty to go thither; I mean a social duty, for it is incredible how much time and visiting is saved by meeting our friends here; how many insufferable gossips are there who, unless meeting us here, would haunt us at our own houses, and make us lose the whole day in listening to their tedious tales."

"But whence is it," said I, "that the Playhouse would not answer as well for these meetings as the Opera-house? Surely there is sufficient room."

"For the very best reason in the world," replied my aunt; "because the Playhouse is not the place which the fashionable world have fixed upon. From some cause or other, the Opera-house has come into fashion, and this mere circumstance tends to keep it so. In some respects fashion loses her ordinary characteristic of change, and testifies as much regard to precedent as law itself; and so it is with the Opera-house. The sages of the law tell you, that where the propriety of a

law does not appear, the custom of the law must be held for the reason of the law. And so it must be with these laws of fashion. How they were introduced I know not; but, like the hoops at court, having been introduced they are kept up."

"Confess then," said I, "fashion apart, the Opera is the most senseless —."

"I will confess it freely," said my aunt; "and no time passes so heavily on my hands as what I consume here. The language is spoken in a manner that even an Italian could not comprehend it; and though the music is occasionally good, excellence is not its character. I understand, indeed, from those who have been lately abroad, that the French excel us infinitely in their orchestra music; and, considering the high price of our subscription, this ought not to be. I really must express my surprise that the Lord Chamberlain does not interfere to prohibit entirely this species of entertainment, which strikes at the very root of national taste, and even of national character. It is certainly pleasing to hear a good song; the admirable exertion of any talent is a worthy object of amusement and encouragement, but too much may be paid even for a song. Surely whilst there are so many charitable institutions, it is a disgrace to the charity of the country to shake all the superfluity of its wealth into the laps of such as these. Would to heaven that they were sent out of the country."

This conversation was interrupted by a young man, entering our box; he caught the last words, and immediately took up the conversation.

"And is it possible," said he, "that your Ladyship should banish that divine creature, the Nightingale? Ah! recollect those sweet words!" continued he half speaking and half humming.

"Upon my word, Lord Thomas," continued my aunt, "I would send them abroad, if it was only for the influence which her charms or her talents seem to have wrought upon you. Permit me," said she, turning to me, "to introduce you to this friend of mine; he is Captain

of his Majesty's ship *Thunderer*, and an amateur of the Opera."

I could scarcely refrain laughing whilst I returned the bow consequent upon this introduction. Imagine a fifficking, singing, humming coxcomb, of about thirty-six, with a beard which no razor could reduce, an admirer of the Opera, and Captain of the *Thunderer*. The ridiculous creature, however, did not seem sensible of his absurdity; he hummed a line or two of *Son Regina*, and howling, left us.

"There is a precious fellow," said my aunt; "and there is one of the happy effects of the Opera. Here is a man whom I understand not to want common sense, or at least he did not want it before the Opera mania seized him. How many more similar fools are there in that pit below us! If a foreigner were to take our national character from our Opera-house, he would describe us as the most absurd people on the surface of the globe. There is some excuse for the follies of Frenchmen, they fall in with their national habits, and are of a kind of consistency with their manners; but an Englishman turned fool, is the most absurd animal in the creation; he is like a bear dancing; nothing but the heaviness of folly put into motion; there is some pleasantness in a monkey, but, certainly none in the bear or mad bull."

Another gentleman now entered our box, to whom my aunt replied more respectfully; and she soon took the opportunity to address him by name, in order that she might inform me that he was Lord C——, the protector of Catalani.

"Your Lordship seems busy," said my aunt, "to judge by your countenance."

"Why, yes," replied he. "I want to hear this song that is coming on, and the council is about to meet; I am really afraid that I shall lose either the song or the council."

"Is there any particular intelligence?"

"Yes, madam," continued he; "of the council would not be summoned at so late an hour, I see no reason to make any mystery of it.—The Spaniards are unhappily defeated in every quarter; Palafox's army is cut to pieces, and I am afraid all hopes are over.—Here she is; bravo, bravo, *Son Regina*," continued he, beginning to hum.

"Well, but, my dear Lord, the Spanish Patriots."

"The Spanish Patriots, madam, are cut to pieces.—Bravo, *Son Regina*.—There are no hopes.—How admirable was that spoke! Is she not a divine creature?"

"And General Palafox," continued my aunt.

"Fal, fal, fe, fi, fa a-a-far," continued his Lordship, following the Nightingale up the gamut.—"General Palafox, madam, is dead or a prisoner.—Bravo, bravo."

"Is it possible," said I, after this singing minister had left the box, "that there can be such fools?"

"Yes," replied my aunt; "and if this Opera folly continue it will feminize the nation. It is a species of amusement which is neither suited to our manners nor to our nature; there is nothing in English habits, nor in an English sky, which should dispose us towards the Italian Opera; yet is the Nightingale, as she is called, supported on the income of a princess, whilst her husband insults the nation by his triumphant folly. If there were any spirit in the higher ranks this couple would never be endured; the vanity of the husband, and the insolent avarice of both, would meet with its merited punishment, in both being hissed from the stage and country."

On the day following an old lady made a visit to my aunt; upon the immediate mention of whose name, as the servant brought it up, my aunt hastily nodded to me to withdraw. After a long visit the lady departed, and I was summoned to the drawing-room.

"My dear *Hymenæa*," said my aunt, "you must pardon me for having sent you from the room, but I knew that the presence and conversation of the old lady, as well as the nature of her particular business, could not be agreeable to you. You need not be surprised that I guessed her business, for a very shallow knowledge of her character would be sufficient to have enabled you to anticipate it likewise. The old Lady Forecast has long been a fable in the fashionable world for a prudent and pains-taking mother. She is a widow, with three sons, young men; the first of whom only is provided for, by having the title and estate of his father; the other two have only a decent independence and

what their mother can save from her jointure. In order to supply this deficiency their mother is indefatigable in endeavouring to find them rich wives. She seems to have no other purpose in life; every day she has either a rout at home, or lugs her monsters out with her to the parties of her friends. You will see the young men sit as prim in the carriage with their mother as if they were so many Misses. Tommy and Charley, for so she calls them though both of them are beyond thirty, are consequently the ridicule of the town; and though the young men have really nothing objectionable in them, yet their mother's folly may truly be said to spoil their fortune. With their rank and appearance they might have some chance of obtaining respectable women, and with good fortunes, only that their mother has rendered them so supremely ridiculous that no woman of any spirit could with any decent pride accept of them. I am afraid, therefore, that with all the ardent assiduity of the mother's courtship, the young men will have to marry far from daughters or die bachelors. Did you ever meet with such a character?"

"Never, my dear aunt," replied I; "But what was the Lady Forecast's business this morning; was it not some new speculation?"

"You have conjectured right," replied my aunt. "Within the period of my acquaintance with her, I have scarcely known a week pass but what the old lady has started some new object; and to render it still more ridiculous, she not only selects, but absolutely addresses the object as the substitute, or agent, of her son; you will laugh heartily upon her address to you."

"To me," replied I.

"Yes, to you," added my aunt; "for I suppose it is not necessary to inform you that you were the cause of her visit to me this morning."

"How so, my dearest aunt?" rejoined I.

"Why," replied she, "her Ladyship has somewhere been informed that you have a good fortune, and therefore she has put you down on her list as a suitable match for her sons. She made me a visit which of itself is most ridiculous; she came

to ask my permission to wait upon you in favour of her son Charles."

"And have you given her this permission?" said I.

"You may depend upon it, my dear," said she, "that I did not stand in your way. It is a peculiar enjoyment to me to see people make fools of themselves. I have heard much of this old lady's absurdities, and seen some of them, but I have never seen them to their full extent. I have a curiosity, therefore to know whether she be really as great a fool as she is represented; so she has my leave to pay her addresses to you."

"Well," replied I, "I will never be addressed by substitute; but pray what kind of young man is this Master Charles?"

"Master Charles, indeed," replied my aunt; "why, he is six feet high, a Captain of Dragoons, and about thirty-five years of age; and I can assure you, too, a very personal young man, and wants nothing but a more sensible mother to have made him a very tolerable husband; the young man does not want for sense."

"Does he not act as second?" said I, "in the part which his mother selects for him?"

"No," said my aunt; "it is my real opinion that he sees the folly of her conduct, for he very quietly suffers her to carry on the siege in his name, and only that nothing final can be done without his own personal presence and consent, every thing would have been finished long since. His mother, I believe, has now at this very time, six or eight young ladies down on her list, and whom she visits as regularly as does a physician his patients; and to give you pleasure, I must inform you that you have been added to it this day, and you will hereafter have the old lady's company every day as regularly as the clock strikes two."

"And when am I to see my lover?" said I.

"Why, I have just told you," said my aunt; "at two o'clock every day. But which do you mean, Charley himself or his mother?"

"O, Master Charles himself, by all means."

"Why, I believe," returned my aunt, "that it is the custom of my Lady Fore-

cast to bring her son with her on the first visit, and ever afterwards to act for him; you may therefore expect to see Master Charles, as you call him, by two o'clock to-morrow."

Accordingly the time came, and Master Charles and his mother made their appearance. Whatever my aunt had informed me of, with respect to the character of the mother, felt infinitely short of her actual absurdity; she had reached the extreme point of folly. Her son had nothing to distinguish him from men of his own rank in general; he was neither better nor worse. In some degree, indeed, he took my fancy, because, though I could plainly discern that he was not insensible of his mother's absurdity, he yet seemed to bear it not only with patience but with good humour, as far as he could do so without becoming himself ridiculous; I could evidently see, however, that he beheld me with the most perfect indifference, and comforted myself that I regarded him with the same.

A few days afterwards my aunt informed me at breakfast that she intended to visit Vauxhall in the evening.

"This is the full season," said she; "and to-night there is a party of us who sup there by appointment. Lady Forecast and Master Charles intend calling for you."

"Indeed I shall not go with them," said I.

"Indeed but you must," replied my aunt; "for her Ladyship intends to declare herself this evening, and therefore I must insist upon your absence not spoiling her purpose. I wish much to know what the old lady will say to you."

"Well, to humour you, madam," replied I, "I will attend her Ladyship; but I am fixed against Master Charles.—I will have no husband by deputy."

"Follow your own inclinations," replied my aunt; "I will not controul you in any reasonable matter; and certainly I do not feel inclined to give myself much trouble in favour of Master Charles."

Lady Forecast called for me according to appointment. I attended her to her coach, and the coachman received his orders for Vauxhall. I felt some surprise that Master Charles did not accompany us. There was no one in the coach but

the old lady and myself. There was something in her manner which bespoke that her mind was full of some secret purpose. After we had passed over Westminster-Bridge, and our voices became audible from a cessation of the noise of the wheels rolling over the stones, she took my hand, and with the most ridiculous look in the world, said:—"My dear Hymenæa, you are delightfully handsome."

I know not what answer I made, but she continued:

"Do not think I flatter you, for it is my sincere opinion; you are the loveliest girl of my acquaintance; I really speak as I think."

"I am glad, madam, that I have your good opinion."

"You have more, my dear," continued she; "you have my sincere affection; I love you as if by anticipation as my daughter. Dearest Hymenæa answer me sincerely one question"

"Madam!" replied I somewhat embarrassed by her ridiculous frenzy.

"I wish your candid answer to one question my happiness so much depends upon it."

"Your happiness!" interrupted I, now beginning to receive this absurdity in a proper manner, and laughing in her face as far as good manners would permit me.

"Yes, my dear," continued she, "my happiness; for my happiness is closely involved in that of the person of whom I am about to speak. I must repeat my question, therefore, will you candidly and directly answer me one question?"

"Your Ladyship," replied I, "seems to make it of so much importance that I am really apprehensive lest by pledging myself to answer a question before it is put I may involve myself in a promise to answer where it might be more prudent to be silent. But for my own part, there is really so little in my concerns which I have any wish to keep secret, that I will promise your Ladyship a candid and direct answer, provided the question involves no one but myself."

"Well then," resumed her Ladyship, "I wish to know your opinion of my son Charles?"

"What, Master Charles?" said I, forgetting myself for the moment.

"Why do you call him Master Charles?" resumed she, with a look of inquiry. "But call him by what name you please, how do you like him? what do you think of him? what is your sincere opinion? speak candidly, you may trust me."

"My dear madam," replied I, "I can really see no cause for all these important exhortations; I have really nothing to conceal; you may rest assured that on this point, at least, you shall have a candid answer. Mr. Charles, by what I have seen of him, seems to me a young man of spirit and sense; he appears to have those manners, and, that, information, which would render any young man pleasing and respectable."

"And you really then think him pleasing?" immediately interrupted the old lady.

"Yes, madam," continued I. "I have really seen few young men whose manners are more pleasing than Master Charles."

"Master Charles again," reiterated she. "Where have you learned this foolish appellation? or, perhaps, it is your country mode of address. Well, be it so; since you acknowledge that he has made such an impression —!"

"Heaven guard me, madam."

"Well, we will not quarrel about words; but since you are so favourably and so strongly prepossessed in favour of Charles, I suppose it will be unnecessary for me to ask your opinion of John; yet Johnny is a fine lad, and would make an excellent husband. Well, happy will be the woman who will get Johnny. And then, there is William. Did you ever see my William? What a tall youth! he dances, sings, and acts to admiration; and having lost two of his front teeth by a cricket ball, the lad looks so prettily. Well, but, my dear, to come to the point, Charles is the happy man with you."

"I really do not understand you, madam."

"Oh, I am of your own sex; there is no necessity for any disguise with me. Speak your mind and relieve yourself. You love Charles."

"There was something so ridiculous in this that I made no other reply than by a laugh."

"Well," continued her Ladyship, "I

will not reprove your mirth. I am truly glad that Charles is your choice; because, to tell you a secret, you are Charles's. Charles said only this morning, what a delightful girl is this Hymenae, mother, your favourite, so merry, yet so modest, — such sweet eyes, and such a capital fortune; no, no, not fortune, — such a fine deportment, aye that was it; for as to your fortune, truly he neither knows nor cares whether it is ten pounds or ten thousand. But now we are upon this topic of your fortune, I will take the liberty, my love, to speak a word of advice. I really understand from your aunt that your fortune is very considerable. Have a care, my dear, there are in this town fortune-hunters of both sexes —."

"Of both sexes," said I, somewhat mischievously.

"Yes, my dear, of both sexes; fortune is a bait for man, woman, and child. Every one hunts a girl of fortune; tradespeople hunt her to share it; men hunt it to possess it all, and women are often the secret instruments employed by men. A girl of fortune should have her eyes and her wit on the alert. She should neglect nothing of due precaution. She should suspect every one who speaks to her; every one at least who is particular to her."

"No, not every one, madam," replied I; "for example, such a respectable lady as yourself, — a lady of quality and character."

"Certainly not, my dear; to be sure I have sons, and ill-natured people may suppose that as they have very little fortune themselves, I may wish to marry them to ladies of property. I do not deny, but that I should like to see them well married, but they should look to something else beside the mere fortune of the girl. Charles is a good boy, a very good boy, and no lady in the land shall have him unless she is a good moral girl, and has been bred in the country."

"This conversation brought us to Vaux-hall, where we were shortly afterwards joined by my aunt, and the party with her. In some of the walks, being accompanied with a youth, a near relation, I was passed by Mr. Charles, who had a young woman hanging on his arm, very innocent and very pretty. I thought that I perceived an air

of confusion and embarrassment as they passed and saluted me. This suggestion was soon converted into certainty by the information of my young friend.

"Do you know who that was who has just passed us?" said he.

"Very slightly," replied I.

"That is Captain Forecast," said he; "a very pleasant man, with a very ridiculous mother. She employs the whole of her life in endeavouring to get him married to some rich and beautiful heiress, and the best of it is, that he is already married."

"Married!" said I.

"Yes," continued he, "and has been so for these two years. The lady with whom you see him is one of the dancers on the London theatres; he has been married to her these two years."

"Impossible!" said I.

"It is nevertheless true," continued he, "and all the world knows it, except his mother. It is astonishing to me that he has been enabled to keep it secret from her, for I have myself seen it in the papers at least ten times. The writers of the papers keep secrets as well as the players."

"But ~~his~~ dancer!" repeated I.

"By a dancer," continued he, "I intend nothing farther than merely to designate the profession of the lady. She is a dancer and a first-rate dancer. It is but justice, however, to add, that nothing in the world can possibly be objected to her character. She has many virtues, and an uncommon portion of beauty and attraction. For my part, I think the Captain has made a good choice, but I know not what his mother may think."

This conversation was interrupted by our meeting with our whole party at one of the turns of the walk. This party, now swelled by all the fashionable people in the garden. I had again occasion to remark that the characteristic distinction of people of fashion was an indiscriminate frivolity, an injudicious confusion of every thing great and small. I have somewhere read or heard of a man, who, being shewn Westminster Abbey, and asked his opinion of it, replied, that in his humble opinion it was a very pretty, neat building. I am persuaded that if a man of true fashion had been asked the same question, he would have given the same answer. In the fa-

shionable world every thing is vastly fine, vastly pretty, vastly agreeable, no distinction, no discrimination, the same epithet is applied to a love-ballad and to the music of Handel.

In the course of our walk a new character was introduced to me, a Captain Tramper, or the Honourable Captain Tramper, I really forget which. This gentleman, as I understood in a whisper from my aunt, was distinguished in the fashionable world for being the first pedestrian; and therefore being a peculiarly useful instrument to the gamblers of the day, was in as much favour with them, as the celebrated horse Eclipse was amongst the Jockeys of his day.

My aunt having a subsequent opportunity to speak more fully to me as to the character of this gentleman:—"You have seen many characters," said she, "and therefore have an opportunity of forming some judgments; but I do not really think that you have seen many of the disposition and strange humour of this man. Would you conceive, Hymeneus, that it was possible for any man to become so besotted by any pursuit, and particularly to any which does not immediately appeal to the strong passions, as to sacrifice health and every natural pleasure to the constant practice of the most painful exertions. This Captain Tramper is in possession of a fortune of upwards of three thousand per annum; he is a single man, in the prime of youth and health; yet is all of his time consumed in the painful effort of exceeding all his fellows in some Jockey feat. The difference between the Captain and other Jockeys is, that other Jockeys push their horses, and run only them; whilst this gentleman runs himself, and is himself, as it were, his own Jockey and horse. To be the first walker or runner of his day he consumes his day and night in the most painful preparation, and lives in a manner and on a diet which no human creature but himself could support. He lives in a civilized society in the manner which voyagers have attributed to the Hotientots; his meat is absolutely raw, or little better than half dressed. He eats beef stakes for breakfast, for dinner, at tea, and for his supper. He sleeps like no other person; he is awake in every hour

of the day and night to perform his stipulated task. In short, no hermit can possibly take more care or pains to reach heaven than this gentleman undergoes to gain a wager."

"And what can possibly be his motive?" said I.

"That is more than I can discover," said my aunt. "It cannot, I suppose, be money; for money, as I have informed you, he cannot want. His estate, as I understand, is unincumbered, and I have considerably, I believe, underrated its amount, neither can it be for the mere love of the thing itself, for who can ever become enamoured of absolute pain. It can only, therefore, be from the consequent reputation. It is in high life as an the inferior

ranks, every one has something on which he prides himself; one man can drink more than another, one can throw a shuttle farther, and one can better catch a ball, one man is a hero at the head of an army, another at the head of a club; one man can box, another can drive, and another can walk. We have all these descriptions in the fashionable world in the same manner as you have them all in your country village; to speak plainly, there are fools of all descriptions."

"Be it so," replied I; "but if I must have a fool, or remain in a state of celibacy, let me continue unmarried. Marriage, as Congreve says, is a sorry kind of a thing where it is the union of fools."

[To be continued.]

## LIFE OF A LOUNGER.

ME

If any thing in the course of your reading and observation has supplied you with any remedy for the complaint which I am about to describe, you would not only assist me but thousands, by communicating it. I will not, however, lose time by preface, but commence by immediately submitting my case.

I am one of those, Sir, who am truly miserable, because I possess every thing which would render others most truly happy. My fortune and rank, from the earliest life, were such as have saved me the pains of thinking for myself. I have been surrounded by servants who waited on me; every one who was near me was my most obsequious attendant; I had scarcely time to wish before my wish was accomplished. In my minority I was under a guardian, who being himself a man of immense fortune, made me a most liberal allowance, and never controlled me in any thing. My guardian, at a proper age, put my fortune and my liberty into my own hands. Behold me, therefore, at twenty-one, in the full command of an immense fortune, and a will perfectly unrestrained and uncontrolled.

Scarcely was I emancipated before I be-

gan to feel the symptoms of that disease under which I now labour, and under which I fear that I shall have to labour for life; it is necessary to say that I speak of *ennui*; that complaint which renders life itself a burthen, which turns black the light of the sun, and defaces all the beauties of nature. Alas! it is for me to exclaim in the language of the poet, that all creation is to me a perfect blank, that men delights not me, nor woman either; that I am a blot upon the face of the earth; and that if my present feelings continue I care not how soon I am removed.

I had remained in possession of my fortune but a very short time before I began to feel the symptoms of my disease, indeed before I well understood what these symptoms were, and to what they referred. I felt indeed that, though in perfect bodily health, all was *very* right; I could scarcely seat myself a moment on a chair or a sofa, that I became in danger of a lock-jaw by a fit of yawning; I rose up and walked about the room, looked out of the windows, picked up the pins on the carpet, counted the flies, and all hundred other trifles, but all had the same effect; I again threw myself on the sofa, again yawned, fidgeted, felt miserable, and was ridiculous to every one because I could



assign no sufficient cause. Dear Sir, I do not know any thing so truly miserable as a man in this mood; every other complaint has the sympathy of the spectators; every one pities a fit of the gout, or a stout assault of the stone, or of the rheumatism, but no one pities the more afflicting disease of the idle man, because no one but himself can comprehend it.

Upon the day on which I attained my majority I went to take possession of my paternal seat. It was in every respect a noble mansion, and was in fact acknowledged to be such by every one but the owner; the owner alone felt dissatisfied when every one else was loud and full of admiration. The first few days of my visit indeed pleased me; there was novelty and hurry in the entertainments and reception which put my spirits in motion. This bubble continued for a week; I was then fairly tired of it, and wished all my cousins, friends, and tenants at their respective homes. They at length departed, and left me to myself. I slept two whole days and nights from downright exhaustion and fatigue; the third morning I was compelled to rise for I could no longer sleep. I sauntered about the grounds till I again became listless; I sauntered into the house and about the rooms, but I had seen them before, the novelty was gone, and they had no farther attraction. I knew myself on the sofa, on the chairs, on the carpet; the day lagged most miserably, but it at length closed. I could not however sleep, because I did not require rest; I had slept in fact with my eyes open.—I was the most miserable of men.

My wretchedness at length became so conspicuous that some of my friends took pity on me; they advised me to marry. If any thing can awaken him, said they, it will be a wife. I made no objection, and so to work my friends went, and soon found what they deemed a suitable object. Lady Louisa Fidget was the daughter of a Scotch nobleman; she was handsome, and had a decent fortune. My friend made proposals for our union to the old Earl her father; my estate was unobjectionable, and my character good; the proposals were accordingly accepted, and I was informed

that happiness awaited me. Upon this intimation I visited the lady; she pleased me, and I soon became pleasing to her. She was a novelty, I therefore pursued her at first with some eagerness, and won her before the caprice was over. To make short of my story, I married her, and we retired to live in the country.

Nothing was so tedious to me as the daily applications and importunities of my tenants about their renewed or expiring leases, their repairs, their rents, and all the other jargon of rural economy. I resolved to divest myself of this trouble, and therefore threw it all upon the steward. He was a sneaking Scotchman; he shortly contrived so to manage my affairs as to fill his pockets at the cost of mine. He soon became in a condition to lend me money; his plain clothes now disappeared, and I frequently fell in with him riding over my grounds with a servant behind him. He now sent to borrow my newspapers, new books, and once when my lady and myself went to town, took up his quarters in the library and drawing-room, and gave dinner parties to the young Officers in the neighbouring town. This change of conduct did not please me, but what could I say, the fellow had a mortgage on my estate; when he met me, moreover, he was as fawning and servile as ever, and still lent me money with a good grace.

Wearied with this mode of life in the country, I hailed the approach of winter with true and unfeigned satisfaction, and hurried up to London. My wife was for the moment as animated as myself with the hope of new pleasures. Our doors were thrown open, and every fool of fashion was welcomed to our table. The newspapers teemed with our entertainments; nothing was so elegant as our balls, our dinners were princely, and the Royal Dukes invariably made some of our company. Our rooms were furnished in the utmost extravagance of the prevailing mode; every thing was administered by sphinxes; a sphinx in bronze held our curtains; sphinxes curled up our beds, and decorated every article of furniture in our house.

[To be continued.]

## DESCRIPTION OF THE INHABITANTS OF WEST BARBARY.

FROM J. G. JACKSON'S "ACCOUNT OF THE EMPIRE OF MAROCCO."

THE Moors as well as other natives of this country are generally of a middle stature: they have not so much nerve as the Europeans, and are, for the most part, thick and clumsy about the legs and ancles, inasmuch that a well-formed leg is seldom seen among them; this may proceed from their constantly sitting cross legged, with their legs under them, like the tailors of Europe, or perhaps from their wearing no covering to their legs, which are thus exposed to all weather. Deformed persons are rarely met with; the loose Arabian dress covers deformity, and their mode of bringing up children (every thing being left to follow nature) generally prevents it. Coarseness and deformed feet are common; the toes take their natural growth, and are useful to the mechanics as their fingers. lame people are seldom seen; but the blind are more numerous than in Europe. Both sexes have very fine teeth. Their complexion, from frequent intermarriage, or intercourse with the Soudanic race, is of all shades from black to white. The women of Fas are as fair as the Europeans, with the exception of their eyes and hair, which are universally dark; those of Mequinas are in general so handsome that it is a rare thing to see a young woman in that city who is not pretty. With large, black, and expressive sparkling eyes, they possess a very healthy countenance, uniting the colours of the lily and the rose, that beautiful red and white so much admired by foreigners in our English ladies; indeed their beauty is proverbial, as the term *Mogayusa* is applied to any beautiful woman of elegant form, with black sparkling eyes, and white teeth; they also possess a modesty and suavity of manners rarely met with elsewhere. It is extraordinary that the inhabitants of two great and populous cities, situated within a day's journey of each other, should discover such physiognomical difference as is apparent between the females of Fas and those of Mequinas, the former being of a sallow or pale complexion. The women of Duquella are ordinary and diminutive, whilst the men are the reverse; being tall and well-limbed, with regular features. The men of Temsena and Shawia, are a strong, robust race, of a copper colour: their women possess much beauty, and have features highly expressive; and the animation of the countenance is encreased by the use of *el kahol* killy, with which they tinge their eye lashes and eyebrows. In these provinces they are particularly fond of dyeing their hands and feet with a preparation of the herb *henna*, which gives them a beautiful orange colour; and, in hot weather, imparts a pleasing coolness and softness to the hands, by preventing, to a considerable degree, the quickness of perspiration.

The Moorish dress resembles that of the ancient patriarchs as represented in paintings; that of the men consists of a red cap and turban, a shirt, which hangs outside of the drawers and comes down below the knee, a coat which buttons close before and down to the bottom, with large open sleeves, over which, when they go out of doors, they throw carelessly, and sometimes elegantly, a hawk, or garment of white cotton, silk, or wool, five or six yards long, and five feet wide. The Arabs often dispense with the coat, and even with the shirt, wearing nothing but the hawk. To this dress is added a pair of yellow sandals.

The dress of the women nearly resembles that of the men, except in the adjustment of the hawk, or surtout covering, and in the slippers, which are scarlet or red. The hair is concealed in a black silk handkerchief, over which they wear shawls or handkerchiefs of various gay colours; they wear bracelets, and armlets above the elbow, and massive rings of silver round their ancles, their earrings are of gold, about the thickness of a goose's quill, and set with precious stones or coloured glass: they wear also a number of necklaces, some large, and others small, and a variety of rings on their fingers.

The religion of the Empire of Marocco's dominions is Islamism, or Muhammedian, which was first planted in West Barbary by the renowned Muley Dris Zerem, on the spot where the town and singularity of that name is built.

Throughout the country are discovered buildings of an octagonal form, with domes of stone, or plastered with lime: these are called *Sabctuaries*; and attached to each is a piece of ground, uninclosed, for the internment of the dead. The priest or saint, who is called *el fakcer*, or *marabout*, superintends divine service and the burial of the dead, and is often referred to for the adjusting of disputes or controversies. Criminals taking refuge in these consecrated places are screened from the

band of justice; and the opulent men of the country often, for security, deposit their treasure in them. The toleration of the eastern Arabs and Moors is such, that the Emperor (although religiously disposed himself) will allow, on proper application being made, any sect which does not acknowledge a plurality of gods, to appropriate a place to public worship; and even the most ignorant and bigotted Mohammedans maintain, that every man should be allowed to worship God according to his own conscience, or agreeably to the religion of his ancestors.

The people of this empire being born subjects of an arbitrary despot, they may be said to have no established laws; they know no other than the will of the prince, and if this should deviate, as it sometimes does, from the moral principles laid down in the Koran, it must be obeyed. Where the Emperor resides he administers justice in person, generally twice, and sometimes four times a week, in the place of audience, whither all complaints are carried: here access is easy; he listens to every one, foreigners or subjects, men or women, rich or poor; there is no distinction, every one has a right to appear before him, and boldly to explain the nature of his case; and although his person is considered as sacred, and established custom obliges the subject to prostrate himself, and to pay him rather adoration than respect, yet every complainant may tell his story without the least hesitation or timidity; indeed, if any one is abashed, or appears diffident, his cause is weakened in proportion. Judgment is always prompt, decisive, plausible, and generally correct.

In places remote from the Emperor's court, the vice-regent, or bashaw, has his place of audience, where he administers justice, sometimes according to the laws of the Koran, and at others as his caprice dictates; for the same imperious despotism which the Emperor too frequently exercises over his bashaws and *alkads*, is exercised by them over those who fall under their government; and the same is done again by their subalterns when they have it in their power; thus tyranny proceeds progressively from the prince to the lowest of his officers: these petty tyrants are dispersed over the whole empire, and often give sanction to their extortions by effecting them in the name of their masters.

The influence of this mode of government upon the people is such as might naturally be expected; they are suspicious, deceitful, and cruel; they have no respect for their neighbours, but will plunder one another whenever it is in their power; they are strangers to

every social tie and affection, for their hearts are scarcely susceptible of one tender impression; the father fears the son, the son the father; and this lamentable mistrust and want of confidence diffuses itself throughout the whole community.

The pride and arrogance of the Moors is unparalleled; for though they live in the most deplorable state of ignorance, slavery, and barbarism, yet they consider themselves the first people in the world, and contemptuously term all others barbarians. Their sensuality knows no bounds: by the laws of the Koran they are allowed four wives, and as many concubines as they are able to support, but such is their wretched depravity that they indulge in the most abominable propensities; in short, every vice that is disgraceful and degrading to human nature is to be found amongst them.

It must be confessed, however, that some of the well educated Moors are courteous and polite, and are possessed of great suavity of manners. They are affable and communicative where they repose confidence; and if in conversation the subject of discussion be serious, and the parties become warm in dispute, they have generally the prudence to turn the subject in a delicate manner: they are slow at taking offence, but when irritated, are noisy and implacable.

There is one noble trait in the character of this people which I cannot avoid mentioning, that is, fortitude under misfortune; this the Moor possesses in an eminent degree; he never despairs; no bodily suffering, no calamity however great, will make him complain; he is resigned in all things to the will of God, and waits in patient hope for an amelioration of his condition. In illustration of this, I will take the liberty to relate the following anecdote, as it will also tend to shew the great risks to which merchants are exposed in traversing this country:

A Fas merchant (with whom I had considerable transactions) went, with all his property, on a commercial speculation from Fas to Gumbuctoo; and after remaining at the latter place a sufficient time to dispose of and barter his effects for gold dust and gum of Soudan, he set out on his return to Fas; after passing the desert, he began to congratulate himself on his good fortune and great success, when suddenly a party of Arabs attacked the caravan, and plundered all who belonged to it, leaving the Fas merchant destitute of every thing but what clothes he had on his back. During the interregnum, between the death of the Sultan Yezid and the proclamation of the present Sultan Soliman, this man was plun-

dered again on his way to Mogodor, whither he was going to discharge some debts, and to dispose of gum and other Scudanic produce. Four wives and a numerous family of children rendered his case peculiarly distressing; yet, when condoling with him a few days after his misfortunes had happened, he very patiently observed, "What remedy is there? God willed it so, and there is none but God." This man afterwards collected together what merchandise he could procure on credit, and proceeded again to Timbuctoo, where he realized much property, and travelling therewith through Wangara and Houssa to Egypt, he was plundered a third time of all he possessed, near Carro, and reduced to the greatest distress. This last misfortune he bore with the same fortitude as the former. He is now, however, one of the principal merchants established at Timbuctoo.

The Moors are equal by birth; they know no difference of rank except such as is derived from official employments, or recognising which the individual mixes again with the common class of citizens; the meanest man in the nation may thus aspire, without presumption, to the hand of the daughter of the most opulent; and accident, or the caprice of the prince, may precipitate the latter into misery, and elevate the former to prosperity and honour.

The children, whose mode of education is equal throughout the empire, on attaining the eighth year (not eighth day, as some have asserted), are circumcised, and then begin to study the Koran, to learn the useful arts, the care of flocks, the tillage of the soil, or the exercise of arms; those engaged in the latter are particularly noticed by the Emperor, and, if they discover a Machiavelian or despotic policy, they are generally promoted to the government of some province or town.

The Moors are, for the most part, more cleanly in their persons than in their garments. They wash their hands before every meal, which, as they use no knives or forks, they eat with their fingers. Half a dozen persons sit round a large bowl of *cuscusoe*, and after the usual ejaculation "In the name of God!" each person puts his hand to the bowl, and taking up the food, puts it by a dexterous jerk into his mouth, without suffering his fingers to touch the lips. However repugnant this may be to our ideas of cleanliness, yet the hand being always washed, and never touching the mouth in the act of eating, these people are by no means so dirty as Europeans have sometimes hastily imagined. They have no chairs or tables in their houses, but sit cross-legged on carpets and cushions; and at meals, the

dish or bowl of provisions is placed on the floor.

The women are not less cleanly than the men; for besides performing the usual ablutions before and after meals, they wash their face, hands, arms, legs, and feet, two or three times a day, which contributes greatly to brighten their beauty. The poorer classes, however, look deplorable, and excite disgust. The faces of the old women appear shrivelled, from the immoderate use of cosmetics and paint during their youth.

The usual games are leap frog, jumping, and foot-ball; the last is the favourite diversion, at which they do not seek to send the ball to a goal, but kick it up, and amuse themselves with it, without any definitive purpose.

Of their military exercises the riding full speed and firing, is the only one; this is performed by all those who keep horses; a party starts off together, and running full gallop, fire their muskets, and stop short close to some wall, those being considered the best horsemen who approach nearest the wall, and stop shortest; they then return, load again, and renew the race. But the Moors are not very fond of games or diversions; they are often seen sitting in the streets for hours together, sometimes in a dull lethargic humour, at others so vociferous with each other, that a person unacquainted with their manner, would suppose they were going to fight.

When a Moosclmin is inclined to marry, he makes inquiry of some confidential servant respecting the person of her mistress, and if he receive a satisfactory description of the lady, an opportunity is sometimes procured to see her at a window, or other place; this interview generally determines whether the parties are to continue their regards; if the suitor be satisfied with the lady, he seeks an occasion of communicating his passion to the father, and proposes to marry his daughter. The father's consent being obtained, he sends presents to the lady, according to his circumstances, which being accepted, the parties are supposed to be betrothed, and marriage follows.

Of the marriage ceremony much has been said by various authors. The bridegroom is mounted on a horse, with his face covered, surrounded by his friends, and those of the parents, who run their horses, and fire their muskets at the feet or face of the bridegroom; the kettle drum, the triangle, an instrument similar to the Greek lyre, having however but two strings, and a rude kind of flute, form the band of music, whilst the friends of the

married party dance and jump about, twirling their muskets in the air, and otherwise discovering their satisfaction. This ceremony being terminated, the parties go to the house of feasting, where the evening is passed in conviviality, till the bride and bridegroom retire to rest.

It is not expected that the woman should have a fortune or a settlement; but if the father be rich, he generally gives a dowry to his daughter, and a quantity of pearls, rubies, diamonds, &c. The dowry remains the property of the female, and in case of a separation, by consent of the husband, is returned to her. These separations proceed from various causes, as barrenness, the disappointment of expectation, or incompatibility of disposition. Separation, however, not originating in the above causes, is reprobated as immoral and disreputable. A plurality of wives is allowed in all Mohammedan countries; the lawful number is limited by the Koran to four, in addition to which, they are allowed as many concubines as they can support: in this latitude of luxury, however, they seldom indulge. The Emperor, the princes, and some of the bashaws, have often four wives, but even with them this number increases gradually; thus, the first wife, after having had a child, or when her bloom has passed, or the marks of age appear, makes way for a young one, who is taught to respect the former, who still remains mistress of the household; when the second lady loses her bloom, she is supplanted by a third, and the third by a fourth; so that the rich and independent Mooselm, however old he be himself, has generally a young wife, or a young concubine, to cherish him; and to this, they say, enables them to enjoy life longer than the Christians.

It must not, however, be imagined, that this insatiable desire for young females pervades the mass of the people; Mooselm, in general, are satisfied with one wife, and in a tract of country possessing a population of one hundred thousand souls, a hundred men will scarcely be found who kept four. Such is the state of polygamy in this country.

With regard to the concubines, they are generally black women, purchased originally at Timbuctoo; they reside in the house with the wives, performing the menial offices of the domestic establishment. The children of these concubines, when not the master's offspring, are born slaves, and inherited by him, who either keeps them for the purpose of marrying them to some black slave of his own, or sells them in the public market; this latter mode of disposing of them, however, is sel-

dom practised, except in cases of necessity; for although the law gives great latitude to masters having slaves, yet the children are generally brought up under the mother's care, and become members of the family, by serving at an early age in domestic occupations, they earn their living by their work; for in a country where the necessaries of life are prohibited from exportation, for the purpose of enabling the subjects to live comfortably with a little income, the expense of maintenance is inconsiderable; so that a large and numerous family is a blessing, and the more numerous, the greater the blessing. Living on simple food, for the most part of the famularious kind, their appetites are easily satisfied, their wants are few; and their resources many.

The women are not so much confined as has been generally imagined; they frequently visit their relations and friends, and have various ways of facilitating intrigues; thus, if a lady's sandals be secured at the door of an apartment, the husband himself dare not enter; he retires into another room, and directs the female slave to inform him when her lady is disengaged, which is known by the sandals being taken away.

When an ill disposed husband becomes jealous or discontented with his wife, he has too many opportunities of treating her cruelly; he may tyrannize over her without control; no one can go to her assistance, for no one is authorised to enter his harem without permission. Jealousy or hatred rises so high in the breast of a Moor, that death is often the consequence to the wretched female who has excited, perhaps innocently, the anger of her husband. The fate of those women who are not so fortunate as to bear a male child is too often to be lamented, those who do are treated with extraordinary respect, the father being careful not to ill-treat the mother of his son or heir. A father, however fond of his daughter, cannot assist her, even if informed of the ill treatment she suffers; the husband alone is lord paramount; if, however, he should be convicted of murdering his wife, he would suffer death; but this is difficult to ascertain, even should she bear on her the marks of his cruelty or dastardly conduct, for who is to detect it? Instances have been known where the woman has been cruelly beaten and put to death, and the parents have been informed of her decease as if it had been occasioned by sickness, and she is buried accordingly; but this difficulty of bringing the men to justice holds only among the powerful bashaws, and persons in the highest stations: and these, to avoid a retaliation of similar practices on

their children, sometimes prefer giving their daughters in marriage to men of inferior station in life, who are more amenable to justice.

The inhabitants of this empire are subject to many loathsome and distressing diseases; children are frequently affected with baldness and the falling sickness, which, however, gradually leave them as they grow up; the women are very subject to the latter, which they call *mijin*, that is, possessed with a spirit.

Leprosy, called *jeddem* is very prevalent in Barbary; it being considered epidemical, those who are affected with it are obliged to wear a badge of distinction whenever they leave their habitations, so that a straw hat, with a very wide brim, tied in a particular manner, is the signal for persons not to approach the wearer; the lepers are seen in various parts of Barbary sitting on the ground with a wooden bowl before them, begging, and in this way they collect sometimes a considerable sum for such a country: they intermarry with each other, and although the whole system is said to be contaminated, yet they do not discover any external marks of disease, except the total want of eye brows. On any change of weather, and particularly if the sky be overcast and the air damp, they will be seen sitting round a fire, warming their bones, as they term it, for they ache all over till the weather resumes its wonted salubrity.

The plague, which appears necessary to curtail the overplus of increasing population, visits

this country about once in every twenty years; the last visitation was in 1799, and was more fatal than almost any ever before known.

The Mohammedans never postpone burying their dead more than twenty-four hours; in summer it would be offensive to keep them longer, for which reason they often inter the body a few hours after death; they first wash it, then lay it on a wooden tray, without any coffin, but covered with a shroud of cotton cloth; it is thus borne to the grave by four men, followed by the relations and friends of the deceased, chanting, "There is no God but the true God, and Mohammed is his prophet." The head is placed in the grave towards Mecca, and the head and foot of it are marked by two stones. It is unlawful to take fees at an interment; the bier belongs to the Mosque, and is used, free of expense, by those applying for it. The cemetery is a piece of ground uninclosed, attached to some sanctuary, outside of the town, for the Mohammedans do not allow the dead to be buried among the habitations of the living, or in towns; they highly venerate the burying-places, and whenever they pass them, pray for the dead.

The etiquette of the court of Morocco does not allow any man to mention the word *death* to the Emperor, so that if it be necessary to communicate to him the news of any Mohammedan's decease, they say, "He has completed his destiny," or his life, to which "God be merciful to him," is the reply.

## PARADISE OF WOMEN.

ACCOUNT OF A SINGULAR CUSTOM AT METELIN; BY THE LATE RIGHT HON. JAMES EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

THOUGH the extreme beauty and amenity of the Grecian islands, especially those on the Asiatic side of the Egean Sea, may render it difficult to make a choice among them, yet if I were desired to declare a preference, I should probably fix on Metelin, the ancient Lesbos. This enchanting island, prond of the birth of Alceus and Sappho, still retain those charms which gave rise and inspiration to their poetry: and though its groves no more resound with their sacred strains, the cause that inspired them still seems to exist, and love still lingers in his favourite haunt:—

*Spirat adhuc amor,  
Viruntque commissi calores  
Eolus fidibus puella!*

Nature here reigns triumphant, and, by showing what she can perform alone and unassisted, teaches us to despise the weak efforts of her inadequate mimic. The mountains, whose rugged tops exhibit a pleasing inter-spersion of rocks and of pine groves, have their green sides, for many miles a long the coast, covered with olives, whose less agreeable verdure is corrected, embellished, and brightened by a lively mixture of bays and laurels, aspiring to the height of forest trees; of myrtles, pomegranates, and of arbutus, rich at once in blossom and in berry; of mulberries growing wild and laden with fruit; and of every other tree,—

"Of nobles kind for sight, smell, taste."

Whilst the luxuriant vine, climbing wild and unrestrained even to their topmost branches, adorns and encircles them with its vivid green and with its clustering fruit; winter is here unknown, the climate forbids it; the verdure is perpetual, and the frequency of evergreens gives to December the tints of June; the parching heat of summer is never felt, the thick shade of trees and thousands of crystal springs, which every where arise and form themselves into unnumbered rivulets joined to the refreshing sea breeze, the constant companion and corrective of noon tide heat, qualify the burning air, and render the year a never-ending May:—

“Airs, vernal airs!

“Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune

“The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,

“Knut with the Graces and the Hours in dance,

“Lead, on the eternal spring.”

No wonder then if the inhabitants, the better to enjoy these various beauties, should construct their houses in the following peculiar manner: each house is a square tower, built of hewn stones, so high as to overtop the trees, and to command a view of the sea and the neighbouring islands. The lower stories are granaries and store houses, and the habitable apartments are all at the top, to which you ascend by a stone stair, built for the most part on the outside and surrounding the tower, so that from the apartment the trees are overlooked, and the whole country is seen, while the habitations themselves, which are very numerous, peering above the groves, add life and variety to the enchanting prospect, and give an air of human population to these woodlands, which might otherwise be supposed the region of Dryads, of Naiads, and of Satyrs.

But the charms of this delightful spot have so far transported my imagination that I have almost forgotten the subject of which, in this essay, I meant to treat, and which is no other than a remarkable and singular custom of this island, peculiar I believe to itself, and as far as I know never yet detailed by any traveller.

The women here seem to have arrogated to themselves the department and privileges of the men. Contrary to the usage of all other countries the eldest daughter here inherits and the sons, like daughters every where else, are portioned off with small dowries, or, which is a still worse, turned out penniless, to seek their fortune. If a man has two daughters, the eldest, at her marriage, is intitled to all her mother's possessions; which are by far the greater part of the family estate; as the mother, keeping up her prerogative, never parts

with the power over any portion of what she has brought into the family until she is forced into it by the marriage of her daughter; and the father is also compelled to ruin himself by adding whatever he may have scraped together by his industry. The second daughter inherits nothing, and is condemned to perpetual celibacy; she is styled a Calogria, which signifies properly a religious woman, or nun, and is in effect a menial servant to her sister, being employed by her in any office she may think fit to impose, frequently serving her as waiting maid, as cook, and often in employments still more degrading. She wears a habit peculiar to her situation, which she can never change, a sort of monastic dress, coarse, and of dark brown. One advantage, however, she enjoys over her sister, that whereas the elder, before marriage, is never allowed to go abroad, or see any man, her nearest relations only excepted, the Calogria, except when employed in domestic toil, is in this respect at perfect liberty. But when the sister is married the situation of the poor Calogria becomes desperate indeed, and is rendered still more humiliating by the comparison between her condition and that of her happy mistress. The married sister enjoys every sort of liberty, the whole family fortune as her own, and she spends it as she pleases; her husband is her obsequious servant; her father and mother are dependent on her; she dresses in the most magnificent manner, covered all over, according to the fashion of the island, with pearls and with pieces of gold, which are commonly sequins, but this only when full dress is deemed necessary; thus continually carrying about her the visible marks of affluence and superiority, while the wretched Calogria follows her as a servant, arrayed in simple homespun brown, and without the most distant hope of ever changing her condition. Such a disparity may seem intolerable, but what will not custom reconcile? For, perhaps, if it were the general custom of the world that in all families children should share alike, we should be as much surprised at the singularity of any particular country where the right of primogeniture prevailed as we now are at the Metelinean custom, and should pity the comparative indigence of the second brother as we do the situation of the miserable Calogria.

But the misfortunes of the Metelinean family, as above described, are not yet at an end. If the father and mother, with what little is left them, contrive by their industry to accumulate a second little fortune, and if they should have a third daughter, they are obliged to give it to her upon her marriage; and the

fourth, if there should be one, becomes her Calogria, and so on through all the daughters alternately. Whenever the daughter is marriageable she can by custom compel the father to procure her a husband; and the mother, such is the power of habit, is foolish enough to join in teasing him into an immediate compliance, though its consequence must be equally fatal and ruinous to both of them. From hence it happens that nothing is more common than to see the old father and mother reduced to the utmost indigence, and even begging about the streets, while their unnatural daughters are in affluence; and the eldest daughter is frequently seen parading through the town in the greatest splendour, while her mother and sister followed her as servants, and made a melancholy part of her attendant train.

The sons, as soon as they are of an age to gain a livelihood, are turned out of the family, sometimes with a small present or portion, but more frequently without any thing to support them; and thus reduced, they either endeavour to live by their labour, or, which is more usual, go on board some trading vessel, as sailors, or as servants, remaining abroad till they have got together some competency, and then return to marry, and to be hen-pecked. Some few there are who taking advantage of the Turkish law, break through this whimsical custom, who marry their Calogrias, and retain to themselves a competent provision: but these are accounted men of a singular and even criminal disposition; and are hated and despised as conformists to Turkish manners, and deserters of their native customs; so that we may suppose they are few indeed who have the boldness to depart from the manners of their country, to adopt the customs of their detested masters, and to have the contempt, the derision, and the hatred of their neighbours and fellow citizens. Of all these extraordinary particulars I was informed by the French Consul, a man of sense, and of indisputable ver-

\* It may be asked, how it happens that the Turks do not exert their sovereign and absolute power entirely to abolish a custom so contradictory to the spirit and practice of their laws? but this is easily answered. In all their conquests, the Turks, either through mercy, or through indolence, have left the nations in possession of their own customs, contenting themselves with their court of final appeal, and with a sort of censorial power, which they exercise with much harshness, to their own great emolument, and to the oppression of their subjects by arbitrary fines.

city, who had resided in this island for several years, and who solemnly assured me that every circumstance was true; but indeed our own observation left us without the least room for doubt, and the singular appearance and deportment of their ladies fully convinced the truth of our friend's relation. In walking through the town, it is easy to perceive, from the whimsical manners of the female passengers, that the women, according to the vulgar phrase, *wear the breeches*. They frequently stopped us in the street, examined our dress, interrogated us with a bold and manly air, laughed at our foreign garb and appearance, and shewed so little attention to that decent modesty which is, or ought to be the true characteristic of the sex, that there is every reason to suppose they would, in spite of their haughtiness, be the kindest ladies upon earth, if they were not strictly watched by the Turks, who are here very numerous, and would be ready to punish any transgression of their ungallant laws with arbitrary fines; but nature and native manners will often baffle the efforts of tyranny. In all their customs these manly ladies seem to have changed sexes with the men. The woman rides astride, the man sits sideways upon the horse; nay, I have been assured, that the husband's distinguishing appellation is his wife's family name. The women have town and country houses in the management of which the husband never dares interfere. Their gardens, their servants, are all their own; and the husband signs every circumstance of his behaviour appears to be no other than his wife's first domestic, perpetually bound to her service, and slave to her caprice. Hence it is that a tradition obtains in the country, that this island was formerly inhabited by Amazons; a tradition, however, founded upon no ancient history that I know of. Sappho, indeed, the most renowned female poet, and has ever produced, is said to have had manly inclinations; in which, as Lucian informs us, she did but conform with the singular manners of her countrywomen: but I do not find that the mode in which she chose to shew these inclinations is imitated by the present female inhabitants, who seem perfectly content with the dear prerogative of absolute sway, without endeavouring in any other particular to change the course of nature. Yet will this circumstance serve to shew that the women of Lesbos had always something peculiar, and even peculiarly masculine, in their manners and propensities; but by this as it may, it is certain that no country whatsoever can afford a more perfect idea of an Amazonian commonwealth, or better serve to render probable those ancient



relations which our manners would induce us to esteem incredible, than this island of Metelin. These lordly ladies are for the most part very handsome, in spite of their dress, which is singular and disadvantageous. Down to the girdle, which, as in the old Grecian garb, is raised far above what we usually call the waist, they wear nothing but a shift of their transparent gauze, red, green, or brown, through which every thing is visible, their breasts only excepted, which they cover with a sort of handkerchief; and this, as we are informed, the Turks have obliged them to wear, while they look upon it as an incumbrance, and as no inconsiderable portion of Turkish tyranny. Long sleeves of the same thin material perfectly shew their arms even to the shoulder. Their principal ornaments are chains of pearl, to which they hang small pieces of gold coin. Their eyes are large and fine, and the nose which we term Grecian, usually prevails among them, as it does, indeed, among the

women of all these islands. Their complexions are naturally fine, but they spoil them by paint, and they disfigure their pretty faces by shaving the hinder part of the eye-brow, and replacing it with a strait hut of hair, neatly applied with some sort of gum, the brow being thus continued in a strait and narrow line till it joins the hair on each side of their face. They are well made, of the middle size; and, for the most part, plump, but they are distinguished by nothing so much and so universally as by a haughty, disdainful, and supercilious air, with which they seem to look upon all mankind as creatures of an inferior nature, born for their service, and doomed to be their slaves; neither does this peculiarity of countenance in any degree diminish their natural beauty, but rather adds to it that sort of bewitching attraction which the French call *piquant*.

II—

## AN ACCOUNT OF THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

THE island of St. Helena is situated in 15° 55' south latitude, and 5° 49' west longitude from Greenwich. It lies within the limit of the south-east trade wind, and is distant 400 leagues from the coast of Africa, the nearest continent. The extreme length of the island is 10½ miles, its breadth 6½, its circumference about 29 miles, and its surface, in acres, 50,300.

The island, when observed at sea, presents to the eye the appearance of an abrupt and rugged rock, divested of tree, shrub, or herbage. A nearer approach brings in view the central eminences, distinguished by a softer outline, clothed with verdure, and towering to the clouds. Advancing still nearer, the scene again changes, and the green summits are shut from sight by the intervening craggy and stupendous cliffs, that seem to overhang the sea. Their great elevation excites in the mind of a stranger an idea of being too near the land; whilst the seaman, acquainted with the coast, proceeds safely to the anchorage which may be within a cable's length of the shore; and in his progress the exterior aspect of the island, and the disposition of the batteries and military works impress an opinion of defensive strength. On rounding Munden's Point the eye is suddenly relieved by a view of the town, seated in a narrow valley between two lofty mountains;

and the interspersion of trees among the white houses has an effect picturesque and pleasing in a high degree.

Upon landing, and passing the draw-bridge, the way leads between a line of heavy guns and a double row of trees, of a lively green, generally in full leaf, being a species of the banian of India, and named in Bengal the *preest* tree. The town is entered by an arched gateway, under a rampart, or terrace, forming one side of a parade, about 100 feet square. This parade, were it not disfigured by some mean buildings on the right, would have a handsome appearance. On the left side are the government-house and main guard-room: the former is inclosed with a wall, having the semblance of embazures, and is called the castle. It contains the Governor's habitation, and the offices of government. The church, fronting the gateway, is a neat, and not inelegant edifice. The principal street commences between it and a pallisade inclosing the Company's garden. It consists of twenty eight houses, most of them neat and well constructed, and divides into two other streets; one on the east, leading to that side of the country; the other proceeding to the upper part of the valley, where are situated the barracks, the new garden, and the hospital. In this street there are a number of shops, well stored with European and Indian

commodities; but the houses in general are far inferior to those in the lower part of the town, where the principal inhabitants reside.

The two hills, or ridges, between which the towns are situated, are Rupert's on the east, and Ladder Hill on the west.

The island is unequally divided by a lofty chain, or ridge of hills, running nearly east and west in a curved direction, and bending to the south at each extremity. From this chain alternate ridges and valleys branch off in various directions, but chiefly north and south. Diana's Peak, towards the east end of this chain, is the highest point of the island, and rises nearly 2700 feet above the level of the sea. From the summit of this peak no point intercepts the horizon; the whole island is beneath the scope of vision; the ridges and hollows diverging from the chain are traced to the sea. Houses and plantations diversify the prospect, and the contrast of verdant and naked mountains forcibly strikes the attention, and renders the scene at once novel, picturesque, and majestic.

The summits and sides of most of the interior heights are wooded with the cabbage-tree of the island, the red-wood, string-wood, dog-wood, and other indigenous trees and shrubs; and in situations less elevated, the gum-wood was formerly to be found in great abundance; but at present few trees of this kind are left standing, except at Long Wood, where they have been protected by the injunctions of the Company, and cover unequally a surface of nearly 1500 acres.

Clear and wholesome springs issue from the sides of almost every hill; but as they have neither volume nor sufficient length of current, they form only inconsiderable rills. From this circumstance it happens that in a country so calculated to produce picturesque cascades, there are no falls of water of any magnitude. One stream projects its whole quantity from a height of about 300 feet perpendicularly, but becomes a shower before it reaches the cavity below: when, indeed, it is swollen by torrents, it descends in a continuous column, but its effect and beauty are in that case tarnished by the mud involved in its mass.

It would be difficult, perhaps, in any country, to meet with a more uncommon and romantic prospect than Sandy Bay, when seen from parts of the main ridge. Though in general a bird's eye view lies before the spectator, hills rise above him to an elevation much greater than the spot on which he stands. Those on the left, richly clothed with trees to the very summits, display a wonderful contrast to the wild and grotesque nakedness that triumphs

No XLVIII. Vol. VII.

on the right, where shelving cliffs, surmounted by huge perpendicular or spiral masses of rock, are multiplied under every shape and aspect.

The downward view consists of a variety of ridges, eminences, and ravines, converging towards the sea, into one common valley. Among this scenery are interspersed the dwellings of planters, the different forms of gardens and plantations, and the pasturing of cattle; the prospect closing with the distant sea, rushing in between two black, craggy cliffs, which the surf whitens with its spray. The infinite diversity of tint that overspreads the whole of this extraordinary picture, the majesty of one part, the repose of beauty of another, and the horror of a third, cannot fail to delight and astonish every observer of nature.

The Governor's country residence, which lies about three miles from the town, is called the Plantation-House, and is a well-built, handsome edifice, erected in the years 1791 and 1792. Art has been combined with nature to render this, in the opinion of many, the most beautiful spot on the island. Here the landscape painter has a fine subject for his pencil; and a considerable fund of amusement is afforded to the botanist. Not only the indigenous productions of the island, but plants and trees from distant and opposite climes have been introduced within the inclosure. The mimosa of New South Wales, the pine of the North, and the bamboo of India, seem to outvie each other in the luxuriance of their growth.

Thunder, lightning, or storms, rarely disturb the serenity of this mild atmosphere, in which so small a portion of electric fluid is supposed to exist, that it was imagined a machine for collecting it would be useless: but experiment has exposed the error of this supposition.

In James's Town, the thermometer, in the shade, seldom rises above 70 degrees, but the reflected heat from the sides of the valley, when there is little wind, and the sky is clear, resembles that of India. In the country the temperature is much more moderate and uniform.

Iron ore is said to be found in some parts of the island, but any idea of its fusion is precluded by the scarcity of fuel. Appearance also of gold and copper ore have been discovered. In Turk's cup Bay there exist veins of a stone which takes a beautiful polish, and some of it will bear cutting for seals. Lime is plentiful, and some of it of an excellent quality, being a concretion of sand and shells. The Sandy Bay lime seems to partake of the quality of puzzolana, by hardening in water; but the cement used in ordinary buildings is

generally mud, which, in many parts of the island, answers exceedingly well.

The soil inclines to clay, and loam abounds in saline particles, and is of a greater depth, by many feet, than is requisite for the purposes of agriculture. In this medium climate, it is well adapted to both European and Indian productions. Fruits, particularly vines, figs, oranges, and lemons, ripen best in the valleys near the sea; which are also well adapted to the growth of plantains and bouanoes.

The breed of cattle and sheep on the island is originally English. The beef is of an excellent quality; but, in consequence of the great demand from the Company's shipping for fresh provisions, a pullock is seldom allowed to attain the age of four years. Rabbits abound in some situations; pheasants and partridges are become numerous since the Government have given them protection; and every garden is enlivened by the notes of the canary bird. Guinea-fowl, with which the island was once well stocked, are now seldom to be seen.

Of fish it has been computed that seventy-six species frequent the coast. Those most commonly taken and used, are mackerel, albicore, cavalloes, jacks, congers, soldiers, oldwives and bull's eyes; and of shell fish, long-legs and stumps. The two last resemble the lobster in taste and colour, and have the same kind of tail.

Upon an average of five years, viz. from 1801 to 1805 inclusive, 16 ships touch annually at St. Helena; and in war time the long detention for convoy experienced by large fleets (the crews and passengers of which are frequently equal to the whole population of the island), occasions such an extra consumption of stock and refreshments, that the mere productions of the island itself could never be adequate to such exigencies, were it not supplied with ample quantities of salt meat from England, and of rice from Bengal. These articles, as they are cheaper than fresh provisions, constitute the principal food of the inhabitants and garrison. Salt meat is issued to them from the Company's stores, under prime cost, and every other article at only ten per cent advance, including freight. Beef is now sold at 6d. per pound alive; and as it is principally destined for the King's or the Company's shipping, no person can kill even his own ox without permission from the Governor, a rule which has existed since the year 1752. The market-prices of other articles of provision vary according to the demand; in the year 1805 the rates were as follow:—mutton, from 14d. to 18d per lb.; pork, from 18d. to

20d. per lb.; grown fowls, 9s. to 12s. each; eggs, 5s. per dozen; mackerel, 8d per dozen; albicore, haracoota, dolphins, and bonito, 2d. per lb.

Shortly after the first settlement of St. Helena, the Company were anxious that experiments should be made to ascertain its resources and capability. Indigo, cotton, sugar canes, and vines, were introduced; rum, sugar, wine, and brandy, were brought to some degree of perfection; and, at a more recent period, crops of barley and other grain, were raised, which were subsequently found not to answer. The intrinsic value of St. Helena consisting in its local situation, as a place of refreshment and rendezvous for the homeward bound ships from India, the attention of the Court of Directors has been confined to the objects which most conduce to that important purpose. On this ground, even the cultivation of corn has been deemed of less consequence than that every acre should be appropriated to raising live stock, roots, and culinary vegetables.

By the registered returns of the year 1805, the population of the island is stated at 504 white inhabitants, 1560 blacks, of whom 329 were free; making a total of 2064, exclusive of the garrison and civil establishment of the Company. Five thousand one hundred and eight acres are in the hands of individuals, besides goat ranges, which are the outskirts of the island, affording the chief supply of fresh meat both to the inhabitants and the hospital.

Lands, in general, are supposed to yield a nett profit of between seven and eight per cent. The price of labour is high; a carpenter cannot be hired under six or seven shillings a day. A mason's wages vary from four to five shillings; and those of a labourer from two shillings to half-a-crown, or to a black man, engaged by the year, from ten to twenty pounds. In this case clothing is likewise to be provided as well as maintenance, and medical attendance in the event of sickness. The value of slaves depends very much upon their character. The sum of £150 has been paid for a good husbandman, but a man of bad character may be purchased for £30. The prices of this species of labour comparatively with that of a freeman, is always high, because the slave is only influenced by the desire of avoiding stripes; and exceptions to this rule constitute estimable characters. Although it must be confessed that, prior to the promulgation of the present slave-laws, instances have now and then occurred of barbarous cruelty towards slaves, yet that vice by no means forms a common feature in the character of the white inhabitants; who, on the contrary, in

general approve themselves humane and kind master.

The island comprises only one parish; there are two churches, one in town and another in the country. Strangers, whilst they remain at the island, are accommodated in private houses, at the rate of one guinea per day; for which an excellent table, good wines, and comfortable lodgings are provided.

By repeated charters from the crown of Great Britain, the possession of St. Helena is assigned in perpetual property to the East India Company, with powers of sovereignty and legislation. The supreme and executive authority within the island is vested in the Governor, and a council composed of the Lieutenant-Governor and senior civil servant. They are justices of the peace, and commissioners of Oyer and Terminer and gaol delivery, and they exercise the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical court. The Governor is exclusively intrusted with the powers of the Secret Committee of the Court of Directors. When the council are not assembled the authority of the whole board concentrates in him.

The civil establishment consists of an accountant, paymaster, storekeeper, and the secretary to Government, with their assistants, some of whom are the heads of inferior departments; and promotions take place by seniority.

The military force of the island is composed of a corps of artillery, commanded by a Lieutenant-Colonel; a regiment of infantry, and five companies of white and black militia, who are at present upon the footing of volunteers.

The Governor is allowed a town and country residence, and a liberal table, at the Company's expense, with servants, horses, &c. The Lieutenant-Governor has likewise the privilege of a town and country house, some land, servants, and a few horses. The other members of council are each allowed a town residence. There are not, at present, barracks for a third part of the garrison officers; and house rent is not only very high, but at times it is impossible to procure a lodging. From these circumstances the Company's servants have experienced much inconvenience.

The primary formation of the island, or the cause of its original existence, forms a curious subject for philosophical conjecture, but does not belong to the record of occurrences which succeeded to the event of its discovery. The general supposition is, that if the island did not owe its first existence to fire, it certainly had been subsequently exposed to the influence of that active element; of which the vol-

canic productions so abundant upon its surface, emulating those of Sicily and Italy, give sufficient confirmation. One observation, however, occurs upon a remark of a late writer, suggested by the records of the island, which it may be proper to mention. He assigns reasons for adopting the opinion that no apprehension need now be entertained that the island will again be visited by any convulsions of nature; but in a letter from the Governor and council, dated June 1756, the following passage occurs:—"On the 7th instant, a little before seven o'clock in the morning, were sensibly felt, in several parts of the island, two small shocks of an earthquake, but did no manner of harm." Some respectable inhabitants have likewise affirmed, that a sensation was felt in different situations upon the island, at the same instant, like a trembling of the earth, accompanied with a noise resembling distant thunder, in the year 1732, by which the glasses on a side-board were agitated, and struck against each other; and a number of blacks, who were employed in a jam plantation, were so terrified as to abandon their work.

After having thus suggested the apprehended possibility of so dreadful a calamity revisiting the island, it behoves us to re-consider the peculiar comforts and advantages which its inhabitants at present enjoy. St. Helena is gifted with considerable attractions and advantages, both local and natural: the temperature and salubrity of the climate are not exceeded in any part of the world; the variations of heat and cold are moderate, and generally fluctuate near the point most congenial to animal existence; it is fanned by a constant and equable wind, surrounded by plenty and variety of fish, and refreshed by numerous springs of excellent water; the seclusion of its inhabitants is relieved by the frequent arrival of visitants; and this intercourse chequers and corrects their uniformity of life, and tends to improve both the manners and the mind. The climate seems to be peculiarly adapted to the constitutions of Europeans, of whom many have resided here for a long series of years without suffering any malady. The only endemic disorders to which the natives are subject, are of the catarrhal kind; these as they belong to the inflammatory class, may in some measure account, notwithstanding their general robust health, for the few instances of longevity among the islanders; according to the information of a professional friend, who has assisted this account with his opinion and judgment.

## ANECDOTES OF VIOTTI.

THE professors and amateurs of music have not forgotten the amazing success of John Baptist Viotti, when, returning from the northern courts where he commenced his travels after having quitted Lombardy where he was born, and Pagnani, whose scholar he was, he was heard for the first time in Paris (we believe in 1782). A talent so perfect and so rare, excited a general enthusiasm. The violin, that instrument so much superior to every other, when in skilful hands, was still more admirable under the fingers and the bow of Viotti. Never had it, in the whole extent of its diapason, rendered sounds more strong and at the same time more sweet, more full, more true, and more harmonious.

In the concertos of Viotti the invention of those beautiful subjects which from the very first bar declares the genius of the composer, was applauded with transport. The discovery of a grand, singular, and first thought, the continued progress of sentiment, a character always pathetic, an inspiration constantly kept up, a surprising fertility, inexhaustible resources, a manner always brilliant and noble, were universally admired.

In his execution—Ah! how can we justly speak of the execution of Viotti? Ye who found yourselves assembled together in one of the principal cities of Europe when Viotti appeared suddenly among you, Alday, Cramer, Jarnovik, Hullmandel, Clementi, Pleyel, Dussek, Haydn,—say what in those superb concerts given in order to hear him, and in which nothing was really heard but him, was the impression produced on the audience and on yourselves by those impassioned accents, those heavenly sounds, that ravishing and divine melody. What force, and what elasticity! what expression! what exquisite taste, and what imimitable grace! The religious silence which was preserved till interrupted by bursts of applause, the transports which such a superior talent raised, the tears of admiration and feeling which he caused that assembly of the greatest virtuosos in Europe to shed, those are the only eulogies worthy of him.

The reputation which had preceded Viotti in his coming to France, and which was increased after his arrival, naturally caused a voluptuous court, eager for a novel enjoyment after having exhausted all others, to wish to hear the new artist. The Queen of France willed that Viotti should be brought to her;

she loved music; she had frequently private concerts, especially after her courtiers and favourites had persuaded her that she excelled in singing and on the harp.

Viotti then appeared in court, with his fine slender figure, his sensible countenance, his long flaxen hair, and in his dress always elegant. These graces had already been noticed elsewhere; but at Versailles, in a world more polished, and as is well known, *much more amiable*, they made an infinite addition to his talent; therefore it was not only a pleasure to have Viotti at one's concerts, it was a felicity to be able to announce that he should be heard. A *decided taste* for the art, stimulated perhaps by seeing the artist, but certainly increased by the power of disposing of a man so celebrated, and so much sought after, caused him to be *most graciously* received. O Viotti! in the midst of these seductions, before an auditory so knowing, so fashionable, so difficult to please, what will become of thy talent and thy character? It must be told, to those who on every occasion are ready to crouch to power and authority; it must be likewise taught to some men who, forgetting the majesty of genius, do not blush to abandon its rights to flatter the vanity and please the insulting pride of I know not what grandeur. Viotti will show them in a double example, that at the court of kings, as well as in the humble asylum of the poorest citizen, talents and virtues are always at a height under which all other distinctions vanish.

On a festival at court, Viotti was to perform a new concerto of his own composition. Every one was impatient to hear him. At the appointed hour a thousand lights illumine the musical saloon of the Queen; the most able symphonists of the chapel royal, and of the theatres (ordered for the service of their Majesties) are seated before the desks where the parts are distributed. The Queen, the princes, the ladies of the royal family, and all the persons belonging to their court are come, and the concert begins. The performers, in the midst of whom Viotti is distinguished, receive from him the movement and appear to be animated by the same spirit. The symphony proceeds with all the fire and all the expression of him who conceived and directed it. At the expiration of the *tutti* the enthusiasm is at its height, but the etiquette forbids applause; the orchestra is silent. In the saloon

it seems as if every one is forewarned by this very silence to breathe more softly in order to hear more perfectly the solo which is going to commence.

The strings trembling under the lofty and brilliant bow of Viotti, have already given forth some sounds, when suddenly a great noise is heard from the next apartment. *Place à Monseigneur le Comte d'Artois.* • His Highness arrives, preceded by servants carrying flambeaux, and accompanied by a numerous train of attendants. The folding doors open, and the concert is interrupted. A moment after the symphony begins again: silence. Viotti is going to play. In the mean time the Comte d'Artois cannot remain quietly seated, he rises, walks about the room, addressing his discourse loudly to some ladies. Then Viotti puts his violin under his arm, takes his music-book, and walks off, leaving the concert, her Majesty, and his Royal Highness to the reproaches of all the audience.

It has never been discovered what were the reasons which, soon after this adventure, determined Viotti, never more to perform in public: but those acquainted with his character, know that he disdained the applause of the multitude because it is afforded almost indiscriminately to superiority of talent, and to presumptuous mediocrity. It is also well known that he rejected the solicitations of people, who were termed of the great world, because he would have no other judges than such as were worthy of appreciating him; and that notwithstanding the pretensions which the great and fashionable persons have always claimed of knowing every thing, and of being the supreme arbiters of arts, of artists, and of taste, he had observed that it was very rare to find among them men capable of a profound sentiment, who could discover in other men any thing beyond their exterior, and judge of things otherwise than by their superficies. He yielded to the eagerness which was shown for hearing him only on two occasions, of which the one does honour to his heart, and the other may serve to acquaint us more intimately with his character.

When the unfortunate Bouloungne married one of his daughters to citizen Chauveline, Viotti wished to pay his debt of gratitude and friendship. The entertainments given at this wedding were remarkable, because Viotti was heard at them. What a pleasure for those who remembering his talent, had never ceased to regret its loss to the public! What was the astonishment of those who heard him for the first time! But here, one single remembrance effuges all other recollections. Oh

Viotti! thy friend and mine, the friend of the arts, the generous man, sensible and beneficent, who employed his riches so nobly; men greedy of rapine, blood-thirsty villains, have put him to death—they dragged him to the scaffold, his blood has been shed to sweeten a torrent of blood with which those execrable monsters have inundated all France.

On a fifth story, in a little street in Paris, in the year 1790, lodged a deputy of the Constituent assembly, an intimate friend of Viotti. The conformity of their opinions at the era when they were clearly and freely pronounced for or against the resolution, the same love of the arts and of liberty, an equal admiration of the genius and works of Rousseau, had formed this connexion between two men, who henceforward became inseparable. • It was during the happy times of enthusiasm and of hope; every day was then marked by a new triumph of reason, of liberty, of the increasing love for the native country, over the impotent efforts, the ridiculous pretensions, the inveterate prejudices of aristocracy, and over its servile attachment to the cause and the idols of royalty. The ardent heat of Viotti could not remain estranged to sentiments which affected all great minds. He shared them with his friend. This person once solicited him strongly to comply with the desire which some of the first personages in the kingdom expressed to hear him: he consented, but upon condition that the concert should be given in the modest retreat of the fifth floor. "We have," said he, "long enough descended to them: the times are changed, they must now mount in order to raise themselves to us."

This project was very soon executed. Viotti and his friend invited the most celebrated artists. Gaunt, whom nature has endowed with a fine voice, prodigious facility, and a talent of expression still more admirable; Herman, and Steibelt, who would have obtained the palm of the piano forte, if it were possible to dispute it with her whom we shall shortly mention, and who holds it immediately from the hand of genius; Road, pupil of Viotti; Smerska, of whom jealous foreigners deprived; he soon after died, in the midst of his prosperity, and in the flower of his age; Puppo, to whom Viotti had confided the direction of the orchestra of the comic-opera; Puppo, whom France still has the happiness of possessing, his execution on the violin is always accurate, pure, and sensible; Breval, so worthy of seconding Viotti; lastly, we might mention with Mademoiselle Davignoy, with Maudini, Viganoni, and Morichelli, a woman as celebrated for talents as for charms; but since love has

withdrawn her from the fine arts, and that in the retreat which she embellishes, she is occupied only with the tender cares imposed on her by Hygiea and maternity, we should respect the tranquil happiness she so deservedly enjoys, and not seek to renew unnecessary regret.

On the appointed day, all the friends arrive. The bust of Rousseau, encircled with garlands of flowers, formed the only ornament of this novel music-room. It was there that puerces, notwithstanding the pride of rank, great ladies, in spite of the vanity of titles; pretty women, and delicate fops, notwithstanding their pretended feebleness, clamoured for the first time up to a fifth stage, to hear the celestial music of Boccherini performed by Viotti; and, that nothing might be wanting to the triumph of the artist, all these persons, after the concert, descended with regret to return to those sumptuous palaces, where talents, although sometimes sought after, were more frequently either not understood, or smothered by rigid dignity, by pitiful ceremony, and where, in the midst of etiquette and magnificence, constraint and weariness constantly reign.

There is no person, at least amongst those who are not entire strangers to the fine arts, but knows that there exists at present in France, a talent for the piano, which Viotti himself placed beside his own. She who possesses it will not permit me to name her: what with my obedience avail her? What I have to say of her genius can only suit her; and her name, known to the great artists of Europe, immediately presents itself to our mind, as soon as music, and particularly expression, is mentioned. Does she dread that the eulogy of her talent would proceed with an ill grace from me? Ah! without doubt, it belongs only to great masters to render homage worthy of her; but already all those who have cast their eyes on what is now written, have named her; I am already as guilty as I possibly can be; and if Viotti pardons me for having dared to make choice of him for the object of these feeble praises, I might perhaps hope she might prove equally indulgent. Nevertheless, may her real name remain unknown, since she alone has fancied it can be so; I shall here only call her after the muse who inspires her. She has done more than consent, she has compelled every sensible man, who has had the happiness of hearing her, to speak of her.

Euterpe passed the fair season in the country in the valley of Montmorency. Her house was in a beautiful situation, and united the charms of simplicity, neatness, and elegance; it was the temple of friendship, talents, and

taste. The gardens contained large trees, forming shady walks, rare shrubs, and the most odoriferous and brilliant flowers.

Whenever the sky seemed to promise a fine day, I was sure to see Viotti. He hastened to inform me of the glowing colours of the auro-ra; and on the faith of a cloudless horizon, and of the first rays of the sun, we set off in a carriage.

How I still see and hear Viotti. He was as gay during the expectation of pleasures, as he was melancholy in their enjoyment. On those days content was visible in his countenance, and his motions testified all the activity which was inspired by hope. He was in a real and most visibly impatient passion with the eternal streets of Paris; he addressed the houses on each side, calling, "get away, let me breathe."

Thus we fled rapidly from Paris, (that city of noise, smoke, and dirt, as Rousseau called it,) to seek the same spot which had inspired the tender author of *Eloisa*, that beautiful valley, to which one of his best works has given its name; on which he has bestowed celebrity by his residence, which Catinat had formerly honoured, and which St. Lambert still inhabits.

We soon traversed the space which parted us from Euterpe; and when we arrived, she was still sleeping. Attending her time of rising, Viotti amused himself in the garden; I followed him thither to enjoy their shades, and to observe the motions of my friend.

No man ever set such value on the most simple gifts of nature; no child ever enjoyed them better. A violet which he found hidden among the grass, transported him with the most lively joy; a new fruit which he had gathered, made him the happiest of mortals; he found in the one a perfume always new, and in the other a taste more and more delicious. His delicate and feeling organs, appeared to have preserved their primitive perfections; sometimes stretched on the turf, he spent whole hours in admiring the carnation, and respiring the scent of a rose; at other times, like the bee, he fluttered from flower to flower. I have seen him in a profuse perspiration, pursuing a butterfly. He was angry at not being able to catch it; and if, at last he succeeded in laying hold of it, as soon as he had admired its brilliant wings, not being able to bear the idea of its slavery, and yielding to the first efforts which the unhappy captive made to escape, he restored it to liberty. Every thing in the country was to that extraordinary man a new subject of amusement, interest, and enjoy-

ment. All his senses were excited at once by the slightest sensation; an idea staggered the whole chain of his ideas, every thing struck his imagination, every thing touched his soul; and his heart, like a deep and inexhaustible source, abounded with effusions of sentiments.

The phenomena which nature most commonly offers us, as well those by which she astonishes us at such times as she displays all her grandeur and all her magnificence, equally plunged him in a profound reverie. If Viotti be a child whom every thing amuses, interests, and seduces, he is also a man whose imagination inflames at any grand natural spectacle; he then conceives the most lofty thoughts. He is sometimes the eagle, which, with hardy flight, pierces the air: at others, the swallow, which in cloudy weather skims the earth, and sportfully dips the tip of her wing in the surface of the waters.

Flowers are said to make efforts to raise themselves in order to receive the rain, which they, as it were, foresee. Viotti is like one of those flowers. Like them he foresees rain whilst it is yet suspended in the clouds; he loves to behold it fall and sprinkle the earth; that diaphanous curtain let down for a short time on the grand theatre of the world, pleases his tender and melancholy disposition. That transparent veil, thrown over on nature, excites in him a slightly sorrowful sensation, on which he loves to dwell. He is charmed with the delicious coolness imparted to the air by the rains.

Viotti wakes like the birds, the moment the day begins to dawn; when the sun's rays have illumined the objects which surround him, he feels his nature strongly reanimated: then his genius awakes, and like the nightingale, he composes those sublime airs which alternately excite lively transports or soft tears.

But when the sun is set, he languishes for a while; his brilliant imagination sinks; his ideas contract, he remains silent, and only recovers when the twilight has given place to the night.

Such is the sensible, physical, and moral organization to which Viotti owes his taste, his original and impassioned character, and his rare and exquisite talents.

Whilst I was giving way to these interesting recollections, sounds suddenly strike my ear. Ah! it is Euterpe; I hasten to her, and find her preluding on her piano. Viotti, who is near her, is earnestly employed in assorting some flowers which he has just gathered, in order to form a nosegay. Meanwhile Euterpe with a light hand runs over the keys of the

instrument; she varies and connects the modulations, she tries various subjects of airs, passing successively through all the keys by means of the most unexpected chords, and the most learned transitions. Viotti still occupied with his flowers, affords his attention to her a few moments at intervals: but when the song of Euterpe becomes expressive, when her hand, as if partaking of the emotion which begins to penetrate her soul, presses more strongly, and rests on those chords which particularly characterize expression; then Viotti hearkens peculiarly with the utmost attention. By degrees he forgets his flowers, and they fall from his hands; he goes on tip-toe to fetch his violin, tunes it softly, approaches her, and the sound of his instrument is heard with the piano.

O ye who have yet heard nothing but staid music, ye doubtless are acquainted with immortal master-pieces; but those flights of fancy, of the first intention, which the great masters have so frequently regretted not to have written at the moment, those prodigies which genius, left to itself, so well knows how to bring forth, when free from all shackles, and forgetting the restraining rules of the art, it gives way to all the enthusiasm and fire which possesses it, those novel master-pieces, often superior to the first by the boldness and originality which distinguish them, those are still unknown to you. Come and hear Euterpe and Viotti, how they follow, how they anticipate and answer each other alternately: those two great virtuosos are equally well skilled in the science of harmony; equally versed not only in the connection of chords, in musical phrases, and in the natural series of impassioned accents, but also in the knowledge and practice of all the necessary means which may add to effect and expression; they are both endowed with the pure gift of invention, of the most wonderful fertility, and the purest taste. Art has given them uncommon execution. Nothing is comparable to the sweet sounds which issue from the violin of Viotti. Euterpe on the piano, with exquisite discernment, seizes on and replies to those inappreciable, although sensible attractions of sounds and even dissonances, which give to each tone its peculiar character. She eminently possesses the art of properly retarding, or of accelerating some of those parts into which measures are subdivided, and by those means, without altering the rhythmus, increasing the pathos of expression. It is she who one while invents and conducts the melody, into the spirit of which Viotti is irresistibly hurried. Another while, the genius of Viotti appears in



its turn, and compels Euterpe to follow and accompany his music with her chords. Thus the principal part, and that of accompaniment, pass successively from one to the other, without such changes ever being harsh, feeble, or void; they are only perceived from the various effects produced by the peculiar difference in the nature of the two instruments, for the performers are animated by the same soul, and inspired with the same sentiments.

Whilst they are thus extemporising (by Italians termed *improvisure*) the hours pass, and the day begins to decrease. We sought to return to Paris: but how can we resolve to part, after experiencing such affecting emotions. The melancholy which invades Viotti towards night, is more powerful than usual. Euterpe remains immovable and silent for some time. As for me, who fancy I still hear them, I abandon myself to my feelings, when Euterpe suddenly rises, orders the windows to be shut, and a light to be brought. In the mean time, she lengthens the folds of the handkerchief which covers her breast, she throws a veil on her head, she arranges her upper garment like a winding sheet, and seats herself on a sofa at the furthest end of the hall. There, half-reclined, she places herself in the attitude, and assumes the character, looks, and expression of a woman who, extended on a tomb, awakes from the womb of death. Such is the spectacle which we behold when the light is brought in. "How do you like," cries Euterpe, "this monumental figure?"

"No, the pencil of one of our greatest painters, and the chisel of Colignon, have not more strikingly expressed the resurrection of Le Brun's mother when, at the sound of the last trumpet, an angel descending from heaven commands her to arise; and after having lifted the tomb-stone which covers her, she is seen descending from her sepulchre. The perfect illusion caused by this imitation, strikes us with a kind of horror. Viotti, disturbed, leaves the apartment. Soon after Euterpe resumes her usual external appearance, and I follow her into the garden. There I begin to reflect on what I have just witnessed, and shall now endeavour to explain my ideas on these matters.

Profuse emotions shake all the powers of our soul at the same time; they recall all the sensations, all the ideas, all the sentiments which are analogous to them. At such times the mind seeks to realize, as it were, the sentiments which fill it. In such situation, the inspired person, poet, musician, painter, or sculptor, exhaust all the resources of his art, and is useful, summons them all to his aid.

His imagination then becomes with all the ideas, all the recollections, and all the images which anywise relate to his model, and he makes use of them to complete his representation with the same truth and force with which he conceived it. This is what happened to Euterpe. She had in her adajios perfectly rendered the accents of the passions: her head and her hand were fatigued, but her imagination had gone further, and the sensibility of her soul was still unexhausted. Despairing to represent death by sounds, she found means to make him, as it were, visible and palpable; she became for a moment as great a statuary as she had been a great musician, because the genius which creates master-pieces is the same in all the arts.

I might enlarge on the impression we received during the profound silence of a moonlight night, from several romances performed by Viotti on his violin, accompanied by the piano. At the same hour, insolitary spots, I often fancy I still hear those pathetic chants, they strike my ear, and resound in my heart.

I shall conclude with noticing a *Rans des Vaches* that Viotti played with real passion, especially on days which like this, had been consecrated to music. We hearkened to his melting strains with an emotion which increased at every repetition.

The next morning we returned to Paris, and after breakfast I requested Viotti to favour me with the music of that *Rans*, which he did, and likewise wrote the following account.

This *Rans des Vaches* is either that which our friend Jean-Jacques has made known to us in his works, nor yet that which M. de la Borde mentions in his book on music.

I am ignorant whether it is known to many persons, all I know is, that I first heard it in Switzerland, and that I learnt it so as never to forget it.

I was walking alone towards evening in one of those gloomy places which forbids even the wish of breaking silence; the weather was fine, the wind, which I detest, was laid, all was calm, all was analogous to my sensations, and I was in the melancholy mood which daily at the same hour has concentrated my soul ever since I have existed.

My mind was indifferent as to my thoughts; it wandered, and my steps followed. No particular object claimed my attention; my heart was only prepared for tenderness, and for that love which afterwards cost me so much trouble, and gave me such delight. My imagination was, as it were, immovable, and without any passion.



chance, a mere cast of the die, by those who had hitherto been invariably unfortunate, it would scarcely merit attention, and its consequences would be but the immediate fruits of the victory. The battle of Aspern, however, was not gained by this lucky chance; it was not a reverse of the enemy, but a change of system in our allies. It was a departure from that ruinous system which had rendered all their previous efforts unavailing. It was the adoption of those new measures, from which much had been expected, and which have now realized those expectations.

We have therefore, for the gratification of our readers, given as a supplemental portion of our Magazine for the present month, the voluminous Austrian Gazette, and a Chart of this battle; and we shall, as occasion offers, give other military and geographical sketches of the important scenes of action in the conflict of the armies during the present campaign.

By attending to the Chart which we have laid before our readers, they will be enabled to mark the positions of the contending armies, and to trace, step by step, the movements of the Austrians and French in the course of the late battle. This Map, which we will pledge ourselves to our readers is laid down and delineated from the best authorities, will serve as a key and illustration to the Austrian Gazette—the most important military document, and the most interesting that has ever been published; and as it exhibits, moreover, the positions of the two armies at the present moment, our readers will keep their attention constantly fixed upon it, as the scene of an approaching conflict, and the spot in which the fate of Europe is about to be decided.

### PLAN OF ATTACK

UPON THE HOSTILE ARMY, ON ITS MARCH BETWEEN ESSLING AND ASPERN, AND TOWARDS HIRSCHSTETTIN.

"THE attack to be made in five columns. The first column, or the column of the right wing, is formed by the corps of Lieutenant-General Hiller. It will advance from its present position in the direction between the 'Point' and Leopoldau, along the nearest arm of the Danube, pass along the left bank towards Stadelau and Aspern, keep constantly near the Danube and the meadows bordering upon it, and is vigorously to repulse the enemy, who most likely will meet it on the same road, and to drive him from the left bank. This column must not suffer its progress to be impeded by the batteries which the enemy perhaps may have erected on the

islands, but must endeavour to silence them by its cannon, and spiritedly continue to advance.

"The second column consists of the corps of the General of cavalry Count Bellegarde; leaving Gerasdorf on the left, it will march towards Leopoldau, and endeavour to join the first column on the right, advance upon Wagram, and then conjointly with the third column, upon the left, push forwards towards Hirschstettin.

"The third column is composed of the corps of Lieutenant-General Prince Hohenzollern. It will march by Sussenbrunn to Brautenleib, and from thence towards Aspern, and will endeavour to join on its right the second column, and on its left the fourth.

"The fourth column, under the command of Lieutenant-General Prince Rosenberg, is made up of that part of his corps which is posted on the right bank of the river Russ: it is to advance by Auterklau and Ragsdorf towards Essling.

"The fifth column is formed by that part of Prince Rosenberg's corps which stands between Deutsch Wagram and Beunersdorf. It will cross the Russ, near Beunersdorf, leave Ragsdorf and Pisdorf to the right, endeavour to pass to the left round Stadt Enzersdorf, and secure its left flank by the Archduke Ferdinand's regiment of hussars.

"The cavalry reserve under the command of General Prince Lichtenstein, to march by the way of Auterklau, without coming in contact with the fourth column, between Ragsdorf and Brautenleib, and standing to the New Inn, keeping continually at such a distance between the heads of the third and fourth columns, as in case of necessity to be near at hand for the purpose of repelling the main body of the enemy's cavalry.

"The grenadier corps of reserve to march from Seiring into the position which the corps of Bellegarde has taken up behind Gerasdorf.

"All the columns and corps will march at twelve o'clock at noon. Their second lines to follow them at a suitable distance. Every column to form its own advanced guard. The order of march, and the distribution of the field-pieces to be left to the judgment of the Commanders of the respective corps. The whole will march by half divisions. Lieutenant-General Klenau to form the advanced guard of the fourth and fifth columns, and before he advances, to suffer the heads of these columns to come quite up to him, in order that he may have at hand a sufficient support of infantry.

Of the corps of cavalry, the brigade under

the command of Veesey to be attached to the second column, and the regiment O'Reilly to the third, and both brigades are to repair immediately, the former to Gerasdorf, and the latter to Sussenbrunn.

"The principal object in view is to drive back the enemy entirely over the first arm of the Danube, destroy the bridges he has thrown over them, and occupy the bank of the Lobau with a numerous artillery, especially howitzers.

"The infantry will form on the plain in battalions, with half divisions from the centre.

"His Imperial Highness the General in Chief recommends order, closeness during the advance, and a proper use of every species of arms. His station will be with the second column.

"Gerasdorf, May 21, 1809."

The 1st Column consisted of 19 Batt. 22 Sqa.

2d ..... 20 ..... 16 —

3d ..... 22 ..... 8 —

4th ..... 13 ..... 8 —

5th ..... 13 ..... 16 —

The corps of Cavalry .... — ..... 78 —

The corps of Grenadiers .. 16

Total 103 Bat. 148 Sq.

All which amounted to 75,000 men effective troops.

Of artillery there were eighteen batteries of brigade, thirteen of position, and eleven of horse artillery; in the aggregate, two hundred and eighty-eight pieces of different calibres.

The enemy had availed himself extremely well of the advantages of the ground, to cover his passage. The extensive villages of Easling and Aspern, mostly composed of brick houses, and encircled all round by heaps of earth, resembled two bastions, between which a double line of natural trenches, intended to draw off the water, served as the curtain, and afforded every possible security to the columns passing from the Isle of Lobau. Easling had a granary furnished with loop-holes, and whose three stories afforded room for several hundred men, while Aspern was provided with a strong church-yard. The left side of the latter village borders on an arm of the Danube. Both villages had a safe communication with the bushy ground near the Danube, from which the enemy had it constantly in his power to dispatch, unseen, fresh reinforcements. The Isle of Lobau served at once as a place of arms, and as a *tête de pont*, a bridge-head for the bridge in the rear across the main arm of the river.

The enemy, with the divisions of Generals Molitor, Boudet, Nansouty, Legrand, Espague,

Lasalle, and Ferand, under the Marshals Massena and Lasnes, as well as Marshal Bessieres, together with the guards of the Wirtemberg, Hesse Darmstadt, and Baden auxiliaries, had already left this position, and was directing his march towards Hirschstettin, when the first Austrian guards advanced to meet him.

If it be at all permitted in war to indulge favourable presentiments, it was certainly excusable so to do at that great moment, when, on the 21st of May, exactly at twelve o'clock, the columns began to put themselves in motion for the attack. A general enthusiasm had taken possession of the troops; and joyful war songs, accompanied by Turkish music, resounded through the air, and were interrupted by shouts of—"Long live our Emperor, long live the Archduke Charles!" whenever the Imperial General appeared, who had placed himself at the head of the second column. Every breast panted with anxious desire and high confidence after the decisive moment; and the finest weather favoured the awful scene.

## BATTLE OF THE TWENTY-FIRST OF MAY.

### First Column.

The advanced guard under General Nordman, consisting of two battalions of Gyulay and Lichtenstein Hussars, had formed near the destroyed bridge of Tabor, and leaving the villages of Kagram and Hirschstettin to the left, and Stadelau to the right, marched in the plain towards Aspern.

It was followed by the column, which having left the high road before the post-office at Stammersdorf, had marched from the right by half divisions. Its right flank along the Danube was covered by a battalion of St. Georgians, by the first battalion of Vienna volunteers, and by a battalion of militia, under the command of Major Count Conforedo.

Within cannon shot of Stadelau the outposts met the enemy's piquets, which gradually retreated to their original divisions.

At this time General Nordman ordered two battalions of Gyulay to draw up *en echelon*, in order to favour the advance of the column. The enemy, drawn up in large divisions, stood immediately before Aspern, having, to cover his front, occupied all the ditches of the fields, which afforded excellent breast-works. His right was covered by a battery, and his left by a broad and deep ditch (one of those that early off the waters of the Danube when it overflows), as well as by the bushy ground, which was likewise occupied by several bodies in close order.

Though the enemy had the advantage of position all to himself, inasmuch as the freshes of the Danube were only passable by means of a small bridge, at which he kept up a vigorous fire from behind the ditches both with cannon and small arms, it did not prevent the second battalion of Gynlay, immediately after the first had penetrated as far as the bushy meadows, to pass the bridge in a column, to form without delay, and with charged bayonets to attack the enemy, who precipitately retreated to Aspern, on which occasion that village, after a vigorous but not very obstinate resistance, was taken for the first time. It was, however, not long before the enemy had it in his power, by the arrival of a fresh reinforcement, to expel again the battalions of Gynlay. By this time some battalions of the column had arrived; the chasseurs of Major Schneider, of the second column, joined the advanced guard of the first; Gynlay formed again, and the enemy was a second time pushed to the lower end of the village, though he succeeded again in regaining what he had lost.

Both parties were aware of the necessity of maintaining themselves in Aspern at any rate, which produced successively the most obstinate efforts both of attack and defence; the parties engaged each other in every street, in every house, and in every barn; carts, ploughs and harrows were obliged to be removed during an uninterrupted fire, in order to get at the enemy; every individual wall was an impediment of the assailants, and a rampart of the attacked; the steeple, lofty trees, the garrets and the cellars were to be conquered before either of the parties could style itself master of the place, and yet the possession was ever of short duration; for no sooner had we taken a street or a house, than the enemy gained another, forcing us to abandon the former. So this murderous conflict lasted for five hours; the German battalions were supported by Hungarians, who were again assisted by the Vienna volunteers, each rivalling the other in courage and perseverance. At the same time the second column combined its attacks with those of the first, having to overcome the same resistance, by reason of the enemy's constantly leading fresh reinforcements into fire. At length General Wacquaint, of the second column, succeeded, becoming master of the upper part of the village, and maintaining himself there during the whole of the night.

By the shells of both parties many houses had been set on fire, and illuminated the whole country around.

At the extremity of the right wing on the bushy meadow, the combats were not less

severe. The left flank of the enemy were secured by an arm of the Danube; impenetrable underwood, intersected only by footpaths, covered his front; and a broad ditch and palisadoes, afforded him the advantage of a natural rampart.

#### *Second Column.*

The advanced guard, commanded by Lieutenant-General Fresnel, advanced by Leopoldau and Kagray towards Hirschstettin, and consisted of one battalion of chasseurs, and two battalions of Anton Mitsovsky, under General Winzingerode, as well as the brigades of cavalry, Klenau and Vincent, under General Veesev. It was followed in the same direction by the column from its position near Gerasdorf.

The enemy having been discovered from the eminences near Hirschstettin, to be near Aspern and Essling, the brigade Veesev was detached against the latter place, and the brigade Winzingerode to dislodge the enemy from Aspern.

The column deployed before Hirschstettin in two lines, in order to support the advanced guard, and leaving Aspern to the right, followed upon the plain, at a proper distance.

The brigade of Winzingerode, however, met with so spirited a resistance in its attempt upon Aspern, that an attack upon the front alone was not likely to be attended with success; the cavalry, therefore, of the advanced guard was pushed forward from Aspern on the left, in order to support the attack on the flank with the two batteries of cavalry, as well as to facilitate the junction with the third column, which was advancing by Brautenleb. At the same time, the regiment of Reuss Plauen was ordered to the right of Aspern, with a view to an attack on that place; the rest of the corps was formed into close columns of battalions.

Meanwhile the enemy formed his left wing, which he refused, towards Aspern, and his right upon Essling. Thus he advanced with columns of infantry and cavalry upon the main army, while an extremely brisk cannonade supported him. A line of twelve regiments of cuirassiers formed the centre of the second line of the enemy, giving to the whole an imposing aspect.

Meanwhile the attack of a battalion of Reuss Plauen on Aspern was repulsed, and it gave way, being thrown into consternation by the loss of its commander, but it rallied immediately after. Count Bellegarde ordered General Bacquant to renew the attack upon the regiment of Vogelsang, and to carry the village at all hazards. The latter obeyed the order

with the most brilliant success; and Aspern, though defended by twelve thousand of the best of the enemy's troops, was carried by storm; Bacquant being assisted by the regiment of Reuss-Plauen, by a battalion of Archduke Rainier, and by a brigade of Maier of the third column.

To frustrate this attack, the enemy advanced with two columns of infantry, supported by his heavy cavalry, upon the main army, repulsed the two regiments of Klenau and Vincent's light horse, and fell upon the infantry.

The latter expecting him with their firelocks ready, and with cool intrepidity, fired at ten paces distant so effectually, as totally to rout the enemy, upon which General Veesev, at the head of a division of Klenau, attacked the enemies' cuirassiers with such energy, that their retreat was followed by that of the infantry.

Hereby the army along the whole of its line was disengaged from the enemy, obtained communication on the left with the corps of Prince Hohenzollern, and became possessed of the important post of Aspern. The enemy being in full retreat, attempted no further attack, and confined himself merely to a cannonade. The corps remained during the night under arms. The enemy repented, indeed, his attacks on Aspern, but they all proved unsuccessful.

#### *Third Column.*

This column, according to its destination, had began its march from its position at Seiering, by the road of Sissenbrunn and Brauenteb. Some divisions of O'Reilly's light horse and Chasseurs formed the advanced guard of the column, and at three o'clock in the afternoon met near Hirschstettin, the left wing of the enemy, which consisted mostly of cavalry.

As about this time the first and second columns advanced intrepidly upon Aspern, and the enemy began to fall back to his position between Essling and Aspern, Lieutenant-General Hohenzollern ordered up his batallies, and a very thick cannonade commenced on both sides.

The first line formed in close columns of battalions, and advanced with the greatest resolution upon the enemy, when his cavalry suddenly rushed forward in such disproportionate numbers, and with such rapidity, that there was scarcely time to save the artillery which had been brought up, and the battalions were left to defend themselves by their own unsupported exertions. This was the remarkable moment in which the regiments

of Zach, Joseph Colloredo, Zettwitz, Froon, a battalion of Sevin's, and the second battalion of the Archduke Charles's legion, under the conduct of Lieutenant-General Brady, and Generals Buresch, Maier, and Koller, demonstrated with unparalleled fortitude what the fixed determination to conquer or die, is capable of effecting against the most impetuous attacks.

The enemy's cavalry turned these battalions on both wings, penetrated between them, repulsed the squadrons of O'Reilly's light horse, who were unable to withstand such a superior force, and in the confidence of victory, summoned these corps of heroes to lay down their arms. A well directed and destructive fire was the answer to this degrading proposition, and the enemy's cavalry abandoned the field leaving behind them a considerable number of dead.

This corps, as well as the others, passed the night on the field of battle.

#### *Fourth and Fifth Columns.*

These were both composed of the corps of Lieutenant General Prince Rosenberg, on either bank of the Russbach, and directed their march from their position to the right and left of Teutsch-Wagiam.

Both columns received orders to advance upon Essling.

The fourth, in close columns of battalions of Czartorisky's, Archduke Louis's and Churburgs, who were twice successively attacked by upwards of two thousand of the enemy's heavy cavalry; but these were each time put to flight by our brave infantry with considerable loss.

Of the fifth column, two battalions of Chastely's advanced directly upon Essling, while two battalions of Bellegarde's were ordered to penetrate the left flank of the village, and the small contiguous wood. Two battalions of Hiller's and Sztarray's, besides the Archduke Ferdinand's and Stipsic's regiments of hussars, and two divisions of Rosenberg's light horse, were in the plain in readiness to support them. These combined attacks were made twice successively with uncommon rapidity. The enemy's troops were repulsed at all points, and driven into the village of Essling, which had been set on fire; but as the enemy's army was drawn up in several lines between Essling and Aspern, and met each new attack with fresh reinforcements, because the safety of his retreat depended on the possession of this village, our troops were obliged to abandon it at the approach of night, and to await under arms the arrival of morning.

The reserved corps of cavalry had marched in two columns, under the command of General Prince of Lichtenstein, and advanced upon the New Inn between Ragstorf and Brautenleb. General Count Wartensleben, with Blankenstein's hussars, conducted the advanced guard.

No sooner did the enemy perceive the general advance of the army, than he placed the bulk of his cavalry, supported by some battalions of infantry, in order of battle, between Essling and Aspern, and commenced a brisk cannonade upon the columns of Austrian cavalry as they approached.

Prince Lichtenstein directed his columns to march forward in two lines, on which the enemy detached four or five thousand cavalry from his position to the right by way of Essling, and excited some apprehension that he would impede the progress of the fourth column, or even break through it. The Prince therefore ordered four regiments to the left, and kept the second column formed in two lines, till he was convinced that the fourth would not meet with any impediment to its march.

During this movement the remainder of the enemy's cavalry also advanced with the greatest confidence towards the right wing of the Austrians. They were received with a firmness which they probably did not expect. The intrepidity of the cavalry which had marched up, particularly Maurice Lichtenstein's regiment and the Archduke Francis's cuirassiers; the former, headed by its gallant Colonel, Roussel, frustrated the repeated assaults of the enemy by counter-attacks, by which they at length put a stop to his impetuous advance, and completely repulsed him with considerable loss. In these conflicts, the French General of Division, Durosnel, Equerry to the Emperor, was taken prisoner a few paces from him; as was also General Fowler, Equerry to the Empress, after having been slightly wounded. Notwithstanding the fire of musketry which now ensued, the Prince ordered a general advance, by which the enemy was straightened in the *alignement* between Essling and Aspern; but on account of the flanking fire from Essling, could not be pursued any further. The fire of his guns was answered with spirit by the horse artillery. About seven in the evening, 3000 horse were again detached towards the point of union between the cavalry of the Corps of reserve, and the left wing of Prince Hohenzollern, and fell *en masse* upon the brigades of cuirassiers of Generals Kroyher, Klary, and Siegenthal; but by the steady intrepidity of the Blankenstein's and Riesch's regiments, who, with the utmost gal-

lantry made a sudden attack on the enemy's flanks, his cavalry was again repulsed; and part of it, which had fallen upon some of the regiments of the new levies, placed in the third line, was cut off and there taken.

Meanwhile night came on, and it was passed by the Prince in the best state of preparation on the ground which he had gained from the enemy.

For the first time Napoleon has sustained a defeat in Germany. From this moment he was reduced to the rank of bold and successful Generals, who, like himself, after a long series of destructive achievement, experienced the vicissitudes of fortune. The charm of his invincibility was dissolved; no longer the spoiled child of fortune, by posterity he will be characterized as the sport of the fickle goddess. New hopes begin to animate the oppressed nations. To the Austrian army the 22d of May was a grand and glorious epoch, that must inspire it with a consciousness of its strength, and a confidence in its energies. Overwhelmed by our irresistible infantry, its proud opponents were extended in the dust, and the presence of their hitherto unconquered Emperor was no longer capable of snatching from the heroes of Austria the laurels which they had acquired.

Napoleon's glory was obviously at stake. New efforts were to be expected the following day; but he was also obliged to fight for his existence. By means of fire-ships sent down the Danube, the Archduke had caused the enemy's bridge on the Lobau to be broken down, and its repairs would take up several hours. Meanwhile Napoleon had already in the evening been joined by the corps of General Oudinot; and all the disposable troops followed from Vienna and the Upper Danube, and were transported across the river in vessels as fast as they arrived. The Archduke, on his part, ordered the grenadier corps, which had not had any share in the first engagement, to advance from its position near Gersalsdorf to Brautenleb; and the short night was scarcely sufficient to complete the respective preparations for the commencement of a second tragedy.

## BATTLE OF THE TWENTY-SECOND OF MAY.

### *Corps of Lieutenant-General Hiller.*

With the morning's dawn the enemy renewed his attacks, which far surpassed in impetuosity those of the preceding day. It was a conflict of valour and mutual exasperation. Scarcely had the French guards compelled General Wapquant to abandon Aspern, when

the regiment of Klebeck again penetrated into the burning village, drove back the choicest troops of the enemy, and engaged in a new contest in the midst of the conflagration, till, at the expiration of an hour, it was also obliged to give way. The regiment of Beaujovsky now rushed in, and at the first onset gained possession of the church-yard, the walls of which Field-Marshal Lieutenant Hiller immediately ordered the first division of pioneers to pull down, and the church, together with the parsonage, to be set on fire. Thus was this regiment, supported by some battalions commanded by General Bianchi, at length enabled to maintain itself at the entrance of the village, after overcoming the resistance, bordering on despair, opposed by the flower of the French army.

Neither could the enemy produce any further effect upon the bushy meadow, after Lieutenant General Hiller had ordered the force there to be supported by two battalions of Anton Mittrowsky's, and a battery; on which the Jagers, St. George's, and two battalions of Vienna volunteers, drove him from his advantageous position, which he never afterwards attempted to recover.

#### *Corps of Lieut.-General the Prince of Hohenzollern.*

The dawn of morning was the signal for the renewal of the gigantic conflict on the part of the Austrians. The enemy's infantry was drawn up in large divisions, and between it the whole of the heavy cavalry was formed in masses. The General of cavalry, Prince Lichtenstein, on observing this order of battle, perceived the necessity of keeping up a close communication with the infantry placed near him; he therefore drew up his right wing *en echiquier*, behind the corps of infantry, but kept his left wing together, with reserves posted in the rear.

A prodigious quantity of artillery covered the front of the enemy, who seemed desirous to annihilate our corps by the murderous fire of cannon and howitzers. Upwards of 200 pieces of cannon were engaged on both sides; and the oldest soldiers never recollect to have witnessed so tremendous a fire.

Vain was every effort to shake the intrepidity of the Austrian troops. Napoleon rode through his ranks, and according to the report of the prisoners, made them acquainted with the destruction of his bridge, but added, that he had himself ordered it to be broken down, because in this case there was no alternative but victory or death. Soon afterwards the whole of the enemy's line put itself into motion, and the cavalry made its principal attack

on the point where the corps of cavalry of Prince Lichtenstein communicated with the left wing of Lieutenant-General the Prince of Hohenzollern. The engagement now became general; the regiments of Rohan, D'Aspre, Joseph Colloredo, and Stain, repulsed all the attacks of the enemy. The Generals were every where at the head of their troops, and inspired them with courage and perseverance. The Archduke himself seized the colours of Zach, and the battalion, which had already begun to give way, followed with new enthusiasm his heroic example. Most of those who surrounded him were wounded; his Adjutant-General, Count Colloredo, received a ball in his head, the wound from which was at first considered dangerous; a squeeze of the hand signified to him the concern of his sympathising commander, who, filled with a contempt of death, now fought for glory and for his country.

The attacks of our impenetrable corps, both with the sabre and the bayonet, so rapidly repeated and so impetuous, as to be unparalleled in military annals, frustrated all the intentions of the enemy.

He was beaten at all points; and astonished at such undaunted intrepidity, he was obliged to abandon the field of battle.

About this time Lieutenant-General the Prince of Hohenzollern observed on his left wing, near Essling, a chasus, which had been formed during the heat of the engagement, and afforded an advantageous point of attack. Frolich's regiment, commanded by Colonel Mecsery, was ordered thither in three corps, and replaced four regiments of cavalry, accompanied with infantry and artillery. The corps remained in the position which they had taken, till the grenadiers of the reserve, which the Archduke had ordered forward from Brautenleib, arrived to relieve the battalions exhausted with the sanguinary conflict, and continue the attack upon the centre of the enemy's position. Lieut-General D'Aspre penetrated with the four battalions of grenadiers of Pizezinsky, Putzany, Scovaux, and Scharlach, without firing a shot, to the enemy's canyon, where he was flanked by such a destructive fire from Essling, that nothing but the presence of the Archduke, who hastened to the spot, could have induced his grenadiers to maintain their ground. Capt. Count Dombasle had already reached the enemy's battery, when he was wounded by two balls, and quitted the field.

About noon the Archduke ordered a new assault upon Essling, which was immediately undertaken by Field-Marshal Lieutenant D'Aspre, with the grenadier battalions of



Kirchenbutter and Scovaux on the left, and Scharlach and Georgy in front. Five times did these gallant troops rush up to the very walls of the houses; burning internally and placed in a state of defence; some of the grenadiers thrust their bayonets into the enemy's loop holes; but all their efforts were fruitless, for their antagonists fought the fight of despair. The Archduke ordered the grenadiers to take up their former position; and when they afterwards volunteered to renew the assault, he would not permit them, as the enemy was then in full retreat.

*Corps of Field-Marshal Lieut. Prince Rosenberg*

Prince Rosenberg resolved to attack the village of Essling with the Archduke Charles's regiment of infantry, to push forward his other troops in battalions, and in particular to go and meet the enemy, who was advancing in the open country between Essling and the nearest arm of the Danube.

The village was already gained; and battalions advancing on the left, obliged the enemy, drawn up in several lines, to yield. The most violent cannonade was kept up incessantly on both sides, and it was sustained by the troops with the greatest fortitude.

Favoured by a fog, which suddenly came on, the enemy's heavy cavalry ventured to attack, on all sides, the corps formed by Sztarray's and Hiller's regiments of infantry. These brave fellows received him with fixed bayonets, and at the last moment poured in their fire with such effect, that the enemy was compelled to betake himself to flight with considerable loss. Five times were these attacks on Sztarray's and Hiller's regiments repeated, and each time were they repelled with equal courage and resolution. The cavalry contributed all that lay in their power to the pursuit of the enemy and the support of the infantry.

In the night between the 22d and 23d the enemy accomplished his retreat to the Lobau, and at three in the morning his rear guard also had evacuated Essling and all the points which he had occupied on the left bank of the Danube. Some divisions pursued him closely, and took possession as near as possible of the necessary posts of observation.

Thus terminated a conflict of two days, which will be ever memorable in the annals of the world, and in the history of war. It was the most obstinate and bloody that has occurred since the commencement of the French Revolution.

It was decisive for the glory of the Austrian arms, for the preservation of the monarchy, and for the correction of the public opinion.

The infantry has entered upon a new and brilliant career, and by the firm confidence it has manifested in its own energies, has paved the way to new victories. The enemy's cavalry has seen its acquired but hitherto untried glory dissipated by the masses of our battalions, whose cool intrepidity it was unable to endure.

Cavalry and artillery have surpassed themselves in valour, and in the space of two days have performed achievements sufficient for a whole campaign.

Three pieces of cannon, seven ammunition waggons, 17000 French muskets, and about 3000 cuirasses fell into the hands of the conqueror. The loss on both sides was very great: this, and the circumstance that very few prisoners were taken by either party, proves the determination of the combatants either to conquer or die.

The Austrian army laments the death of 87 superior officers, and 4199 subalterns and privates.

Lieut. Generals Prince Rohan, Dedovich, Weber, and Frenel; Generals Winzingerode, Grill, Neustadter, Siegenthal, Colloredo, May, Hohenfeld, and Buresch; 668 officers, and 15,651 subalterns and privates were wounded. Of these Field-Marshal Lieutenant Weber, 3 officers and 329 men were taken prisoners by the enemy.

The loss of the enemy was prodigious, and exceeds all expectation. It can only be accounted for by the effect of our concentric fire on an exceedingly confined field of battle, where all the batteries crossed one another, and calculated by the following authentic data.

Generals Lasnes, D'Espagne, St. Hilaire, and Albuquerque, are dead; Massena, Bessieres, Molitor, Boudet, Legrand, Lasalle, and the two brothers Lagrenge, wounded; Durosnel and Fowler taken.

Upwards of 7000 men, and an immense number of horses were buried on the field of battle; six thousand and some hundred wounded lie in our hospitals. In Vienna and the suburbs there are at present 29,773 wounded; many were carried to St. Pölten, Füns, and as far as Dintz; 2,300 were taken. Several hundreds of corpses floated down the Danube, and are still daily thrown upon its shores; many met their death in the Island of Lobau; and since the water has fallen in the smaller arms of the river, innumerable bodies, thus consigned by their comrades to everlasting oblivion, have become visible. The burying of the sufferers is not yet over, and a pestilential air is wafted from the theatre of death.

His Imperial Highness the Generalissimo has indeed undertaken the duty so dear to his heart of acquainting the monarch and the country with the names of those who took the most active share in the achievements of these glorious days, but he acknowledges with profound emotion, that amidst the rivalry of the highest military virtues, it is scarcely possible to distinguish the most valiant, and declares all the soldiers of *Aspern* worthy of public gratitude.

His Imperial Highness considers the intelligent dispositions of the Chief of the Staff, General Baron Wimpffen, and his incessant exertions, as the foundation of the victory.

The officers commanding corps have render-

ed themselves deserving of the highest favours by uncommon devotedness, personal bravery, warm attachment to their Sovereign, and their high sense of honour.

Their names will be transmitted to posterity with the achievements of the valiant troops who were under their direction. Colonel Sinola, of the artillery, by this indefatigable activity in the proper application of the ordnance, and his well known bravery, rendered the most important services.

The commanding officers of corps and columns have furnished the list of the General Staff, and Superior Officers, who particularly distinguished themselves.—Then follows a long list of names.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND OF WALCHEREN.

WITH A MAP.

THE Island of Walcheren is one of several islands lying at the mouth of the Scheldt; of which the province of Zealand is altogether composed. Walcheren is the most considerable of these. It is not very large, being only thirteen miles in length and eight in breadth; but its population is very great in proportion to its extent; it is fruitful and well cultivated, though it lies very low, and is subject to inundations. The town of Middleburg, which is the capital of the province of Zealand, is supposed to contain 25,000 inhabitants, is very flourishing, and has a considerable trade. It is situated more to the seaward than Flushing, and has no strong fortifications. Flushing, which is about four miles south of Middleburg on the channel from the sea to the river, is also a populous and flourishing town. It had been even under the ancient Dutch Government a naval station, and has acquired additional importance in that character since the annexation of the Netherlands to France, and consequent opening of the Scheldt, and the construction of docks and naval arsenals at Antwerp, with a view to make that river the principal station and depot of the northern division of the French Fleet.

The Expedition at present sent out is certainly destined for the Scheldt. The first attack will be on the island of Walcheren, which, though deemed almost impregnable by Du-

mourier in 1793, will, it is calculated, be speedily reduced upon this occasion. Walcheren, has, it is known, been very materially fortified and reinforced of late, but yet such is the reliance placed upon the superiority of our plan and means of attack, that it is said it will fall, and even without any struggle. The solution is not only to take, but to keep this important island, which must be extremely desirable as a commercial station. From the superiority of our naval force, the keeping of Walcheren seems not impossible.

After the capture of Walcheren, the intention is to proceed up the Scheldt to Antwerp, the capture of which, with that even of Bergen-op-zoom, is calculated. The army and navy are to co-operate throughout. A vast number of both seamen and marines are to land with the army. The seamen are to be employed in dragging the cannon, and also in carrying provisions, and from their employment in this way, which forms a part of the original project, a vast deal of forage and transports will be saved, which must have been necessary had horses been sent out for the purpose. No great proportion of cavalry are to be among the Expedition.

Above a dozen vessels are stored with Congreve's rockets, and the carcasses, commonly called catamarans; these vessels are placed under the direction of Colonel Congreve.

# ART OF DRAWING.

[Concluded from Page 217 Vol. VI.]

ALL drawings consist in nicely measuring the distances of each part of the piece by the eye, as we have before observed in the course of our lectures on this subject. In order to facilitate this, let the pupil imagine in his own mind, that the piece he copies is divided into squares. For example, suppose or imagine a perpendicular and an horizontal line crossing each other in the centre of the picture you are drawing from; then suppose also two such lines crossing your own copy. Observe in the original what parts of the design those lines intersect, and let them fall on the same parts of the supposed lines in the copy: we say the supposed lines, because though engravers and others, who copy with great exactness, divide both the copy and the original into many squares; yet this is a method not to be recommended, as it will be apt to deceive the learner, who will fancy himself a tolerable proficient till he comes to draw after nature, where these helps are not to be had, when he will find himself miserably defective and utterly at a loss. However inconsiderable these observations may appear to those who are masters of the higher branches of the art, or to those who are totally ignorant of it, too much stress cannot be laid upon the learning them; for if buildings of any kind are introduced, nothing can be more disagreeable to the eye, than to behold them all leaning one way, like a field of corn, bending with the gentle gale; or tumbling about in different directions, as if they had experienced the shock of an earthquake.

If a learner is to draw a landscape from nature, let him take his station on a rising ground, where he will have a large horizon, and mark his tablet into three divisions, downwards from the top to the bottom; and divide in his own mind the landscape he is going to take, into three divisions also; then let him turn his face directly opposite to the midst of the horizon, keeping his body fixed, and draw what is directly before his eyes upon the middle division of the tablet; then turn his head, but not his body, to the left hand, and delineate what he views there, joining it properly to what he had done before; and lastly, do the same by what is to be seen upon his right hand, laying down every exactly both with respect to distance and proportion.

In drawing landscapes, the best way is to make the nearest objects in the piece the highest, and those that are the farthest off to

shoot away lower and lower till they come almost level with the horizon, lessening every thing proportionably to its distance, and observing also to make the object fainter and less distinct the farther they are removed from the eye. He must make all his lights and shades fall one way, and let every thing have its proper motion.

In drawing of landscapes many artists find the foliage, or leaves of trees, an exceeding difficult and arduous task. Most of them copy after the manner of the artist who particularly pleases them most; by this means their foliage becomes set and stiff, from the difficulty of copying after nature. This manner may be admitted in such as are commencing the art, but those who have made a proficiency in it should follow nature, as it will instruct them better in their growth and shape. To gain any eminence in the study, strict observation should be made of the several sort of foliage seen at a distance, whether they are close and massy, or thin leaved and branched; or whether they hang in clusters or uniformly on their boughs; attending nicely to the difference of their colours in their several kinds, as well when growing as in perfection and decay. Let us observe here that in order to attain any considerable proficiency in drawing a knowledge of perspective is absolutely necessary.

Finally, many who have not attained to a knowledge of the truth of nature in the delectable art we have been describing, impute their deficiency to want of talent and ability; and from a false persuasion of its insurmountable difficulties, they are induced to abandon the cultivation of the art. Another cause has been with great truth remarked, that when the study of any art or science is commenced, in order to insure success in the pursuit, the steps must be regular and progressive; if a hasty stride be made to gain the wished for object, the path is probably lost, and many a wearisome step must be paced back to regain the proper track. The human intellect, in the acquirement of knowledge, cannot at once embrace a multiplicity of objects without confusion of ideas; a laudable ardour to gain information will sometimes lead the juvenile mind to investigate what is beyond its powers of comprehension, and will snatch it from those studies which, if duly pursued, invigorate the mental faculties, and open gradually, but irresistibly, the sources of genuine instruc-

tion. It would be truly fruitless to give a learner a complicated lesson at the commencement of his career; to attempt the elucidating such a lesson by writing, would be equally vain; but, finally, to acquire proficiency, we recommend a fixed resolution in the artist to select every production of merit, to devote his leisure time to exhibitions and collections of pictures; he should diligently explore the beauties, and mark the defects of the several pieces, in order to retain and copy their ex-

cellencies and reject their imperfections; thus tracing nature up to her noblest springs.

By these means he will gradually improve in judgment and practice, and every piece he produces will surpass the foregoing; for a laudable zeal to excel in a pursuit rarely fails of effecting the design; we therefore venture to offer it as our opinion, that to a neglect of the means we have proposed, in the course of our lectures, may in general be imputed the obstacles which impede progress in the art,

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR JULY.

### LYCEUM.

MR. ARNOLD on Monday, June 26, opened this theatre for the summer, with an English Opera and Ballet. The theatre has undergone great alteration; the entrance is spacious and elegant, the whole building being made to give way to it, and the Panorama of St. Petersburg is turned into a saloon, the painting still remaining, and a balloon covering being thrown over head. The box and gallery fronts have been entirely re-painted; the whole interior exhibits a light and pleasing effect. The orchestra is numerous, and the company, both vocal and ballet, highly respectable.

The Opera of Monday night's production was entitled *Up all Night*; or, *The Smuggler's Cave*; the dramatic part by Mr. Arnold himself, and the musical by Mr. M. P. King.

This Opera is much better in its dialogue and songs than in the fabrication of the incidents; which are for the most part, of the hacknied description peculiar to Operas in general,—and which have hitherto so much abounded to a disgusting nauseousness in the shops of novelists, that they are scarcely endured when put forward in the drama.

Mr. Arnold should know that the character of an Opera does not necessarily exclude novelty of fable or humour of incident; nor is there any fatal opposition, or invincible disunion, between music and good sense. The songs of this Opera are set to music in an exquisite style of simplicity and unaffected melody, and we regret that the talents of this great composer have not been more frequently employed.

Mr. Phillips, a performer from Dublin, made his first appearance in this Opera. His voice is soft and pleasing, but declines too much into a *falsetto*, and contains no very powerful note. Mr. Phillips is a promising actor, and

has to forget no one provincial vice, but too much confidence. His demeanor is not sufficiently composed and chaste for a London audience; in a word, he is too fussy and degenerate. Mr. Hopp, who is the only other new singer with whom our readers are to become acquainted, has very serviceable talents; he has nothing obtrusive or impudent about him. Mrs. Mountain and Mrs. Bishop (late Miss Lyons), are both engaged at this theatre, and of them we have nothing new to say. Mr. Dowton, however, is the main pillar of this summer edifice; his strong natural humour, his simplicity and truth, have given him such celebrity as a performer, that little is missing where he is to be found.

### HAY-MARKET.

On Monday, July 10, at this theatre, was produced a romantic drama in three acts, entitled the *Foundling of the Forest*, from the pen of Mr. Dimond, jun. It is not every summer-play which we conceive worthy of notice, but the *Foundling* merits attention, and therefore we shall make some observations.

The plot of this piece is from that plentiful magazine of all romantic plots, the *Romance of the Forest*. Mrs. Radcliffe was in every respect a true genius; she had the fancy of Ariosto without his absurdities; she has not perhaps his wildness, nor his foaming vigour, but the never-wearis spirit—is always inventive—occasionally forcible, and whenever her fable requires it, picturesque and beautiful. She is perfectly at the head of that species of writing which may be termed the prose romance. The romances of the former dealt in ideal beings, and almost impossible events—in kings and princes becoming shepherds—in the grand Cyrus and royal Cleopatra. There

was no attempt at manners, character, the scenery of nature, or any of the present or past modes of life. They were merely fables, which no stretch of fancy could realize. Mrs. Radcliffe brought this kind of writing down to common life.

**FABLE.**—The scene of the drama is laid in Alsace; and the first scene introduces to us the *Count*—who, even after the lapse of eighteen years, is inconsolable for the supposed death of his lady and only son. On his return from the German wars, he had been informed that his wife and child had been consumed in the midnight conflagration of his castle by the enemy; while the whole had proceeded from the machinations of his kinsman, Baron *Longueville*, who had propagated a report that the *Count* was slain in battle, and who sought to inherit the *Count's* estates, by exciting the Hugonots to set fire to his castle in his absence, for the destruction of the *Countess* and her son; but they found means to escape from the flames. On his return the *Count* is made acquainted with this relation, and he remains secluded from the world, a prey to despair; his only solace arising from his niece *Geraldine*, his destined heiress, and *Rorrian*, the foretelling, who gives name to the piece. His lady, in the mean time, possessed of the belief that her husband is dead, and persecuted by *Longueville*, remains buried in obscurity, and lamenting over her woe. Things are in this situation at the commencement of the piece, and the principal interest of it arises from the envious machinations of the Baron against the life of *Florian*, to whom the *Count* appears greatly attached, and for whom he destines the hand of his niece. After numerous and striking vicissitudes, his attempts are at last foiled, and the *Count* at length recognises his son, and is reunited with the *Countess*.

This story itself, without any decoration, but merely by a simple narration, is necessarily interesting; a dramatist has nothing to do but to arrange and produce the events, and their effect is certain. His chief aim is not to disguise—not to impair their effect by extraneous folly or imbecility. As long as he keeps to his story, his success is certain. When he waves it he trusts it to himself, and should be sure of his powers. If he can accompany the

most striking incidents with suited language—if he can borrow at once the characters and the pencil of the poetess, he is right and sure. But if his powers extend only to a simple transfusion—let him simply transfuse—let him keep as much in pantomime as possible.

These remarks are compelled from the wretched dialogue of the piece. *Florian* is in every sense of the word a buffoon—he puns most abominably—is merely absurd, and without even drollery—He has no resemblance to the polished nobleman. Every part has in it the same fault. The language when it rises is inane to a degree.—The author is very fond of the clouds—every sentence almost is a metaphor from the clouds. It is really wonderful, that, in an age of taste and correct thinking and writing, the stage should be so miserably behind. The worst specimens of style are to be found in our modern comedies, and the soundness is as bad as any.—It is perfectly needless to particularize where all is alike.

But the most serious error in this piece is the impious invocation to Heaven, which is put into the mouth of the *Count*. It is an admirable observation of Johnson, that the learning and taste of Milton has shrouded the impiety of Satan in general terms, and that blasphemous as he is, he never employs images or sentiments which can shock the mind of the most pious. This observation should always be kept in mind as including a general rule. The invocation of the *Count* to the Supreme Being to blast, &c. should not have been so broadly produced, a mind of any proper feeling cannot but avert from it—it is painful even to hear such curses; they are barely expiable. The Supreme Being must not be thus blazoned forth in his tremendous attributes! Could the idea be realized, and it is the nature of the imagination to attempt such realization, should we thus stand before us as mocked, all our powers would be transfixed in horror, and earth, nature, and the human mind sink before him. These are not images for a sunnier theatre, nor for such a poet as Mr. Dimond.

The piece, hitting the general feeling, was well received, and the interest of the fable covered every defect of style and error of taste.

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

## F A S H I O N S

For AUGUST, 1809.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

#### ENGLISH COSTUME.

##### No. 1.—WALKING DRESS.

A round robe of jaconet muslin, high in the neck, to lace up the back with coloured lacing, finished round the collar with scallop edging; long sleeves trimmed to correspond, a broad lace let in round the bottom between two rows of small tufts. Sash of corded ribband, Purple and green shot short pelisse, trimmed with broad scallop lace, confined tight to the figure with green band to correspond. Steel clasp. A half handkerchief of green figured silk round the neck. Fine worked or lace tippet handkerchief, edged with scallop lace, and ornamented with tassels, thrown carelessly over the back. Bonnet of figured sarsnet and lace, with pendant ends of tassels on the left side. Shoes of pale green kid. Gloves of York-tan.

##### No. 2.

A spenser Bodice of pale pink sarsnet. White muslin dress, with double row of scallop lace forming a light flounce round the bottom, over which is worn a black lace mantle and train. Egyptian bonnet, composed of pink sarsnet and antique lace. Shoes and gloves of pale yellow. Amber necklace and earrings. Hair after the Egyptian manner. Parasol of pink and brown shot, with white fringe.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

##### ON THE MOST APPROVED

##### FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

THE variety of weather during the present month has occasioned a greater diversity in dress than is usually remarked in the summer

season. The tide of fashion may be said chiefly to ebb and flow during the Spring and Autumn; at which seasons the rivalry of magnificence and simplicity, of taste and ornament, of elegance and rusticity, combining together and producing an harmonious whole of fashion, is chiefly conspicuous. But during the summer season the changeful deity enjoys a repose; her more decorous and gaudy habit is laid aside; she divests herself of all cumbersome ornament, and assumes a garb and tone congenial to the time of year. Unfortunately, however, that unseasonable keenness of the atmosphere, which checked the vegetation of the natural world, arrested in like manner the light step of fancy, and scarcely suffered the many-coloured goddess to escape from the trammels of winter. The warm cloth pelisse was scarcely consigned to the chest before it was called forth by the unexpected severity of the weather; and the garb of January and March was seen in the commencement of July.

If it be a just observation in art, that the nearer the approach to nature the more perfect the imitation; the same remark will equally hold of fashion, which, as it is carried back by a reflux tide into a pristine and primeval simplicity, will always please the more, as it thus invariably gains upon nature. The boundless vagaries of caprice may gratify for a time, but the elements of natural elegance are interwoven in the constitution of the mind, and the eye of fancy and of taste, rightly instructed and informed, can covet no more in the decoration of the human figure, than the result of these principles properly modified and combined.

Invention in the art of dress, as in all other arts, is nothing but as it is brought to this point.

and fashion is scarcely approved as the sterling progeny of the fancy, till she has parted with her dress in this crucible.

With respect to the prevailing fashions for the present month, we shall commence with the description of such dresses as are of a character the most novel and determinate.

The neck and arms, in morning and walking dresses, still continue to be closely covered; the bosoms of robes are now entirely constructed of plating and work. The stomacher, an ornament inelegantly formal, has now wholly disappeared in the most fashionable circles; they are ill adapted to *petite* figures, and ought, indeed, to have been entirely confined to those who had a privilege for singularity and endless variety.

The full and evening dresses are made extremely low before and high behind, with square frock backs; the sleeve is worn moderately short, and that most in estimation has a lace star composed of scallop lace left in on the arm. Quarter trains are indispensable. The sash is worn pinned before, crossed behind and brought round to the before or behind. Lace bands are extremely elegant, formed with joining lace lined with sarsnet to correspond with the dress. The Persian sash and pointed cecus has been lately introduced in the first circles of elegance. The neck for the most part is worn covered; the lace tippet hand kerchief is most in request. The corded sarsnet is the newest article that has issued from the loom of the manufacture, and promises to become a considerable favourite in the constitution of dresses. Small sprigs, pin spots, and moss muslins are very generally adopted. Spotted lambris and gossamer nets are still much worn; but we never remember to have observed white dresses more prevailing; mantles of every description are much worn, varying more through fancy than fashion; we observe them much trimmed with variegated and embossed ribbands. The Persian scarf for its simplicity and convenience will be long before it is laid aside. Spencers, from their partial adoption, and univalued convenience, are considered genteel; the close short pelisse of fig, or shot sarsnet, is however to be considered as the reigning fashion. The buckle, as an ornament for the waist, has taken place of the clasp; ornaments in bronze have lately appeared, and we venture to predict to them the entire stamp of fashionable approbation from their novelty and correspondent propriety with the costume of the day. A profusion of lace is introduced into the dresses as well as sarsnet as muslin.

But little variety has taken place in the construction of hats and bonnets; the Spanish hat in straw, with long ostrich feathers, is well adapted to open carriages, and adds style and elegance to a pleasing countenance. We never noticed at this season of the year so few Gipsy hats; they are entirely superseded by the cottage bonnet in straw, or satin, with a small ostrich feather falling on the left side, ornamented with gimp or other fancy trimmings. The variegated straws are more singular than fashionable, and are wholly rejected by our discriminating belles, as well as the occasioning much trouble in the selection of other correspondent articles of attire. Caps are variously constructed, uniformly close to the head: the most novel are composed of corded or gauze ribband, with lace beading. Artificial flowers were never more general; indeed, so much so, that a fashionable female, in her own parlour, might be mistaken for the preceding goddess. The prevailing colours are pink, green, blue, and yellow; all worn extremely pale; seeking rather to blend than vie with nature, as it is obvious that the finer tints of art, however skillfully manufactured by the artist, when brought into full contrast with nature, are of a glaring and gaudy hue. Necklaces in gold, coloured beads, or stone; top and drop earrings to correspond, with French or paste combs, are the only ornaments in jewellery now worn. Bracelets and brooches are laid aside, and that perpetual thirst of novelty that so distinguishes our females, has induced them to discard what their jewellers have omitted to vary. The disuse of rouge is too general not to have been striking.

Our fair ones are at length content to interest rather than to dazzle; we may venture safely to promise them on such a reformation, a more complete and permanent triumph.

## LETTER ON DRESS.

DEAR MARIA,

London, Ju'y 24.

I NEVER imagined that I could have existed till now in this odious city, much less that I should have addressed you again from this place. I cannot command my temper to follow fancy through all her vagaries. Fashion with all her votaries is out of town. My aunt is at length happily rid of all her real and imaginary aillings, but cannot be induced to leave town till all her still more fanciful friends are convalescent. I am constantly invoking my

good genius to protect, and watch over the lap-dog and parrot, lest they should offer another impediment to our projected journey.— Lady Mary M. has just left us; she came to pay a charitable visit to my aunt; and has still more charitably engaged me to accompany her to Vauxhall. I could almost wish to defer the description of my dress, and that of Lady Sarah F. who is likewise to be of the party, but that your reproaches on a similar occasion lie on the table before me. The fact is, I have taken up a little book, *Le Dôt de Suette*, which is too interesting to be easily relinquished. If I have never read it, I recommend it to you as a pleasing trifle. It has a better claim than novelty to the attention.

But to my dress. I intend wearing an India muslin, of the most transparent texture, over a slip of white satin. The body is of faded violet sarsnet, with long sleeves, trimmed with scallop lace. Believe me this dress is not the less becoming for its simplicity. My shoes are of white kid; and Madame B. whose taste and elegance all concur in admiring, has recommended me to wear upon them small bunches of convolvulus, by way of rosettes; my hair à la-Grecque, with no other ornament than my diamond comb. I forgot to mention that my drop ear-rings are entirely the fashion. Your elegant little gold necklace completes the whole. Lady F.'s dress is, if possible, still more simple. It is of white twill sarsnet, confined to the waist by a band and bronze clasp. Her hair, likewise, à la-Grecque, with bronze comb, which has a singularly beautiful effect, when contrasted with her lovely light locks. Necklace of Egyptian pebbles.

Adieu, my dear Maria:—In anticipation of an agreeable evening, I am enabled to conclude my letter in better spirits than I began.

## ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

### THE BOSOM.

THE reader must not expect to find here any panegyric on a portion of the female form so highly extolled by poets, and so dear to lovers. What could we say that has not been repeated a hundred and a thousand times? There is not a writer of amatory pieces but has described, in his effusions, this most beautiful ornament of the sex.

Of all the charms which embellish a woman, the bosom is indisputably that which addresses itself in the strongest terms to the senses, which most powerfully excites the passion of love. It is not developed till an age when the

heart is susceptible of that passion, so particularly does it seem to awaken love. It is then that the fond youth may exclaim in the language of one of our oldest poets:—

“ Hide, O hide those hills of snow,  
“ Which the frozen bosom bears;  
“ On whose tops the pinks that grow  
“ Are of those that April wears:  
“ But my poor heart first set free,  
“ Bound in those icy chains by thee!”

The bosom is incontestably the least platonic of all female charms, and that to the possession of which women attach the highest importance. A woman, proud of her beauty may possibly be nothing but a coquette; one who makes a public display of her bosom is something more: not content with pleasing, with gaining and captivating the heart, she wishes to inflame the senses, and to obtain a speedy victory.

It is this kind of reproach, that the Latin poet addresses to his mistress, in these words

“ *Numquid lacteplum sinum, et ipsas*  
“ *Præ te, fers sine linteis papillas?*  
“ *Hæc est dicere: Pæce, pæce, trado;*  
“ *Hæc est ad Venerem vocare amatas*”

We shall not give a translation of these verses; that is a pleasure which we leave for the discreet lover.

The taste of men with respect to the beauty of the bosom, is not every where the same: some are fond of *en'oupoint*; others on the contrary, prefer less bulky charms. Upon a little reflection we shall perceive that this difference of taste depends on the different causes which we have enumerated in this work.

In the countries in which beauty shines in all its lustre, females take the greatest care to give the bosom that perfect form, that rotundity, that firmness, which are their principal charms. The women of Circassia, of Georgia, of Mingrelia, and above all, the bayaderes, those lovely dancing girls of India, carefully preserve their bosoms, from their first formation, by enclosing them in a kind of case, made of light and flexible wood. The two hemispheres, by means of this happy invention, retain the most perfect form, and acquire a firmness rarely met with in certain countries. It is in this manner that the Indian beauties contrive to have handsome breasts to an advanced age, and prevent the defects which these highly valued charms would necessarily contract if they were abandoned to their own weight, or were disfigured by an unsuitable habit or by pernicious compressions.



The Greek and Roman females made use of bandages, which supported the breasts, and thus prevented their shape from being spoiled; these bandages were employed with success to keep them from growing too large. Pliny informs us that women whose breasts were large and pendent, applied to them a fish called *esquader*, which possessed the property of rendering them as firm and plump as those of young persons. Some authors assert that ointment was applied to the breasts to check their growth, and that it is used with success to prevent their too great expansion.

In this particular the Spanish women exhibit an instance of excessive absurdity. They not only have an aversion to large breasts, but they are determined to have none at all, and use every possible means to produce this effect. "It is reckoned beautiful among them," says the Countess d'Aulnoy, "to have no breasts, and they take care very early to prevent them from growing large. As soon as they begin to appear, they bind thin pieces of lead upon them with bandages as close as children are swaddled: and indeed their breasts are nearly as flat and even as a sheet of paper." Other countries exhibit a contrary taste, and the women strive to acquire an extraordinary *embonpoint*. The Egyptian females, for instance, though naturally inclined to be fat, encourage this disposition by drugs, diet, and bathing.

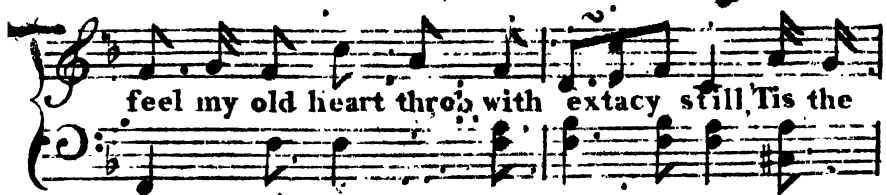
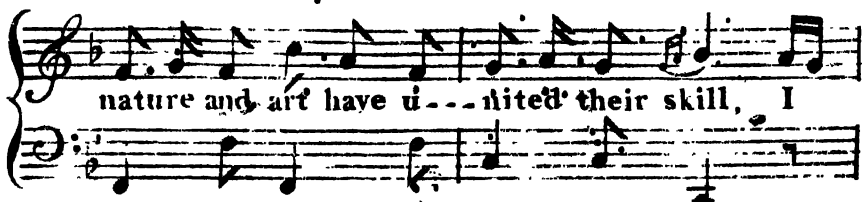
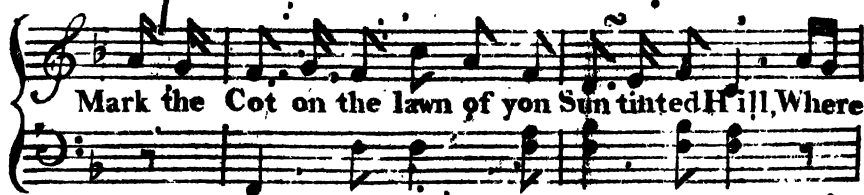
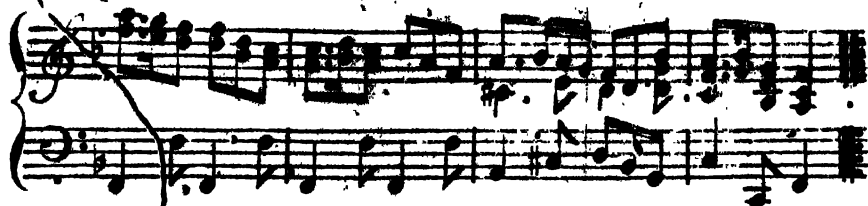
A very curious remark may be made respecting the opinion formed on the subject of beauty by different nations. In the countries in which the women naturally have a very protuberant bosom, they have, it seems, taken pains to persuade the men, that this *embonpoint* is the height of perfection, till at length they themselves believe so too, and employ all possible means to increase their natural obesity. In countries where, on the contrary, nature has been more sparing in this respect, beauty is thought to consist in this deficiency—a deficiency which is so much the more coveted by females who, from coquetry, wish to be poor in natural charms and rich in artificial attractions. In this manner has art given still greater extension to the caprices of nature! The same observation may be applied to all other female charms.

It has been asserted by some, that the breasts lose the beauty of their form, when a mother, by suckling her children, fulfils the tender functions which nature has assigned her.—Hence they conclude that a woman who is anxious to preserve her charms, ought to commit the fruit of her love to a hiring nurse. This is a mistaken notion. Such women as do not choose to suckle, are obliged to check the secretion of milk, by means of topical applications, which often injure the breasts more than suckling would have done.

# HENRY AND JANE.

Composed for La Belle Assemblée by M<sup>r</sup> Hook

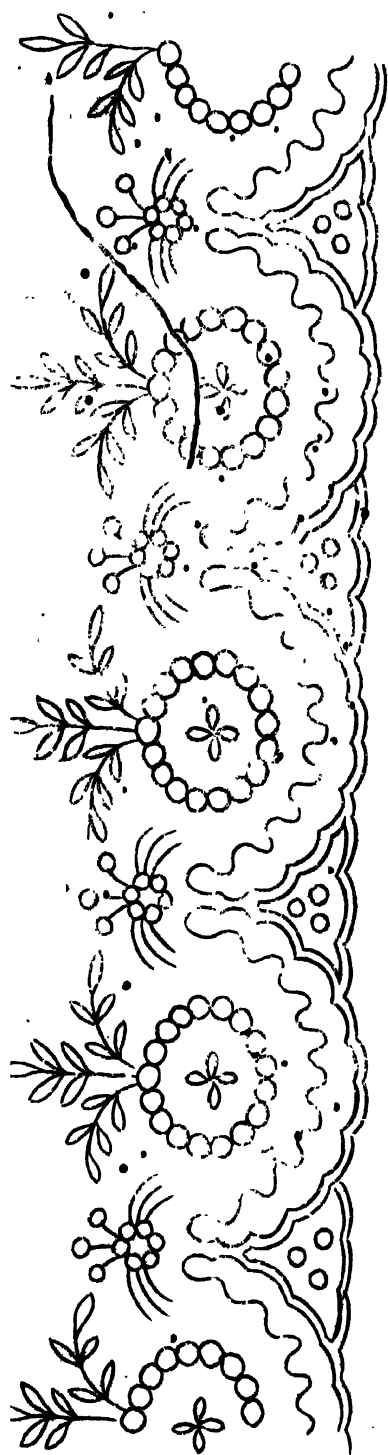
ANDANTE





2  
 It brings to remembrance the scenes of my youth;  
 It reminds me of vows that were founded in truth;  
 But alas! soon will fall before time's iron tooth  
 The dear cot where I first saw my Jane.  
 It reminds me of scenes upon life's chequer'd stage,  
 Of sorrows, alas, which no time can assuage;  
 Ah! witness the tears and the sobbing of age,  
 Thou dear cot where I first saw my Jane.

3  
 My tears have ceas'd flowing their fountain is dry  
 I'll lay my old limbs on the grass plat here by,  
 And there, will I languish, and there will I die,  
 Near the cot where I first saw my Jane.  
 Thus sigh'd the poor wanderer, and under a willow  
 He stretch'd himself forth, the cold earth was his pillow,  
 He stretch'd himself forth, at his length on the plain  
 And the grave clos'd for ever on Henry and Jane.



*Designed for V. 1892 by H. W. G. G. G.*



# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR AUGUST, 1809.

---

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

---

1. An Elegant PORTRAIT of THE RIGHT HON. LADY GERTRUDE FITZPATRICK.
  2. TWO WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON, COLOURED.
  3. An ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-forte; composed exclusively for this Work, by Mr. HOOK.
  4. Two elegant and new PATTERNS for NEEDLE-WORK.
  5. MAP of the Island and course of the SHELDE.
- 

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

Lady Fitzpatrick ..... 47

### ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Account of the sculpture in front of Covent-Garden Theatre .....	48
Hymenæa in search of a Husband .....	49
Life of a Lounger .....	50
Description of the South of France .....	57
Account of Abyssinia .....	60
Handsome girls are born married .....	67
Benvenuto Cellini .....	68
Letter from a noble Lord to a young lady on the eve of marriage .....	71
Description of a late eruption of Mount Etna .....	73
Thoughts on Affectation in the Female Sex .....	74
On Heraldry .....	77
Anecdotes of Gaming .....	78

### BEAUTIES OF THE BRITISH POETS.

#### BEAUTIES OF ADDISON.

A Letter from Italy to Lord Halifax .....	9
The Campaign .....	11
Hymn on Gratitude .....	15
Hymn on Providence .....	16
Hymn from the beginning of the nineteenth Psalm .....	ib.

#### LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Explanation of the Prints of Fashion .....	81
General Observations on the most approved Fashions for the Season .....	ib.
Letter on Dress .....	82
Explanation of the Map and adjoining country .....	83
Supplementary Advertisements for the Month .....	83



Bell's.

# COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For AUGUST, 1809.

---

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

## ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

---

The Forty-ninth Number.

---

THE RIGHT HON. LADY GERTRUDE FITZPATRICK.

---

THE Right Honourable JOHN FITZPATRICK, Earl of Upper Ossory, and Baron of Gowran, in the county of Kilkenny; born in May, 1745, succeeded his father John, the late Earl, September 23, 1758, and married 26th of March, 1769, Anne Liddel, the repudiated Duchess of Grafton, daughter of Lord Ravensworth; by whom he has issue two daughters, Anne, and Gertrude; the Portrait of the latter Lady is prefixed to *La Belle Assemblée* for the present month.

This noble family has long been settled in Ireland, and are as illustrious from their descent and connections as any that adorn the sister kingdom. This ancient family is descended from Heremon, the first monarch of the Milesian race in Ireland; and after they had assumed the surname of Fitzpatrick, they were, for many ages, Kings of Ossory, in the province of Leinster,

from whom, in a direct line, the present Earl is descended. The following is an heraldic sketch of the creation and arms of this family:—

CREATIONS.—Baron Gowran, April 27, 1715, 1 Geo. I. and Earl of Upper Ossory, in Queen's County, October 5, 1751, 25 Geo. II.

ARMS.—*Sable*, a saltire, *argent*, on a chief, *azure*, three fleurs-de-lis, *or*.

CREST.—On a wreath, a dragon, *vert*, surmounted of a lion passant, *sable*.

SUPPORTERS.—Two lions of the latter, their ducal crowns, plain collars, and chains, *or*.

MOTTO.—*Fortis sub forte jacescit*. A brave man will yield to a braver man.

CHIEF SEATS.—At Tentore, in Queen's County; at Farmingwood, in the county of Northampton; and Ampthill, in the county of Bedford.



## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

## SCULPTURE ON THE FRONT OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

WITHIN these few days a great part of the scaffolding has been removed from the front of Covent-Garden Theatre, which is now nearly finished. Two sheds, one on each side of the portico, which had been erected for the accommodation of the sculptors, have also been taken down; and thus has been exposed to view the elegant pieces of emblematic sculpture which have afforded much gratification to the amateurs, and have greatly excited the curiosity of the public.

Crowds assemble every day in Bow-street, to view these specimens of the fine arts, which are representations of the ancient and the modern Drama in basso-relievo. The designs are classical, and the execution masterly; and the following short account of the subjects will, we are persuaded, prove interesting to our readers. The piece representing the ancient Drama is to the north of the portico, and that representing the modern Drama is on the south side.

*The Ancient Drama.*—In the centre, three Greek Poets are sitting, the two looking towards the portico, are Aristophanes, representing the old Comedy, and (nearest to the spectator) Menander, representing the new Comedy. Before them Thalia pre-ents herself with her crook and comic mask, as the object of their imitation. She is followed by Polyhymnia playing on the greater lyre, Euterpe on the lesser lyre, Clio with the long pipes, and Terpsichore, the Muse of Action or Pantomime. These are succeeded by three Nymphs crowned with the leaves of the fir-pine, and in succinct tunics, representing the hours or seasons, governing and attending the winged horse Pegasus.

The third sitting figure in the centre, looking from the portico, is Æschylus, the father of Tragedy. He holds a scroll open on his knee; his attention is fixed on Wisdom, or Minerva, seated opposite to the Poet. She is distinguished by her

helmet and shield. Between Æschylus and Minerva, Bacchus stands leaning on his fawn, because the Greeks represented Tragedies in honour of Bacchus. Behind Minerva stands Melpomene, or Tragedy, holding a sword and mask; then follow two Furies, with snakes and torches, pursuing Orestes, who stretches his hands to supplicate Apollo for protection. Apollo is represented in the quadriga, or four horsed chariot of the Sun. The last described figures relate to part of Æschylus's Tragedy of *Orestes*.

*The Modern Drama.*—In the centre, (looking from the portico) Shakespear is sitting; the comic and tragic masks, with the lyre, are about his feet; his right hand is raised, expressive of calling up the following characters in the *Tempest*:—first, Caliban, laden with wood; next Ferdinand sheathing his sword; then Miranda, entreating Prospero in behalf of her lover; they are led on by Ariel above, playing on a lyre. This part of the composition is terminated by Hecate (the three formed Goddess) in her car, drawn by oxen, descending. She is attended by Lady Macbeth, with the daggers in her hands, followed by Macbeth turning in horror from the body of Duncan behind him.

In the centre, looking towards the portico, is Mikon, seated, contemplating Urania, according to his own description in the *Paradise Lost*. Urania is seated facing him above; at his feet is Samson Agonistes chained. The remaining figures represent the *Mask of Comus*; the two brothers drive out three Bacchanals, with their staggering leader, Comus. The enchanted Lady is seated in the chair, and the series is ended by two tigers, representing the transformation of Comus's devotees.

The designs of both basso-relievos, and the model of the Ancient Drama, are by Mr. Flaxman. The model of the Modern Drama, and the execution in stone, is by Mr. Rossi.

## HYMENÆA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

[Continued from Page 11.]

SUPPER was by this time prepared in the saloon, which is opposite the great orchestra. As we were advancing towards it a gentleman passed us of so singular an appearance as to induce me to make some inquiries of my aunt. A black bushy Brutus wig hung over a sallow pallid long visage, whilst two whiskers so completely circled round as almost completely to meet each other on the chin, left only so much of the face visible as was barely sufficient to ascertain that the animal was human. The mien and deportment of this figure were perfectly as *outré* as his countenance; he had that kind of lounging see-saw walk which has become the fashion of the day. In the whole of my life I never saw a figure which at once so provoked and amused me.

"That gentleman," said my aunt in answer to my inquiries, "is another of our fashionable leaders; he has so completely given up his time to fashion, and the ladies, that he has rendered himself a perfect example of one species at least of the modern men of fashion; he is what you may call the soft sentimental coxcomb; he neither drinks, swears, fights, nor walks; his line is to praise, to compliment, to flatter, to be perfectly harmless, and perfectly ridiculous. His language is in every respect modelled to his character; he seems to have a choice of words which peculiarly belong to himself; every thing is vastly pretty, vastly fine, really agreeable, and upon my honour most charming. You cannot fail to observe that he is highly rouged, and you must not too hastily object to his whiskers, for I can assure you that they are highly scented, and with the most expensive perfume. He will not fail to come up to us as soon as he shall see us."

"This gentleman then," said I, "seems to me one of those characters whom I must characterize as a laborious trifler, a species which seems numerous indeed in the world of fashion."

No. XLIX. Vol. VII.

"He is indeed a laborious trifler," rejoined my aunt; "for no hero takes so much pains to render himself such, as this man to complete himself as a coxcomb; to this his nights and days are sacrificed; with a person which is not indeed handsome, he consumes his time in the ceaseless study of adorning it; his hands are washed in milk, and his face not washed at all for fear it should wrinkle it. His clothes are made in the most outrageous mode of the fashion of the day; if the collars are high, his are made to surmount his head."

"And what end does he propose in all this?" said I; "he suffers so much that he must necessarily propose to himself some very important object."

"I am sure I cannot speak as to his object," replied my aunt.

"Is he a man of pleasure," said I; "what the world calls a rake?"

"Not at all," replied my aunt; "I have before told you that he is perfectly harmless, he compliments every lady, but attaches himself to none; he seems satisfied if he obtain a moment's conversation with the toasts of the day, so as merely to be enabled to say that he has conversed with them. He is thus known to every one; and this, I believe, is his principal object. There is no woman that would be very willing to receive his addresses; and to say the truth, I believe he never offends them.—He is a mere coxcomb."

Whilst my aunt was saying this, we saw the gentleman of whom we were speaking descend from the saloon where our supper table was prepared, and where he had been making some inquiries of the waiters. He was now approaching towards us.

"Do you know," said my aunt, "what has been the subject and the motives of his inquiries of the waiters in the saloon?"

"No," replied I; "how is it possible that I should even guess?"

"If you knew his character you would find no difficulty in that," replied my aunt.

"The saloon is that part of the Garden

which is usually engaged for the most fashionable party present; this gentleman holds it as an invariable maxim always to attach himself, if possible, to this most conspicuous party, be it who it may. He has now, therefore, been making his usual inquiries of the waiter,—who has engaged the saloon for the night, in the hopes that he may some how or other squeeze himself into a seat. He has learned my name, and as he has seen me once or twice he is approaching with his usual assurance to introduce himself as a member of our party for the evening."

"Pray make no objection, my dear aunt," replied I.

"Most certainly not," replied she; "this gentleman is invariably treated with kindness by the fashionable world; his admiration of it seems so sincere that it is become a kind of maxim to repay it by general favour and protection; whenever he is not forgotten he is always invited, and he exerts his ingenuity to the utmost that he may not be forgotten. To say the truth, the poor man so laboriously cultivates one object, so studiously seeks it, and so painfully works for it, that it would be cruelty itself to withhold what he has certainly earned."

This conversation was here interrupted by the advance of the gentleman himself. He spoke a few words to my aunt, after which she introduced him to me.

"This gentleman, my dear," said she, "lets be introduced to you; and you will value the honour the more inasmuch as it has of late gone wholly out of fashion to be introduced to any one. Permit me, Miss Hymenææ, to introduce to you Mr. Frizzle, the son of the Honourable Mr. Frizzle, an Irish family of great distinction."

The gentleman bowed in answer to this introduction, and immediately became one of our party.

"Pray, Mr. Frizzle, who is that lady who has just passed us, with her half-closed eyes, and vacant look, she reminds one of the *Sleeping Beauty*?"

"She is the daughter of the third daughter of the late Lord Blinkley; her father was a Squinham, of the Squinthams in Devonshire, her grandfather a —."

"I don't want her pedigree," said my

aunt; "who is she now? what is she? who is her lover?"

"Really you inquire after her as if she were a beauty of the first magnitude, and of a distinguished family. Upon any honour her family is nothing; her father's family were ennobled by a contract for army slops; and the grandfather, as I was going to inform you when you interrupted me, had no other distinction than the honourable one of being Beef-eater to George the Second. You see, therefore, that she is not worth a question."

"Pray, Mr. Frizzle, how may your mother be?" said my aunt.

"My mother?" replied he. "Upon my word, I know not; very well when I saw her last."

"She is in town, is she not?" continued my aunt.

"Yes," replied he.

"And in the same house with you, is she not?"

"Yes."

"Then how is it, my good friend, that you cannot inform us of her health?"

"Here is a fellow," continued my aunt, whispering to me, whilst he was purposely turning aside, "who is really an affectionate son, and most particularly attached to his mother, and yet from some caprice or other, some stupid imitation of fashionable manners, not only affects indifference to her, but even brutality. To hear this man's conversation you would think that he wanted both common sense and common feeling; yet I can assure you that he is deficient in neither; he has no fault so great as that of the ready affectation of them all."

We were now passed by a lady holding on the arm of a gentleman of an elegant appearance and of a military air. They seemed in earnest conversation,—the lady in some distress, and the gentleman in the act of consoling her.

"Do you know these persons, Mr. Frizzle?" said my aunt.

"Most certainly," said he; "who does not know them? These are the Charlotte and Werter of the fashionable world. The nobleman is himself a married man, with eight children; the lady has three. Yet are they so infatuated that each has deserted their own family for the other. Lady

C— now lives in a retired cottage on the Brompton-road, attended only by an old nurse, and going by an assumed name. This is a most miserable affair, and I pity them from my whole heart."

"And have you any heart?" said I, unintentionally, and in an half voice.

"Certainly not, my dear madam," replied he.—"It would be an injustice to so much beauty as one is sure to meet here to retain one's heart and one's eyes at the same time."

"Hymenæa should thank you for your compliment," replied my aunt. "But to return to what you were speaking of;—is there no hopes that this miserable conception will be broken off? I pity the parties too."

"There is no hopes," said Mr. Frizzle. "The parties are mad;—they see the precipice before them, and leap into it with their eyes open. Indeed they have leapt into it, and seeing that they have reached the bottom without broken necks, they have sought consolation for the punishment of their crime in its repetition."

"To what can you impute this miserable infatuation?"

"To the manners of the fashionable world," replied I; "to that total want of the habit of indulging domestic feelings; to that ceaseless round of dissipation which freezes every good sentiment in the heart, which makes us forget that we are accountable creatures, and that there is yet another world where fashion will be no plea for vice. Amazing, that reasonable creatures should thus run headlong on their present and eternal ruin! What kind of education must these men and women of fashion have received."

"They were not educated in the country," said my aunt smiling.

"No," replied I. "Thank Heaven we have no such beings there. We have morals and religion, if not manners and accomplishments, and if one must exist without the other, let me be the good Christian rather than the seducer and the adulteress."

"I really see no occasion," replied my aunt, "that they should be necessarily united. There may certainly be some justice in your observation, that the vices of the fashionable world are to be attribut-

ed to the usual course of a fashionable education. A French governess is generally taken into the house, and the ladies of the family handed over to her for their formation. If these women are accomplished, as some of them are, they are accomplished in the French mode. Passionate admirers of the gaiety and infidelity of Voltaire, and entertaining an habitual contempt for morals and religion. They have no rule of life or action but what is becoming in the drawing-room. They teach their pupils to deport themselves gracefully in company, to converse with flippancy, and perhaps with wit, and then think that they have done every thing. They are totally without any knowledge of the moral duties. A young woman, of strong feelings and exalted imagination, thus enters into the world naked of all protection, and without any rule of conduct, but one which gives way so as to admit every passion of caprice. Adultery, according to this fashionable code, is an injury but no moral crime, and as there is no injury so is there no crime. Such is the convenient system of the day. You will scarcely believe, that to-morrow that gentleman, Lord P—, is going to fight the battles of his country; and that the man who cannot conquer an infantous passion, can meet death at the cannon's mouth. Alas, the inconsistency of human nature!"

"Who are those three figures?" said I. "The old gentleman bows to you."

"That is another of our specimen of fashionable mangers," replied my aunt. "The gentleman is the husband of the handsomest of the two ladies. The other lady lives with them."

"How do you mean?" said I.

"Why lives in the same house with them?"

"Is she any relation?"

"None in the least."

"An intimate friend perhaps."

"If you observe them closely," said my aunt, "you will see the looks which the wife gives her, when she regards her secretly."

"I comprehend you," said I. "This is a mistress under the same roof with a wife."

"Yes," replied my aunt;—"the most ordinary woman of the two is the mistress, and the handsome neglected lady is the

wife. The husband by some means or other has contrived to persuade or compel his wife to live under the same roof with his mistress, because truly although all the world knows that she is his mistress, no one says it. They are received on account of their rank and fortune into all companies. This lady, too, may be considered as infatuated. She has rejected the most splendid offers from her regard to her adulterous paramour."

"How has the wife," said I, "been reduced to such submission. Is there some compromise there?"

"I cannot say any thing from my own knowledge, but there is a report that the lady repays her husband in his own coin. However this may be, the parties perfectly comprehend each other; and are all on the best footing, excepting that something of womanly jealousy will sometimes break out on the part of the wife, and for a moment disturb the common harmony."

"Has the gentleman any family?"

"Yes," replied my aunt, "both by the mistress and the wife; and the most extraordinary thing is, that when the mistress is in this happy way, the wife and the mistress retire together into the country, and the wife on her return presents the child as her own."

On the following day, a gentleman waited on my aunt, and presented her a paper which, from the manner in which it was written, had the appearance of a subscription list. My aunt, after throwing her eye carelessly over it, gave a guinea, and then turning to me —

"Perhaps you, my dear, may find yourself charitably, I mean fashionably, disposed; this is a subscription for a celebrated musician, or music-master, who is now in the King's Bench, from which this subscription is intended to release him."

"How much has been already collected?" said I.

"Between twelve and thirteen thousand pounds," replied the gentleman.

"And is not that sufficient?" added I with astonishment. "What may be the amount of his debts?"

"Between twenty and thirty thousand," replied the gentleman.

"Is it possible," rejoined I; "and will you have the goodness to inform me, Sir,

how this music-master could incur such a debt?"

"He was an extravagant man, I fear madam," replied the gentleman;—"he was accustomed to give balls and entertainments to persons of fashion, and in the present price of every thing this could not be done without expence."

"Most certainly not," added I.—"One more question, if you please, Sir.—Pay what peculiar recommendation has this man to such extensive charity?"

"Upon my word, madam, I cannot tell; he has solicited me to circulate the subscription list, and as he was the music-master to my daughters, I would not refuse him: You will see that at the bottom of the subscription list are proposals for a bail and supper, as soon as his release shall be effected. Shall I have the honour to put down your name?"

"Most certainly not, Sir," replied I. "I will neither contribute to his embarrassment nor his release.—How many small debtors would this sum of twelve thousand pounds release, I will not have the guilt of lavishing such a fund of charity on such a worthless object."

"Worthless, madam, he is the best violin player of the day, and an excellent composer."

That is no excuse, Sir, for his profligate extravagance. If such men as these are to be encouraged and countenanced in contracting such debts, there is an end of all distinction between debt and swindling. The debtor laws of England have been rendered cruel by the frequency of such men as these."

"You are angry, my dear," said my aunt.

"I cannot be otherwise, madam," said I, "when I see you so mistakenly charitable."

"A guinea is nothing here or there," said my aunt.

"It may be nothing to you, but it is to the really deserving poor, who lose that guinea which you bestow upon the worthless.—You can only have a certain sum which you can spare for charitable purposes. If you give that to such worthless objects as these, what have you wherewithal to relieve objects of real charity?"

"I believe you are right," said my aunt.

"There is no duty so little understood as charity."

Nothing in fact so completely disgusted me as the thoughtless and indiscriminate profusion of the fashionable world. I must do the people of fashion the justice to repeat, that even this profusion proceeds from a principle of generosity; but it is a mere blind instinct, and which produces more mischief than good. Whoever relieves an undeserving object is not only guilty of a perversion of the natural funds of charity, but encourages the continuance of vice in the object relieved, and renders him an example not only of impunity but even of successful wickedness to all who shall see him. There are but too many of the lower class of our fellow creatures who judge rather by their eyes than by their reason, and who cannot easily be persuaded that anything is wrong which is fortunate; a bad man is not a dangerous man till he is rendered so by others; he does not become an example till the folly of others raises him upon the pedestal of fortune.

Another glaring instance of this kind happened a few days from the one I have above related. Another subscription list was put into my aunt's hands:—

"I really will give no more to this man," said my aunt. "Why, we have already set him up four times.—This is a subscription, my dear," said she, "for the Hon. Colonel Shuffleton, a gentleman who makes it his invariable rule to get into prison every second year, and then to be set up by public subscription every third."

"Public subscription," said I, "what claim has he to public subscription?"

"By public subscription," said my aunt, "I mean fashionable subscription; the subscription of his fashionable friends. You must know that the Colonel is one of those creatures of the fashionable world, who, having nothing better to do, gives up his time to the arrangement of balls, parties, pic-nics, and concerts; he is therefore a kind of useful fribbler, and every one conceives themselves to have an obligation towards him. This is all his claims to our liberality; but in confidence of this claim he gives himself up to the free indulgence of his natural extravagance and natural carelessness, and without having a penny of secure or independent income, lives at

the rate of two or three thousand per annum. His tradesmen freely trust him, because they know his connections, to a certain amount, when they arrest him, and the subscription list comes round.—His debts are then paid, he becomes a new man, and sets off on a new course. This is the fourth time I believe that he has been ruined, and he now comes to us with as much confidence as ever. You see, therefore, my dear Hymenra, that people of fashion are not uncharitable. Their charities are only secret. They are charitable enough towards each other, but it is that kind of charity which it would not be seemly to blazon forth to the world."

"It is that kind of charity," said I, "which will not hold you instead of good Christians. If this be charity, the support of profligacy and of dishonesty is charity. Why is that money lavished on this honourable and worthless beggar which, employed in better purposes, might be the preservation of so many families? I am really ashamed of such charities, and shall certainly give nothing."

This conversation was interrupted by a servant bringing up a parcel of books, which he had just procured from the Circulating Library.

"Are these books of your own selection?" said I to my aunt.

"No, certainly," said she; "I desired the people to send me the new publications which are most read, and which in their own opinion are most worth reading. These library people are very good judges."

"So it would seem indeed," said I, "for here is a book termed *Nubilia choosing a Husband*; and if I may judge by the page which I have opened at random, it should have accompanied the *Harlot's Progress*.—Surely in a Christian country such books as these will not be long tolerated; a book which with an impurity as stupid as it is open, endeavours to write down the religion of the country, and to substitute a kind of naturalism in its stead. There is nothing reconciles me to this book but its tastelessness and stupidity. The style is as bad as the argument; heavy, inflated, and inane. If I had my will such authors should accompany the annual exportation to Botany Bay. If there are sedition-laws to protect the established government of

the country, why are the not Christian laws by which our religion may be protected. Surely the freedom of the press, and the liberty of conscience, do not necessarily require this licence: let them not insult our common faith, and under the shelter of toleration destroy the very vitals of religion; toleration has not naturally these wide limits. Let every man worship God in his own way, but let him not preach up infidelity in a Christian country. This is contrary to reason and to law, and therefore can be no part of natural liberty; law must not perhaps meddle with opinions, but acts are always within its reach?"

"What say you to this book?" said my aunt; "it is *Caleb's in search of a Wife*."

"That it is a book which for its solid sense, its ardent piety, and its good writing, ought to be in every house where there are sons and daughters; and the good sense of the country has been shewn by its rapid sale. I do not deny that there is occasionally some stiffness, and some formality, even in this work, but it must not be read as a novel, the story serves no purpose but as the vehicle of the observations. I readily pardon your librarian for having sent you *Nubilia*, when he has at the same time sent you *Caleb's*."

"*Nubilia*," said my aunt, "*Celia*, and a thousand others, have been written as accompaniments to *Caleb's*. A good thing is invariably followed by a thousand vile imitations. *Nubilia* shall go back to the library."

"What book is this?"

"One of Madame Stael's," said my aunt.

"And if you will oblige me, aunt, you will send this back to the library. Her heroines are all formed after the Madame Rolands of the French Revolution. Suicide is an heroic act with them; women are only valuable as they approach to the courage and strength of men. Religion, according to them, is but an engine of state policy, and even morals are but ill understood. Let this book, my dear aunt, return to the library."

I began now to be so weary of the fashionable world as almost to have adopted the resolution of returning into the country. If there be no choice, said I, but between knaves and fools, between bears and monkeys, let me remain single for ever.—Never will I barter my liberty and inde-

pendence for an union with such as these. Shortly afterwards, my aunt summoned me one morning to her dressing-room. "I have received a letter, my dear, in which you are interested; and it contains an offer which, as the world goes, I would myself recommend you to accept. I need not observe to you that you must not expect perfection in any thing of the shape of man, and least of all must you look for it in the fashionable world. Novels and romances are peculiarly mischievous in this respect; even the best of them are injudicious enough to array out their hero or heroine in all virtues and accomplishments; ideas are hence infused which cannot but terminate in disappointment. Many a young woman, with every possibility of happiness in her power, has thus rendered herself perfectly miserable, because from *Sir Charles Grandison* she has chosen her husband, and then is daily unhappy because the object of her choice falls short of that of her fancy; because she has got a man of this world when she expected a man of the amiable writer's creation. I do not say this to object to such books as *Sir Charles Grandison*, *Clarissa*, and all the works of Richardson, the copy should be perfect, and it is no objection that the scholar cannot entirely reach it. But now to come to the point, I intended only to have admonished you, that you may be too fastidious in your choice, and that as the world goes, and as men and women are, you must not look to any thing like perfection."

"This is a long preface, my dear aunt," said I, "and a very serious one. I hope that it is not intended to recommend a coxcomb. I do not want an angel for my husband, but I certainly will not have a fool."

"Do not be so precipitate," replied my aunt; "hear what I have got to say. My Lady Fiddle Faddle dined with me yesterday whilst you were on your visit at Hampstead. This lady is a dowager of immense jointure, and has an only son. Lord Billy is a very innocent young man, and does not want for sense; his person is handsome, and his fortune is better; to finish my subject in one word, my Lady Fiddle Faddle has proposed her son for you."

"I hate all these proposals by deputy,"

said I. "Lord Billy and I, I suppose, if the treaty be ratified, are to live together; why, therefore, not leave the whole concern to us? What kind of affection must I expect in a husband if I am to have him only from his mother's proposal."

"You misunderstand me, my dear," said my aunt. "Lord Billy has opened his mind to his mother, and she has opened her mind to me, and I have spoken to you, and so there is the whole business. You will allow that in the disposal of people of rank and fortune the elders of the family should have some share."

"Certainly," said I; "let him have a royal share; let them have a negative, but let them not take the whole business into their hands. I hate these lazy lovers who, like princes, act by deputy. Let me see Lord Billy, and let him speak for himself."

"You shall see him," continued my aunt; "he dines here to-day; but in the meantime let me acquaint you more fully with his character. He has been educated almost solely under his mother, is a quiet innocent youth, and by no means deficient either in sense or knowledge; in short, he is that kind of man which a girl of sense might form to any thing she pleased; he has the seeds of good in him, and as few follies as any young man I know; he is totally free from vices, and I do on my conscience believe him to be as innocent as if he were a young Miss.—So there you have him."

I must confess that this account of my new lover impressed me much in his favour, and almost pre-determined me to accept of him. I had often indulged a wish that I might meet with a being of this kind. I am so difficult to be pleased, said I to myself, that I shall never find any one to my liking, unless I have myself a hand in his creation. This new lover, therefore, met this favourite idea, and I could scarcely conceal from my aunt the satisfaction which her proposal gave me.

"I must not, however, conceal from

you," continued my aunt, "that the wife of Lord Billy will have one very disagreeable endurance. In the first place, you must live with my Lady Fiddle Faddle, for this is a *sine qua non*. But the worst of it is, that my Lady Fiddle Faddle having been all her life accustomed to govern and educate her son, will continue the same authority over him when he is married; and what is still worse perhaps, she will then deem herself to have the right of extending the same sceptre over her daughter-in-law as over her son. Perhaps you may not approve of this divided authority."

"What kind of a woman is her Ladyship?" said I.

"A very harmless woman, with many very excellent qualities, but a bustler and a fidget."

"Oh, you have said enough," said I; "I will have nothing to say to Lord Billy."

"Hear me patiently," said my aunt;

"Lady Fiddle Faddle has innumerable good qualities; she is a religious and good-hearted woman; and as to her foibles, perhaps you may correct them, or at least render them blunt and inoffensive by proper management. She is certainly too much of a bustler; with a fortune suitable for a princess, she is her own housekeeper, and descends even to the minutest details; she collects her candle-ends before she will give out others, and sends her pastry up sour, lest the cook should steal her sugar. She is in an eternal fret in watching and detecting the tricks of her servants; and her conversation is always made up of her schemes of detection and of their plans of fraud. You will certainly find her a very troublesome woman, but perhaps you may have the patience to undertake the management both of the mother and of the son, and if so, the harvest may be worth the cost of the labour. They are both of them, with all their faults, the most valuable people of my acquaintance."

[To be continued.]



## LIFE OF A LOUNGER.

[Continued from Page 12.]

THIS kind of life had its pleasures for a while, but it no sooner lost its variety than it became insipid. The modes and manners of the fashionable world introduce such an uniformity into all fashionable characters, that variety must not be looked for in the high world. It is a very just remark of Fielding, that all the varieties of life and character are to be sought in humble life, for that the effect of fashion and politeness is to introduce a dead level into all circumstances and characters of what is called the *ton*.

Wearied therefore with this life, I refused any longer to mix with company, and for whole hours confined myself to my room. Sometimes I would sleep, sometimes I would arise and walk; I took down a book, but a few minutes fixed me in sleep over it. I would then suddenly awake and ring for a servant, but before he had answered my summons I forgot what I wanted with him, and in return to his inquiries only yawned in his face.

In the meantime my wife made many attempts to arouse me from my languor; but she, poor woman, was as ill provided for any active employment or amusement as myself. She was perfectly good-tempered, and what the world calls accomplished, but was totally without any energy of mind, was totally destitute of those intellectual qualities which enable a reasonable being to find a fund of entertainment in himself.

During all this time, from January to June, my life seemed to hang upon a thread; a new play, and the expectation of it, would sometimes keep me alive for a week together; but at length new plays became so frequent that they ceased to be novelties, and I lost this source of amusement. I then took to boxing-matches; but after I had seen two or three battles I had enough of pugilism, and the heroes of the fist lost their attraction. I then took to driving, and drove four-in-hand with some style. This, however, soon became as troublesome to me as all my former occupations; I one day fell asleep on my

box, and my horses, after carrying me from Bedford to London, tumbled me out at the corner of my own street; I drove but once more, and again falling asleep, and demolishing an apple-stall, I found it necessary to abandon it for ever.

My wife having in vain essayed every thing to rouse me from my lethargy, at length gave up the task in despair, and betook herself to other diversions and other society. Her excessive animal spirits preserved her from that indolent nothingness into which my early habits had irrevocably plunged me, and I was surprised, and indeed envied her gaiety. She was always either in company or preparing for it. In this manner she was, or seemed to be, eternally happy, and as far as a being could be so without thought, she had every thing she could wish.

Something however now occurred which for the time awakened me out of a month's slumber. I had for some time thought that I perceived a change in my wife, but was unwilling to give into a suspicion, and too indolent to examine it. One evening, however, between sleep and awake, I was lying on a sofa in my library, and my red gown thrown over me, so that I was in fact imperceptible, my wife and one of my most intimate friends now entered the room, and locked the door. To say all in a word, I had indubitable proof of my own dishonour.

I now applied myself to procure a divorce; and this was a delightful amusement to me for a tolerable time. The lawyers threw the business backward and forward, and every one seemed to anticipate that from my inveterate indolence I should never get through it. They were mistaken, however, since unfortunately for me I procured a divorce too easily. I had now absolutely nothing to do, and sunk into a state of the most inextricable inertness. I now lay like a log on the stream of life, and left myself entirely to the wind and tide of fortune.

[To be continued.]

## SOUTH OF FRANCE.

## BEAUTIFUL SCENERY ALONG THE BANKS OF THE LOIRE.

• • *Extracted from Pinkney's Travels in the South of France, just published.*

HAVING seen enough of Nantes, and exchanged our coach for a kind of open barouche, particularly adapted for the French cross roads, being very narrow, and composed entirely of cane, with removable wheels, so as to take to pieces in an instant, we resumed the line of our tour, and took the road along the Loire for Ancenis.

It was a beautiful morning, and there being a fair at Mauves, a village on the road, nothing could be more gay than our journey at its commencement. I have forgotten to mention, that Mr. Younge and myself, at the proposal of the ladies, had sent our horses forwards, and therefore had taken our seats in the landau. The conversation of the ladies was so pleasing and so intelligent, that hereafter I adopted this proposal as often as it was offered, and as seldom as possible had recourse to my horse.

Mauves, which was our first stage, is most romantically situated on a hill, which forms one of the banks of the Loire. The country about it, in the richness of its woods, and the verdure of its meadows, most strongly reminded me of England; but I know of no scenery in England, which together with this richness and variety of woodland and meadow, has such a beautiful river as the Loire to complete it in all the qualities of landscape. On each side of this river, from Nantes, are hills, which are wooded to the summit, and there are very few of these wood-tufted hills, which have not their castle or ruined tower. In some of these ancient buildings, there was scarcely any thing remaining but the two towers which guarded the grand portal; but others, being more durably constructed, were still habitable, though still retaining their ancient forms. I have frequently had occasion, to observe, that the French gentry, in making their repairs, invariably follow the style of the building; whether through natural taste, or because they repair by piecemeal, and therefore do only what is wanted, I know not. But there is one necessary consequence from this practice, which is, that the remains of antiquity are more perfect in France than in any other kingdom in Europe. From Mauves to Oudon, where we dined, the country is still very thickly wooded and inclosed; the properties evidently very small, and therefore in-

No. XLIX.—Vol. VII.

numerable cottages and small gardens. These cottages usually consist of only one floor, divided into two rooms, and a shed behind. They were generally situated in orchards, and fronted the Loire. They had invariably one or two large trees, which are decorated with ribbons at sunset, as the signal for the dance, which is invariably observed in this part of France. Some of the peasant girls, which came out to us with fruit, were very handsome, though brown. The children, which were in great numbers, looked healthy, but were very scantily clad. None of them had more than a shift and a petticoat, and some of them, girls of ten or twelve years of age, only a shift tied round the waist by a coloured girdle. As seen at some distance, they reminded me very forcibly of the figures in landscape pictures.

We remained at Oudon till near sunset, when we resumed our road to Ancenis, where we intended to sleep. As this was only a distance of seven miles, we took it very leisurely, sometimes riding, and sometimes walking. The evening was as beautiful as is usual in the southern parts of Europe at this season of the year. The road was most romantically recluse, and so serpentine as never to be visible beyond an hundred yards. The nightingales were singing in the adjoining woods. The road, moreover, was bordered on each side by lofty hedges, intermingled with fruit-trees, and even vines in full bearing. At every half mile a cross road, branching from the main one, led into the recesses of the country, or to some castle or villa on the high grounds which overlook the river. At some of these bye-ways were very curious inscriptions, painted on narrow boards affixed to a tree. Such were, "The way to 'My Heart's Content' is half a league up this road, and then turn to the right, and keep on till you reach it." And another:—"The way to 'Love's Hermitage' is up this lane, till you come to the cherry-tree by the side of a chalk-pit, where there is another direction." Mademoiselle Sillery informed me, that these kind of inscriptions were characteristic of the banks of the Loire. "The inhabitants along the whole of the course of this river," said she, "have the reputation, from time immemorial, of being all native poets; and the reputation, like some prophecies, has perhaps

H

bien the means of realizing itself. You do not perhaps know, that the Loire is called in the provinces the River of Love; and doubtless its beautiful banks, its green meadows, and its woody recesses, have what the musicians would call a symphony of tone with that passion." I have translated this sentence verbally from my note book, as it may give some idea of Mademoiselle Sillery. If ever figure was formed to inspire the passion of which she spoke, it was this lady. Many days and years must pass over before I forget our walk in the green road from Oudon to Ancennis, one of the sweetest, softest scenes in France.

We entered the forest of Ancennis as the sun was setting. This forest is celebrated in every ancient French ballad, as being the haunt of fairies, and the scene of the ancient archery of the provinces of Bretagne and Anjou. The road through it was over green turf, in which the marks of a wheel were scarcely visible. The forest on each side was very thick. At short intervals, narrow footpaths struck into the wood. Our carriage had been sent before to Ancennis, and we were walking merrily on, when the well-known sound of the French horn arrested our steps and attention. Mademoiselle Sillery immediately guessed it to proceed from a company of archers; and in a few moments her conjecture was verified by the appearance of two ladies and a gentleman, who issued from one of the narrow paths. The ladies, who were merely running from the gentleman, were very tastily habited in the favour of French dress after the Dian of David; whilst the blue silk jacket and hunting cap of the gentleman gave him the appearance of a groom about to ride a race. Our appearance necessarily took their attention; and after an exchange of salutes, but in which no names were mentioned on either side, they invited us to accompany them to their party, who were refreshing themselves in an adjoining dell. "We have had a party at archery," said one of them, "and Madame St. Amaude has won the silver bugle and bow. The party is now at supper, after which we go to the chateau to dance. Perhaps you will not suffer us to repent having met you by refusing to accompany us." Mademoiselle Sillery was very eager to accept this invitation, and looked rather blank when Mrs. Younge declined it, as she wished to proceed on her road as quickly as possible. "You will at least accompany us, merely to see the party."—"By all means," said Mademoiselle Sillery: "I must really regret that I cannot," said Mrs. Younge. "If it must be so," resumed the lady who was

inviting us, "let us exchange tokens, and we may meet again." This proposal, so perfectly new to me, was accepted: the fair archers gave our ladies their pearl crests, which had the appearance of being of considerable value. Madame Younge returned something which I did not see: Mademoiselle Sillery gave a silver cupid, which had served her for an essence-bottle. The gentleman then shaking hands with us, and the ladies embracing each other, we parted mutually satisfied. "Who are these ladies?" demanded I. "You know them as well as we do," replied Mademoiselle Sillery. "And is it thus," said I, "that you receive all strangers indiscriminately?"—"Yes," replied she; "all strangers of a certain condition. Where they are evidently of our own rank, we know of no reserve. Indeed, why should we? It is to general advantage to be pleased, and to please each other."—"But you embraced them, as if you really felt an affection for them,"—"And I did feel that affection for them," said she, "as long as I was with them. I would have done them every service in my power, and would even have made sacrifices to serve them."—"And yet if you were to see them again, you would perhaps not know them."—"Very possibly," replied she. "But I can see no reason why every affection should be necessarily permanent. We never pretend to permanence. We are certainly transient, but not insincere."

In this conversation we reached Ancennis, a village on a green, surrounded by forests. Some of the cottages, as we saw them by moonlight, seemed most delightfully situated, and the village had altogether that air of quietness and of rural retreat, which characterizes the scenery of the Loire. Our horses having preceded us by an hour or more, every thing was prepared for us when we reached our inn. A turkey had been put down to roast, and I entered the kitchen in time to prevent its being spoilt by French cookery. Mademoiselle Sillery had the table provided in an instant with silver forks and table-linen. Had a Parisian seen a table thus set out at Ancennis, without knowing that we had brought all these requisites with us, he would not have credited his senses. The inns in France along the banks of the Loire, are less deficient in substantial comforts than in these ornamental appendages. Poultry is every where cheap, and in great plenty; but a French innkeeper has no idea of a table cloth, still less of a clean one. He will give you food and a feather-bed, but you must provide yourselves with sheets and table-cloths. Our accommodations, with

respect to lodging for the night, were not altogether so uncomfortable: the house had indeed two floors, but there were no stairs; so that we were obliged to ascend by a ladder, and that not the best of its kind. There being, moreover, but two rooms, the one occupied by the landlord, his wife, and two grown girls, there was some difficulty as to the disposal of Mademoiselle Sillery and myself. It was at length arranged that all the females in the house should sleep in one room, and all the males in another. When I came to take possession of my bed, I found that Mrs. Younge had contrived to exempt her husband from this arrangement; he was now sleeping by the side of the handsomest woman in France, whilst I was lying at one end of a dirty room, the other being occupied by the snoring landlord. Fatigue, however, according to the proverb, is better than a bed of down; I accordingly soon fell asleep, and Mademoiselle Sillery was not absent from my dreams. I should not forget to mention, as another specimen of French manners, that I learned from this lady on the following day, that she had slept with her sister and her husband. Such are French manners.

On the following morning, induced by the example of the landlord, and by the beauty of the rising sun, I rose early, and accompanied by my host, walked into the fields round the village. The environs of Ancennis appeared to me extremely beautiful; whether from the mere effect of novelty, or that they really were so, I know not. Some of the neater cottages were situated in gardens very carefully cultivated, and so much in the style of England, that, but for some characteristic frivolities, I could scarcely believe myself in France. In every garden, or orchard, I invariably observed one tree distinguished above the rest; it had usually a seat around its trunk, and where its top was large enough, a railed seat, or what is called in America, a look-out, amongst its branches. I had the curiosity to ascend to some of these, for the garden gates were invariably only latched, and small pieces of wood were nailed to the trunk, so as to assist the ascent of the women. The branches, which formed the look-out, were carved with the names of the village beauties, and in one of the seats I found a French novel, and a very pretty paper work-box. I saw enough to conclude that Ancennis was not without the characteristic French elegance; and I must once for all say, that the manners of Marmontel are founded in nature, and that the daughters of the yeomanry and humbler farmers in France have an elegance, a vivacity, and a plea-

santry, which is to where to be found out of France.

On my return, I found Mademoiselle Sillery at the breakfast table; and in answer to her inquiries as to the object of my walk, informed her of my observations. She replied, that they were very well founded, and added a reason for it which seemed to me very satisfactory. "The French girls," said she, "all at least who learn to read, are formed to this elegance and softness by the very elements of their education; their class-book is Marmontel, and *La Belle Assemblée*, the last, one of the prettiest novels in France. They are thus taught love with their letters, and they improve in gallantry as they improve in reading; and I will venture to say," continued this elegant girl, "that by this method of instructing, we make a greater progress than your ladies in America. An alphabet is soon learned where there is a love-story at the end of it."

We shortly after resumed our progress, and passed through a country of the same kind as on the preceding day, alternate hill and valley. The Arno, as described by the Tuscan poets, for I have never seen it, must bear a strong resemblance to the Loire from Ancennis to Angers; nothing can be more beautiful than the natural distribution of lawn, wood, hill, and valley, whilst the river, which borders this scenery, is ever giving it a new form by its serpentine shape. The favourite images in the landscapes of the ancient painters here meet the eye almost every league: cattle resting under the shade, and attentively viewing the river, while the country around is of a nature and character which the fancy of a poet would select for the haunt of Diana and her huntresses. The peasantry, as many of them as we met, seemed to have that life and spirits the sure result of comfort; if they were not invariably well-clothed, they seemed at least sufficiently so for the climate of the province. The younger women had dark complexions and shining black eyes, their shapes were generally good, and their air and vivacity, even in the lower ranks, such as peculiarly characterize the French people. If addressed, they were rather obliging than respectful, and had all of them a compliment at their tongues' end. It was not indeed easy to get rid of them with a mere word or question. I must add, however, that I am here describing their manner to Mr. Younge and myself. Towards the ladies it was somewhat different. When Madame or Mademoiselle spoke to them, they seemed modest and respectful in the extreme; to the latter, indeed, they were more familiar, and many of them, on giving the adieu after a ten minutes'

conversation, very prettily embraced her, gently putting their arms round her neck, and kissing her left shoulder; a form of salutation very common in the French provinces. In a word, the more I saw of the French character, the more did I wish that the more weighty and valuable qualities of the English and American character, their honesty and their sincerity, were accompanied by the gentleness, the grace, the affectionate benevolence, which characterize the French manners.

Ingraudé, where we dined, is the last town of the province of Bretagne, on the Loire, and thenceforward we entered Anjou. It is a town of above three hundred houses, built round the base of a sandy hillock, the church being on the hill. The houses are intermingled with trees, and the country very prettily planted. It is not to be expected that the habitations in such a town could be any better than cottages; but they were tolerably clean, and not very ruinous.

We had now passed through the province of Bretagne as it lies along the Loire, and it is but justice to say, that in point of natural scenery, in the wildness and tranquillity which constitute what I should term "the romance of landscape," it exceeds every thing in Europe. Along the banks of the Loire, France has meadows, the verdure of which will not sink in comparison with those of England. Along the banks of the Loire, moreover, France has woodlands, and lawns, and an intermixure of wood and water, and every possible variety of surface, which no country in the world but France can produce. The Loire is perhaps the only river in Europe which is bordered by hills and hillocks, and which, in so long a course, so seldom passes through a mere dead

level. Accordingly, from the earliest times of the French monarchy, the rising grounds of the Loire have been selected for the seats of castles, monasteries, abbeys, and châteaux, and as the possessors have superadded art to nature, this natural beauty of the grounds has been improving from age to age. The monks have been immemorially celebrated for their skill as well in the choice of their situations as in their improvement of natural advantages; their leisure and their taste, improved by learning, have naturally been employed on the scenes of their residence, on their vineyards, and their gardens. Innumerable are the still remaining vestiges of their taste and of their industry, and I have a most sincere satisfaction in thus doing them justice; in thus bearing my testimony, that, so far from being the drones of the land, there is no part of a province which they possessed, but what they have improved. The scenery along the Loire has a character which I should think could not be found in any other kingdom, and on any other river. Towns, windmills, steeples, ancient castles, and abbeys still entire, and others with nothing remaining but their lofty walls; hills covered with wines, and alternate wood and corn-fields—altogether form a landscape, or rather a chain of landscapes, which remind one of a poem, and successively refresh, delight, animate, and exalt the imagination. Is there any one oppressed with grief for the loss of friends, or what is still more poignantly felt, for their ingratitude and unkindness? let him traverse the banks of the Loire; let him appeal from man to nature, from a world of passion and vice, to scenes of groves, meads, and flowers. His must be no common sorrow who would not forget it on the banks of the Loire.

## ACCOUNT OF ABYSSINIA.

EXTRACTED FROM LORD VALENTIA'S TRAVELS.

### MR. SALT'S NARRATIVE.

"ALTHOUGH at day-light (Aug. 14, 1805) I urged our people to make all expedition, it was nine o'clock before the baggage was properly arranged, when we left Dixan on our way to Antalaw. We had the satisfaction of finding our mules not inferior to those that brought us to Dixan.

"We passed the church to our right, and then proceeded over a rocky hill, at the foot of which were some valleys, and beyond them

a village called Hadawé. We had scarcely passed this latter place when we were followed by some of its inhabitants, who much wished us to halt there; among these was one of the Baharnegash's sons, named Socinius, whose urgent anxiety to prevail upon us, evidently shewed how much he was interested in our detention. We however pressed forward, passing over the plain of Zarai, which strongly reminded me of the Vale of Evesham in Worcestershire. The whole was in a high state of

cultivation, and disposed in ridges for the convenience of irrigating the land. A little farther on we passed a clear brook running down the middle of the valley, on the banks of which a party of travellers were resting themselves. We also saw here an Abou Gumba, and many Guinea fowls. Hence we began to wind round the side of the mountain, and soon came in sight of another village on our left, called Adshibad, on a very lofty hill, that would form a good situation for a fort. Immediately in front of us, at about the distance of three miles, was the village of Adioolta, placed as conspicuously as the one before-mentioned. A large Daroo tree stands in the middle of the plain, near which we were not a little surprised at meeting with a band of musicians, who immediately ran forward before us, blowing their trumpets and beating their drums, so as to make a most discordant concert. There being some appearance of rain, our guides conducted us towards Adioolta, where we were met by another Baharnegash, for so they call every head man of a town. We were not received by him with much civility, and he appeared very unwilling that we should enter his territory. In a short time however he relaxed, and at length shewed us to his house; but our treatment there was so unsatisfactory, that, when our baggage approached, we were glad to hasten away.

"The inhabitants of this place are all, nominally, Christians, and they acknowledge no authority except that of their head man. The village and its vicinity exhibited every appearance of neatness and plenty, and the valley below was well cropped, especially with Indian corn, which is usually more forward in this climate than any other grain. The people manufacture a particular kind of coarse cloth from the wool and hair of their sheep and goats; they first spin the materials into small ropes instead of threads, and these when sewed together make a covering like a quilt. The woman of the house retained great remains of beauty, and had two fine children in her arms, plump and healthy."

"The Baharnegash of Dixan arrived to take his leave; he informed us that he should make haste to the presence of the Ras, where he expected to arrive in three days, and would send on for mules for our accommodation. We paid, by the advice of our guides, six dollars to the people of the house where we lodged, and were by no means pleased to find that they were so extremely dissatisfied with so ample a recompense.

"We made our way through a grove of wild olive trees, and afterwards along the edge of a

tremendous precipice, looking directly down into a gulley, in which there were small pools of water but no running stream. We then descended, and passed along the torrent for some distance; a shower of rain overtook us, but it was over before we had ascended the hill on which stands the village of Ascerah. At this place we were received with great coolness by the inhabitants; they offered us no shelter but that which a tree afforded, and we were for some time apprehensive that this would be our only accommodation for the night. At length, however, an old man received us into his house, which was a better one, and more abounding in family conveniences than any which we had seen before. I took here a view of the mountains, which are extremely wild in their forms, and a sketch of the Abou Gumba, of which Bruce has given a very correct representation.

"We were awakened at a very early hour in the morning (August 16,) by Negadi Moosa, who seemed anxious to hurry us away from this inhospitable place; I call it so from the difficulty that we found in procuring even water for our consumption. One man only, superior to his neighbours in civility, brought us a small portion of milk. We soon left our baggage behind, but had not got far before we were overtaken by a party of men, one of whom, we were given to understand, was the chief of the place that we had quitted. He employed all his eloquence to prevail upon us to return, which however we resisted, both on account of the inhospitable treatment we had experienced, and because we were well assured that his present importunity arose only from his fears of Ras Walletha Selasée, and not from a real desire to atone for his former neglect.

"From Ascerah we had been going nearly north-west, on account of the impassable mountains to the south; but we now turned off over a rising ground to the south, and, passing Bat'ha, soon reached Abha, the residence of the Baharnegash Subhart. We were very cordially received by the old man in a small house, built under the brow of a projecting rock, that completely sheltered him from the inclemency of the weather. He was seated on a couch surrounded by his attendants, and almost enveloped in a long white mantle with a red border and fringe. He was small in person, with a face deeply marked with the furrows of age. We found here that much more attention was paid to form than at Dixan. The mode of salutation in use is to present the hand, and afterwards kiss the back of it twice; no person is permitted to go into the presence of the Baharnegash with-

out uncovering to the waist, nor is he addressed by any one except in a whisper, with the mouth covered and applied close to his ear. Soon after he had been seated, he gave us plenty of hydromel, and seemed to think that we did not make sufficiently free, though some of our party were so complaisant as to drink two brulles full, or glass decanters holding about a pint; he also treated us with cakes covered with curds.

"I walked up to the church in the evening, which is partly excavated out of the side of the rock: the road to it is winding and steep, and so difficult of access, that I fear it has but few visitors, unless the inhabitants are more devout than they appear to be. The view from it amply repaid us for our trouble, as we thereby gained a distinct prospect of the valley which we had passed in the morning, beyond which was a true range of rugged rocks and mountains rising behind each other at a great distance, until they were lost in the clouds. The opposite side of the hill was thickly covered with houses, rocks, and trees, and formed so very interesting and characteristic a scene, that I sat down on a rock to sketch it, but had not time enough before the evening came on, to do it justice.

"Our fare this day was abundant, having been provided by this "nobleman," as Bruce terms one of his predecessors, with five sheep and plenty of maize, of a much superior quality to what we met with at Dixon. Maize is a liquor made of honey, fermented with barley, and strengthened with a bitter root called taddo; it is called hydromel by Bruce, and mead by Fouquet: the latter has accurately described the manner of making it. (Vide note page 218, in Lockman's translation, published at London 1743.) Mussulmans as well as Christians seemed to enjoy this beverage, and some of the former found it necessary to sleep away the rapid effects of it on their senses.

"Early in the morning (August 17) the Baharnegash brought me a cow and some honey, hinting his expectations of my making him a present in return: this I evaded on the plea, that, as I was going to the Ras, I was not furnished with presents for any other person, but that if he wished to be paid for what we had received, I must refer him to Hamed Chamie, to whom I had entrusted every arrangement of this nature. I was advised by the Ras's people to give him thirty dollars, being assured by them, at the same time, that this would be the last expense of the kind, there being no person between this place and Antaw, who would think of making any de-

mand upon us. As the Baharnegash had really been very friendly, I ordered Hamed Chamie to give him twenty dollars, which, to my surprise, was received with great satisfaction. I now gave orders for the mules to be loaded, when the Baharnegash came up, with a very serious air, and informed me that he had intelligence of a large body of men, three thousand in number, who had assembled in order to intercept us, and that unless he were with us we should run a great risk of being plundered: he again therefore begged that we would stay till the morning. I told him, in return, that we were not easily alarmed, being well provided with fire-arms in case of molestation, and, if we were overpowered by numbers, the aggressors would be answerable with their lives to the Ras, who, I had no doubt, would take exemplary vengeance on them. more words, therefore, on the subject were useless, since I was determined to proceed immediately in spite of every obstacle. This put an end to the scheme which had been planned for our detention; in which I had every reason to believe that Ngada Moosa, if not Hadjee Hamed, was concerned.

"At half past eight we left Ab'ia, and waited on the first rising ground about half an hour till our baggage came up. We were at first somewhat surprised at seeing great numbers of the villagers with goats, calves, and other cattle, closely following, or passing by us on the same road we were travelling, but on turning round an angle of the mountain on our left, the whole was explained; for we there found a large concourse of people assembled from all the neighbouring villages, to barter the produce of their different hills. It being a new and interesting sight to us, we rode up and took a circuit round the market. Among other wares we observed in it, iron, wrought and unwrought, for ploughshares and other purposes; cattle of all kinds, horses, skins, cotton, ghee, and butter; the latter in round balls, and as white as in England; also baskets of chillies, and of a red pod found on the neighbouring hills, which the inhabitants eat when ripe. This market is held weekly. The women whom we saw were generally tall and well-shaped, and many of them handsome. Notwithstanding the number of persons that had already assembled, which could not be less than three hundred, we afterwards met on the road as many straggling parties, with merchandise, as would probably double the throng.

"We procured a little supper (August 18) last night, and eggs and milk this morning, in exchange for a few beads, but we found the

damsels very keen in making bargains. The woman of the house was sufficiently civil, but the rest of the inhabitants appeared little disposed to accommodate us, and we discovered in the morning, that they had neglected to procure food for our attendants, so that we had to wait a considerable time till it was prepared.

"The Baharnegash behaved with much politeness during the whole of this day's journey; he even dismounted, and offered me his own mule, which was far superior to that on which I rode; but he afterwards hinted to Captain Rudland, that a little money would be acceptable. A tolerable good house was prepared for us, but we were much incommoded by smoke, being obliged to cook in our sleeping room. It is, probably, this smoke which injures the sight of the inhabitants, for we observed that even the children were many of them nearly blind, and almost every woman advanced in years had lost one, and many of them both their eyes.

"We were roused about two o'clock in the morning by the Baharnegash, who called out most vociferously that an enemy was at hand. It was some time before we could get a light, during which our own party had armed, and were prepared for the expected attack. A rumbling noise or sound like that of a drum, or tom tom, from the hill in our rear, confirmed us in the belief that some danger was at hand. A light being brought, we found the whole of the Baharnegash's attendants ready armed, with lighted matchlocks, spears, and shields; and a most "warlike" figure they made. Captain Rudland in the mean time had gone out to reconnoitre, and discovered that what had been mistaken for the beating of a drum, was nothing more than the noise made by an old woman in grinding her corn, which here, as well as in Arabia and India, is always done in the night. The alarm however continuing, we at length learned from Hamed Chaimie, that two brothers, Aggoos and Subagadis, with their army, were coming to take possession of the town, and that the whole country was in a state of uproar.

"In the course of the day Tiza Mekan Welleta Samuel, chief of the villages of Debra Muttai, came down from his hill with a present of sheep and milk, and also engaged to supply us with people at an early hour on the following morning. He made an excuse for appearing in a squalid dress, by informing me that he was in mourning for his brother. His shirt was blackened with dirt, and was to be worn eighty days. In confirmation of this, Hadjee Hamed informed me that all the

Christians in Abyssinia mourn in the same way, and also tear the skin off their temples to shew their affection for the deceased.

"From this worthy man, who seemed more shrewd and sensible than any we had yet met with, I procured some information, which, when joined with that I had before obtained, pretty clearly explained the present state of this part of the country. This man's father, Woldo Kemellet, was chief of the district of Agowma, to extent three days' march across, in which are the villages of Seraxo, Gull-muckdah, Akran, Dabekalish, Calaut, and many others. This territory, in the time of Michael Sahul, yielded to him, as Ras, much tribute in gold, matchlocks, and cattle; but after Ras Wellela Selassé came into power, Woldo Kemellet was forcibly driven out of his country by Shum Woldo, a celebrated warrior, the friend and favourite of the present Ras, who styled him brother, though there was no relationship by blood between them. Since this revolution, the district has only paid to the Ras annually two hundred skins of honey, two hundred sheep, fifty cows, and ten matchlocks, being a trifling tribute in comparison to what it before yielded. As a compensation to the family of Woldo, the Ras gave to Wellela Samuel the villages of Debra Muttai, with the surrounding land, to be held free of all tribute.

"It is now three years since a battle was fought between Shum Woldo and Baharnegash Yassous of Duxu, near Bakaako. Yassous came up, with all the dependents he could muster, to attack the former. Their forces, if such they could be called, were said to have amounted to five thousand men on each side. In the action Yassous was victorious, having killed one hundred and fifty of the opposite party, and carried off a band of musicians belonging to Shum Woldo.

"The district of Agowma has since fallen, by the death of Woldo, into the hands of his four sons. Thadoo, Guebra Garroo, Subagadis and Aggoos, who for some time were in intimate alliance with each other, and conquered many of the villages around, but at length quarrelled about the distribution of their new acquisitions. The Ras favours Thadoo and Guebra Garroo, who have been for some time in his presence. The latter of the two is however considered as a cypher, being a man of weak capacity. In the mean time Subagadis and Aggoos are making use of the absence of their competitors to get all they can into their own possession; it is supposed however that Thadoo will soon arrive with assistance from the Ras to stop their farther



progress, as he has already sent orders to the people of Shiha to make a vigorous defence till he comes to their succour.

"About ten in the morning Hadjee Abdallah was sent for by Aggoos, who, I was given to understand, was the chief of Calaut; and shortly afterwards, having made proper inquiries, he did us the honour of a visit, attended by a long train of warriors, of whom few were armed with matchlocks, and the rest with spears and shields. He appeared to be little more than twenty years of age, handsome in person, but fierce and rude in his manners; he briefly told us that he was absent when we arrived, otherwise we should have met with a better reception, but that he had now brought us a couple of bullocks; he also mentioned, that on hearing we were travelling this way, he had deferred his intended attack on Shiha. He then rose up, and went away with as little ceremony as he came, and in the evening we received from him some milk and sixty-five cakes of tefl bread two feet in diameter, as also twenty-five of the same kind from Welleta Samuel.

"Though we rose at a very early hour this morning, (August 21,) it was eleven o'clock before all was ready for our departure: in the midst of our preparation we were joined by the young chief Aggoos: he contented himself with looking on in silence, till all our mules were loaded, and then by blows and threats, very speedily made his people take up the remainder of our baggage.

"Almost the whole of this part of the country consists of rocky hills and cultivated valleys, through which our road wound in a general direction from south east to south-west. About six miles from Calaut, we passed Guillimuckida and Ersubbah on our right hand. We had scarcely gone two miles farther, when we were overtaken by the young warrior Aggoos, attended by two of his fighting men on horseback. He stopped to speak to Hadjee Hamed; but his impatient spirit could not bear travelling at the slow rate we were going; accordingly, in a few minutes he galloped away, and we soon lost sight of him behind the hills in our front. A messenger on horseback soon after met us to gain intelligence of our approach, and with him our friend Megada Moosa rode forward to get all things in readiness for our reception. The country is very rich in pasturage, and we saw vast herds of cattle feeding in the different valleys, also a few horses, of a small breed, but which were, however, capable of much work. We alarmed two jackalls on the plain grubbing up roots, but they fled so swiftly up the

hills that Captain Rudland could not approach within gun shot of them. About three o'clock we arrived at Genater, the capital of the district of Agowma. It is a village, consisting chiefly of conical huts, overlooked by a high rock, steep on every side, and on the top of which is an area about one hundred feet in diameter, occupied partially by a citadel. Here we were met by Subagadis, the elder of the four sons of Shum Woldo. He uncovered himself with great humility on approaching, and saluted us by kissing our hands; he then led us into his state room, which was not unlike a hall in some of our old English mansions, being lofty, and supported by round posts in the centre. Here he treated us with an excellent fowl curry, wheaten loaves cooked in steam, and plenty of maize; he also presented me with three bullocks, four pots and two skins of honey, as he expressed it, by the Ras's order. All this time his brother Aggoos had been standing behind him, not being allowed, as it should seem, to sit in his presence. We spent this day very pleasantly, being treated with great hospitality by the master of the mansion, who was in his manners by far the most polished Abyssinian we had yet seen. He had a mild expression in his countenance, his features were regular, his hair was short and curly, but not woolly, and his limbs, though small, were well formed. The thermometer was 66°.

"In the morning (August 22,) I made a present of a looking-glass, some beads, and a few cloves, to the lady of the house, who was much lighter complexion than any we had before met with, and was distantly related to the Ras. These trifles were received with much satisfaction, and, for the first time, we found ourselves among people who were above begging. In the course of the day, Subagadis took an opportunity of speaking to me about the unfortunate dissensions in his family. The Ras, he said, had ordered his father's country to be equally divided between himself and his brother Thadoo; but the latter, dissatisfied with his share, had ever since been continually plundering all his villages, as well as many others belonging to the neighbouring chiefs. He observed, very properly, that a country thus divided could never prosper; and he hoped, as he was the elder brother, I would use all my interest with the Ras, to have him reinstated in the whole of his father's possessions; begging, at the same time, that I would speak to the Ras as soon as possible on the subject, as the present was the month for the annual settlement of the provinces. He also wished me to represent to the Ras, that, al-

though his order for supplying us with provisions and other necessaries at the villages through which we passed, had been regularly transmitted to Thadoo's people, yet no preparations had been made. In answer to this, I told him, that I was only a stranger going to the Ras, and that therefore my interest could not be considerable; that it was not my business to meddle with state affairs; but that, as he had treated us with great hospitality, I would certainly do him all the service in my power. I then presented him with a piece of muslin, with which he was greatly pleased, saying, that I had been much more liberal than he had any reason to expect; and, taking me by the hand, declared that he should ever think of me as a friend. In return, I only begged of him, that if he should ever meet with Englishmen again, he should exercise towards them the same kindness that he had shewn to us.

"We were entertained in the morning by the sight of an Abyssinian banquet, at which, although new guests were continually relieving those who were satisfied, we counted ninety-five persons feasting at the same time in the hall. It might frighten many a man to go into the midst of such a throng cutting away at the raw meat with their long drawn knives, and handing it about in large pieces, from the higher to those of inferior rank. Sometimes, if it chanced to be a coarse piece, it was observed to go through six or seven gradations. At the farther end of the hall sat Subagadis and his wife, with her female attendants, behind a half drawn curtain. On our entering the hall we were invited to take a seat among them, with which we willingly complied. The lady, whom we could now more particularly attend to, was young and pretty, and both gentle and agreeable in her manners; she asked me for a pair of ear-rings (which I had before been erroneously given to understand the Abyssinian ladies did not wear); I sent accordingly for a pair of some that I had procured at Mocha, and presented them to her.

"We were on the road at an early hour in the morning, (August 26,) and after travelling about five miles, met a Chief on the road, who told us that the Ras had appointed a village, about two miles farther on, for our resting-place on the ensuing night; as thence we might easily reach Antalow in the course of the following day. On our arrival, however, we found no preparations made for our reception; and, in consequence, much altercation passed between our guides and the Chief of the place, who, frightened by their violence, came to throw himself on the ground before my

mule, with a stone on his neck. As I evidently saw that our stay was not wished for, and as it was of importance to lose as little time as possible, I determined to proceed.

"Having prepared ourselves (August 28,) as well as circumstances would permit for going into the presence of the Ras, we left Chelicut at an early hour, and were joined by Subagadis on the opposite side of the brook which runs through the village. Between this place and Antalow is a lofty mountain, for the purpose of avoiding which, we continued to wind round the eastern and southern sides of it for nearly ten miles, over hills which skirt its base. The small vallies which we passed were wet and swampy with the last night's rain, which much impeded our progress. We passed a large village called Asgool, belonging to Ozoro Ambeah, another of the Ras's wives, the principal inhabitants of which came out to pay their compliments. At length, after our patience was nearly exhausted by mounting hill after hill, we came suddenly in sight of Antalow, distant from us about a mile. As we approached, our train increased very rapidly, and before we reached the Ras's residence, we had to pass through an assemblage of at least three thousand of the inhabitants. They pressed so hard to get near us as we were going through the first gate, over which were sitting some of the officers of state, that it was with great difficulty we could force a passage. We were not allowed to dismount from our mules till we had got into the entrance of the great hall, at the farther end of which was seated the Ras, on a couch with two large pillows upon it covered with rich satin. On each side of him, seated on the floor, which was carpeted, were all his principal chiefs, and among others, our friend Baharnegash Yasous. On being ushered with much bustle into his presence, according to the custom of the country, we bowed, and then kissed the back of his hand, and he in return kissed ours; he then pointed to a vacant couch on his right, covered with a beautiful skin, on which we were immediately seated. After this the usual compliments passed, the Ras on his part expressing his pleasure at seeing us, and we on our part making a proper return, with additional compliments from Lord Valentia at Mocha. We were then given to understand that nothing more was to be said at this visit. In a few minutes after Captain Rudland was taken away to inspect the apartments allotted us, and on his return we withdrew, attended by a minister of the Ras, through whom we were to communicate all our wishes.

"The hurry, with which our first interview

was conducted, did not permit us to make many observations concerning the persons present, and our attention was of course principally directed to the Ras. He is remarkably small in person, and delicately formed, quick in his manner, notwithstanding his age, which was said to be seventy two, with a sly expression in his countenance, and considerable dignity in his deportment. Though he did not move from his couch, on which he partly reclined, yet our reception was considered to be particularly gracious, as, by kissing our hands, in return, he placed us on an equality with himself. We had previously been required to uncover our heads and prostrate ourselves before him; but this we most positively refused.

"We were furnished in the course of the day with abundance of provisions, and were much pressed to eat and drink profusely, by way of doing honour to the house. In the evening we had several polite messages from the Ras, who sent for our fire-arms, and treated Pearce and Ibrahim who took them to him, with great attention, seating them on his couch, and giving them plenty of maize. He was highly delighted with the guns, and in return sent us a fishing net, acquainting us at the same time, that he seldom staid at home in the night, but took his pleasure in fishing and hunting. He sent us also a dish of stewed fish, which was thought very delicious by some of our party. We had a pretty good example of the Ras's watchfulness, for about twelve o'clock he sent us some clouted cream, and at four I was called up to receive the compliments of the morning.

"At about ten in the morning (August 29,) we were invited to breakfast with the Ras, and were received with the same distinction as yesterday, being seated on a sofa, while his minister was placed close by on the carpet. We were very plentifully fed by the Ras himself with eggs, fowl in curry, and balls of a mixed composition of wild celery, curds, and ghee, after which we were offered brinde; but on our expressing a wish to have it dressed, the meat was afterwards brought grilled, and cut into small pieces by one of the attendants, and handed to our mouths by the Ras, much in the same way as boys in England feed young magpies. It is scarcely possible to describe the scene that was going on in the mean time in the hall, where the people were squabbling and almost fighting with their drawn knives, for the raw meat that was handed about, and

the tuff bread that lay heaped up around the table; there were, however, some masters of the ceremony who carried long white sticks, with which they frequently chastised those who were too hasty in seizing their portion.

"We afterwards spent the day very quietly, as the time for receiving the presents from Lord Valentia was deferred till the morrow. The thermometer was 68° in our room, and frequent storms of rain occurred during the day.

"A copy of Lord Valentia's letter, which I had ordered to be written in case the original should not have safely arrived, was delivered to the Ras in the morning (August 30,) at four o'clock, by Hamed Effendie, who also, as far as I had authorized him, entered into an explanation of the nature of my mission from his Lordship. About six o'clock I was sent for, and found the Ras alone, in the hall; I then delivered to him, in the name of Lord Valentia, the presents sent by his Lordship, which consisted of two entire pieces of broadcloth, one blue and the other red; a handsome watch, a telescope, some pieces of kincamb and satin, a dress of gold tissue, a gold ring and broach, and several pieces of muslin. These presents gave great satisfaction, more particularly those articles which were new to him, namely, the watch, telescope, and trinkets; and the kincamb and gold dress he repeatedly ordered to be opened out before him. On stating, in the name of his Lordship, the impossibility of procuring at Mocha such presents as he would have wished to send, he stopt me at once, by expressing his entire satisfaction with what he had received; and assured me, that his only regret arose from the impossibility of communicating in our own language, the friendship he felt for us, who, strangers as we were, had come so far from our parents, our friends, and our country, to visit him, while those who were near to him, and ought to be his friends, thought only of making war upon him. He then asked me what were the wishes of Lord Valentia, and the objects for which I had come. In return, I informed him that Lord Valentia's sole motive in sending me, was an anxious desire to promote an intercourse of friendship between two such powerful countries as England and Abyssinia, the inhabitants of which were moreover of the same religion; and that if the Ras was inclined to form such a connection, to represent to him how much it might conduce to the interest of his country."

## HANDSOME GIRLS ARE BORN MARRIED.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following extracts from an extraordinary sermon preached and published in Dublin by Dr. Brett, and dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Russell, asserting the prerogative of beauty, and vindicating the privileges of the fair sex, I presume will meet the approbation of the generality of your female readers:—

“Madam, there is an Italian proverb, which says, that *handsome girls are born married*. The meaning whereof is not what has been supposed, that *marriages are made in heaven*; but, that such is the power of beauty over the human heart, that when they will they may. This being so, the intimation to your Ladyship is, to look out and provide for a change of condition. To remain single will not be long in your power, for beauty that strikes every eye, will necessarily charm many hearts; nature ordained its universal sway, and the corruptions of nature, multiplied as they have been through a series of five thousand years, have even yet been able to give it but one rival. In the human heart (I speak it to their shame) temples have been erected to the god of wealth; many fair victims have we seen bleeding at his altars; and, what is worse, the very hand now writing to your Ladyship has sometimes been the sacrificer. What therefore you have to learn is only to choose with discretion; to maintain with dignity the proffered sovereignty which contending suppliants will intreat you to accept.

“All the great heroes, the most renowned in their generations, the Scripture worthies in particular, have had their *Danah*, to whose bewitching charms they one and all yielded, reluctantly some and fondly others; these proving their wisdom, and those their folly; since there is no enchantment against beauty, nor any thing it cannot enchant, he must be something more or something worse than a man—that is, a god or a devil, who hath escaped, or who can resist its power. The gods of the heathens could not, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, and Apollo; their amours are as famous as their names; so that sturdiness in human nature, wherever it is found, which can resist, argues plainly how much of the devil is wrought up in the composition; if the native power were not so great as it is, so many

arts, so many opportunities to soothe, and to persuade, would make it impossible.

“This prating old man! will he never have done? Not yet; for to you, madam, and of you, I could prate for ever; garrulity is the vice of old age; the highest honorary tribute that youth pays to its patient attention; we grow fond of prating when we are good for nothing else; besides, madam, it is, though I am sorry to remind you of it, a vice common to both sexes; old women can prate as well as old men; and the same allowance on your part, if ever you come to it, will be demanded; and, alas! young, gay, and blooming as you are, to this you will come at last: lovely as that form is, it will wrinkle and wither, that vermillion will be turned into paleness, those brilliant eyes grow dim and faint. In the gazing crowd that now surrounds you, notwithstanding the blaze you make, the lustre with which you enamel and gild the spot you stand upon; though you re-animate, give life, sensation, appetite, a kind of rejuvenescence, a desire at least, a wish to live and be young again, to every thing you touch or look upon, the meanest of your admirers, even I, wizened and worn out by labour, age, nay worse, by disappointments, in the course of a few suns and moons, will be as much respected, heeded, and listened to. Pity indeed it is! but it must be so: what are you to do? why, briefly this; look as well into yourself as at yourself, and thence learn how to preserve and improve the authority which beauty gives to make it indefectible, and, as I maintain it may, interminable.”

From the sermon itself:—“The humour of ridiculing this rite (marriage) was introduced, and became fashionable under the example of a dissolute prince; which encouraged such licentiousness in the stage as soon corrupted the general taste to the degree that hardly any thing entertained, or was received there with applause, that was not salted with some obscene anallery. In consequence of which not only the thing, but even the persons who made it their choice, were laughed at; they were objects of pity, the butts for sneery whom necessity had forced into it. A humour so inconsistent with common sense and every social dear regard, could not hold long; the pulpit, which in that degeneracy of men and manners, was not silent, got in this in-

stance the better of the stage and, at last, reformed it. To the honour of the present age, the few patrons it has are as despicable as they are dissolute; but it may be observed, that the pains taken to correct it had possibly met with quicker success had not the fair sex, by an improper and wanton behaviour, contributed to keep it up; without encouragement from them it never could have risen to the extravagance it did; for how little soever some of them may suspect or believe it, they are the only sure guardians of men's virtue, and have more power to reform than either priest or magistrate can pretend to. If therefore the manners of the age should ever take the same disagreeable turn, though they may be the principal sufferers, they must bear the blame of it, and the infamy too; for this reason, that it was always in their power to support the honour and dignity due to the marriage state, from the influence which few of them want to be told they have over the affections and inclinations of mankind. I will offer no apology therefore for telling them, that if their discretion was equal to their

charms, if they were at equal pains to embellish their minds as they are to adorn their bodies, they might go near to reverse the customs of the world and the maxims of nature; might sway the sceptres of kingdoms and be the lawgivers and governors both of states and families, without either wearing of arms or changing apparel. If modesty, good sense, and the general practice of virtue, met with proper distinction in female regard, men would certainly take more pains than they usually do to cultivate those graces; for where we court we wish to be approved, and naturally pursue such courses as we judge will best recommend us; but whilst women are so insensible and blind to their own interest and happiness as to encourage those most who use this holy institute to base and dishonourable purposes; whilst they prefer empty and profligate rakes to virtuous and honourable lovers, they may thank themselves for a great share of that misery to which they are tied, and we shall in vain hope to see the evil in this case ever corrected."

II.

### BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THIS famous sculptor and engraver was born in Florence, in the year 1500.

He wrote his own life, which was translated from the original Italian into English by Dr. Nugent with fidelity and spirit, and published in 1771, in 2 vols. 8vo.

Of this book the following account was given in 1774. It is supposed to have been written by Dr. Johnson, but it is not inserted in the collection of his works:—

"The original of this celebrated performance lay in manuscript above a century and a half. Though it was read with the greatest pleasure by the learned of Italy, no man was hardy enough, during so long a period, to introduce to the world a book in which the successors of St. Peter were handled so roughly. A narrative where artists and sovereign princes, cardinals and courtizans, ministers of state and mechanics, are treated with equal impartiality.

"At length, in the year 1728, an enterprising Neapolitan, encouraged by Dr. Antonio Cocchi, one of the politest scholars in Europe, published this so much desired work in one volume of 318 pages in quarto, and dedicated it to Lord Boyle. The Doctor gave the Editor an excellent preface. The book is very scarce in Italy; the clergy of Naples are powerful, and

though the Editor prudently put *Colonia* instead of *Napoli* in the title-page, the sale of Cellini was prohibited; the court of Rome made it an article in their *index expurgatorius*, and prevented the importation of the book into any country where the power of the holy see prevails.

"The life of Benvenuto Cellini is certainly a phenomenon in biography, whether we consider it with respect to the artist himself, or the great variety of historical facts which relate to others. It is indeed a very good supplement to the history of Europe during the greatest part of the sixteenth century, more especially in what relates to painting, sculpture, and architecture, and the most eminent masters in those elegant arts, whose works Cellini praises or censures with peculiar freedom and energy.

"As to the man himself there is not, perhaps, a more singular character among the race of mankind; he has no equal in the number of peculiar qualities which separate him from the rest of the human species.

"He is at once a man of pleasure, and a slave to superstition, a despiser of vulgar notions, and a believer in magical incantations; a fighter of duels, and a composer of divine

sonnets; an ardent lover, and a retailer of visionary fancies; an admirer of papal power, and a hater of Popes; an offender against the laws, with a strong reliance on Divine Providence. \*If I may be allowed the expression, Cellini is one striking feature added to the human form, a prodigy to be wondered at, not an example to be imitated.

"Though Cellini was so blind to his own imperfections as to commit the most unjustifiable actions, with a full persuasion of the goodness of his cause, and the rectitude of his intention, yet no man was a keener and more accurate observer of the blemishes of others; hence his book abounds with sarcastic wit and satirical expression. Yet though his portraits are sometimes grotesque and overcharged from misinformation, from melancholy, from infirmity, and from peculiarity of humour; in general it must be allowed that they are drawn from the life, and conformable to the idea given by cotemporary writers. His characters of Pope Clement VII. Paul III. with his bastard son, Pier Luigi, Francis I. and his favourite mistress, Madame d'Estampes, Cosmo, Duke of Florence, and his Duchess, with many others, are touched by the hand of a master.

"General history cannot descend to minute details of the domestic life and private transactions, the passions and foibles of great personages; but these give truer representations of their characters than all the elegant and laboured compositions of poets and historians.

"To some, a register of the actions of a statuary may seem a heap of uninteresting occurrences; but the discerning will not disdain the efforts of a powerful mind, because the writer is not ennobled by birth, or dignified by station.

"The man who raises himself by consummate merit in his profession to the notice of princes, who converses with them in a language dictated by honest freedom, who scruples not to tell them those truths which they must despair to hear from courtiers and favourites, from minions and parasites, is a bold leveller of distinctions in the courts of powerful monarchs. Genius is the parent of truth and courage; and these, united, dread no opposition.

"The Tuscan language is greatly admired for its elegance, and the meanest inhabitants of Florence speak a dialect which the rest of Italy are proud to imitate. The style of Cellini, though plain and familiar, is vigorous and energetic. He possesses, to an uncommon degree, strength of expression and vigour of fancy."

Of the work of Cellini, which are still preserved, one was described by Twiss in his *Travels in Portugal and Spain*, as follows:—

"In the church of the Escorial, behind the choir, is an altar, over which is a representation, as large as the life, of Christ on the Cross: the body is of white, and the cross of black marble. This is the celebrated crucifix, sculptured by the no less celebrated Benvenuto Cellini. This artist published a book on sculpture, and the method of working gold, dedicated to Cardinal de Medici, in quarto, Florence, 1568. In page 56, he says, 'Though I have made many statues of marble, yet I shall only mention one, it being one of the most difficult parts of the art, to represent dead bodies; this is the image of Christ crucified, in carving of which I took great pains, working with all the attention and care which such a subject requires, and I knew that I was the first who ever carved a crucifix in marble. I finished it in a manner that gave great satisfaction to those who saw it: it is now in the possession of the Duke of Florence, my master and benefactor. I placed the body of Christ on a cross of black carrara marble, which is a stone so extremely hard, that it is very difficult to cut it.'

Cellini likewise mentions this crucifix in his life. He says, "Having completely finished my marble crucifix, I thought that if I raised it a few cubits above the ground, it would appear to much greater advantage than if it were placed immediately upon it; so I began to shew it to whoever had a mind to see such an exhibition. The Duke and Duchess being informed of this, one day upon their return from Pisa, came unexpectedly with a grand retinue to my work-shop, in order to see this image of Christ upon the cross; it pleased them so highly, that their Excellencies, as well as all the nobility and gentry present, bestowed the highest encomiums on me. When I found that it gave them such satisfaction, by their extolling it to the skies, I with pleasure made them a present of it, thinking none more worthy of that fine piece of work than their Excellencies."

Vasari, in his lives of painters and sculptors, says, "Cellini likewise made a Christ upon the cross, as big as the life, a most exquisite and extraordinary performance. The Duke keeps it as a piece upon which he sets a very great value, in the palace of Pitti, in order to place it in the little chapel, which he is erecting there, and which could contain nothing more grand, nor more worthy of so illustrious a prince; in a word, this work cannot be sufficiently commended.

"The Grand Duke Cosmo sent it as a present to Philip II. It was landed at Barcelona, and was carried from thence to where it now is, on men's shoulders. At the foot of the cross is inscribed, '*Benvenuto Cellinus, civis Florentinus, faciebat 1562.*' It is certainly the finest crucifix extant. At this time (1773) the priests had, by way of ornament, tied a purple velvet gold faced petticoat round the waist of the statue, and which descended below the knees."

At Florence, under one of the arches in the square before the old palace, in 1769, was a large statue in bronze, of Perseus, holding in one hand his sword, and with the other, shewing the head of Medusa, which he had cut off. This is also by Cellini, who has likewise described it in his life.

In the last volume of the *Microcosm of London*, 1809, in the account of the armoury in Carlton House, it is said, "The finest sword in this collection is one of excellent workmanship, which once belonged to the celebrated patriot Hampden, the workmanship of Benvenuto Cellini, the famous Florentine sculptor."

Peter Torrigiano, who executed the monument of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, endeavoured to bring over Cellini to England to assist him, but Cellini disliking the violence of his temper, who used to boast that he had given the divine Michael Angelo a blow in the face with his fist, the marks of which he would carry to the grave, refused to come with him. Vasari, who was contemporary with Cellini, speaks of him in the highest terms. He was originally a goldsmith and jeweller, and exe-

cuted small figures in *alto* and *basso relievo*, with a delicacy of taste and liveliness of imagination not to be excelled.

The ornaments on the hilt and ferrule of the scabbard of this curious sword, *en basso-relievo* in bronze, and are intended to illustrate the life of David: it is a most beautiful piece of work, and in the highest preservation; it is kept in a glass case lined with satin.

At Strawberry-hill † two pieces of Cellini's sculpture are preserved. As they are invaluable *miques*, all that is known about them shall be told.

In Lyson's *Environst of London* is said, after the description of the house, &c.—"In a glass case, in the tribune, or cabinet, is the beautiful silver bell of Benvenuto Cellini, covered with antique masks, insects, &c. exquisitely wrought in *alto relievo*, so as to bear the minutest inspection with a glass." In the catalogue it is thus described:—"A most beautiful silver bell, made for a Pope, by Benvenuto Cellini. It is covered all over in the highest relievo, with antique masks, flies, grasshoppers, and other insects; the virgin and boy-angels at top, a wreath of leaves at bottom. Nothing can exceed the taste of the whole design, or the delicate and natural representation of the insects: the wonderful execution makes almost every thing credible that he says of them in his

\* This event happened in the palace of Cardinal de Medicis: Torrigiano being jealous of the superior honours paid to Michael Angelo, brutally struck him in the face; his nose was flattened by the blow. The aggressor fled, and entered into the army, but being soon disgusted with that kind of life, left it, and came over to England.

As this is a remarkable incident, it may be corroborated by the following extract from the *Life* of Michael Angelo Buonarroti:—

"This famous painter, sculptor, and architect, was born in Tuscany in 1474. He became the pupil of Ghirlandajo, and from him entered the school opened by Lorenzo de Medicis for the students of design and sculpture, and at his very onset gave such specimens of genius, that his fellow-scholar, Torrigiano, whether provoked by envy, or the intolerance of superiority, shattered, with a blow of his fist, the castilage of his rival's nose, and left him to bear the mark for life."

† As it is probable this may be read by many foreigners and others, who are not acquainted with the locality of this house, it may not be improper to add, that Strawberry-hill is situated thirteen miles from London, a mile beyond Twickenham, and that it was a seat of the late Lord Orford (Horace Walpole), at present of the Honourable and ingenious Mrs. Damer, whose talents in sculpture are universally known and admired. It is built in the Gothic style, both within and without, from models of cathedrals. The windows are of stained glass. There are ten rooms, a gallery, and a library, filled with books, pictures, miniatures, sculptures, antiques, relics, and curiosities of every kind. The garden contains a Gothic chapel, with a curious Mosaic shrine. The house may be seen with tickets which admit four persons at once, between May 1st and October 1st, by application to Mrs. Damer; it merits the notice of every traveller of genius as much as any palace in Europe may be thought to do. The late noble proprietor, who made the collection, as well as formed the house and garden, left a catalogue and minute description of the whole, and they are inserted in his works, which consist of five volumes in quarto.

lie. It came out of the collection of the Marquis Leonati at Rome, and was bought by the Marquis of Rockingham, who exchanged it with Mr. Walpole for some very scarce Roman medals of great bronze, among which was an *unique medallion* of Alexander Severus, with the amphitheatre, in the highest preservation."

The other piece is a fine silver trunk to hold perfumes, with bas-reliefs; the top from Raphael's Judgment of Paris; the work of Benvenuto Cellini. Bought of the Great Duke's wardrobe. A present from Sir Horace Mann.

Mr. Walpole himself mentions the bell as follows:—"One of the pieces in my collection which I the most highly value is; the silver bell with which the Popes used to curse the caterpillars, a ceremony I believe now abandoned. La Hontan, in his travels, mentions a like absurd custom in Canada, the

solemn excommunication by the bishop, of the turtle doves, which greatly injured the plantations.

"For this bell I exchanged with the Marquis of Rockingham, all my Roman coins in large brass. The relieves representing caterpillars, butterflies and other insects, are wonderfully executed."

"Cellini, the artist, was one of the most extraordinary men, in an extraordinary age. His life, written by himself, is more amusing than any novel I know."

We shall be obliged to any of our readers who will favour us with the account of any other of Cellini's works, preserved in this country; and also for the information whether the Crucifix, and Perseus, are still remaining in the Escorial and at Florence. No mention has as yet been made of their having been taken to Paris.

## LETTER FROM A NOBLE LORD TO A YOUNG LADY.

MR. EDITOR,

On looking over a work lately published, entitled *Selections from the Gentleman's Magazine*, I met with the following letter from a Noble Lord to a young lady on the eve of marriage, and as I flatter myself it will not prove uninteresting to many of your fair readers, I have transcribed it for the use of your elegant miscellany.

COSMO.

"MY DEAR MISS —,

"It is not in my power to add any thing to the good sense and solidity of the reflections contained in your letter to my wife. The rational plan you have there laid out for your future conduct, will not fail to secure to you the esteem, love, and respect of a man, too well acquainted with the world, to under-value so much prudence and discretion in a young wife. I believe, however, that most of your sex, on the eve of matrimonial engagements, mean and intend to act well; but few have the advantage of your understanding, many are too soon misled by misconception, levity, or the worst of bad counsellors, those of your own sex. To resolve well is nothing; the difficulty is to persevere; or, as Lee the poet, much better expresses it, to be *obstinately* good. The word *obstinately* contains alone more meaning, energy, and pith, than half the volumes which have been written on the subject. I repeat it, little can be added to what your own foresight has already suggested to

you; but, as the engagement you are contracting is of the utmost importance to your future welfare, I will, since you do me the honour to ask my advice, subjoin a few remarks, the fruit of long experience and some observation.

"Let respectability be your aim and object; be respectable in your connections, in your acquaintance, in the management of your family; but, above all, in the choice of your intimates. The world, in general, will be guided in their opinion of your character by the characters of those you select as objects of your friendship and confidence; your husband, moreover, will respect and consider you in proportion as he perceives you considered and respected by others. Aids, haughtiness, and pride, are not unfrequently mistaken for dignity; as roughness, ill manners, and brutality, in our sex, often claim as frankness, courage, and manliness—you will not mistake them—you have a friend in the world, and a very sincere one, who possesses this happy gift of assimilating this respectability with the best nature and the most winning affability: I need not name her.

"What I have been saying seems to me very important, and deserves your serious consideration; but what relates immediately to your husband is still more so.

"Let me intreat you to consider the first year after your marriage as a year of probation, a time of trial, of noviceship; every



action, every step, nay, every word, will have its due weight in the scale of your husband's future trust and confidence in you. Consider, in this interval he will nearly have settled his opinion of your prudence, your discretion, and your wisdom. I would by no means be understood to recommend cunning; nothing stands in the same relation to prudence as hypocrisy to religion. Cunning, like hypocrisy, implies a sordid meanness of soul; and I both hope and believe that you have an elevation of mind which would spurn at duplicity, at every kind of trick.

"From these great outlines in the picture of a valuable wife, let me now proceed to the nicer touches of it, to the lights and shades, to those minute strokes of the pencil without which the picture remains unfinished, but which require all the patience, all the attention, all the perseverance of the artist. You are the artist; you are to draw this sublime picture—but you must do more—you must be a heroine and a philosopher. Assure yourself that your husband, being a man, has his foibles, his caprices, his humours:—are you possessed of magnanimity sufficient to bear these without repining, without peevishness, without retaliation:—have you philosophy enough to *scratch your ribbon*, and smile good-humouredly, when your mighty lord struts in all his dignity across the room, and gobbles his importance like an angry turkey-cock?—have you temper enough to compel him, on his cooler recollection, to call himself a fool, and you the best of women?—have you considered the importance of avoiding silly disputes about silly trifles?—it is well worth your consideration. I myself knew a man and wife, the two fondest and best-natured of creatures, who, after a long and wise investigation, whether we have ten fingers, or only eight fingers and two thumbs, complained bitterly of each other's monstrous illusage, and concluded by proposing a separation, the wife from the worst of husbands, the husband from the worst of wives. Luckily their heads were sound, as their hearts were good; both were struck with the dangerous tendency of such foolish altercations, and resolved in future to avoid them. Are you capable of checking a rising flush?—of swallowing a provoking word ready to burst

from your lips?—If you be equal to such fortitude, to such heroism, you are in my estimation a great philosopher; in that of your turkey-cock you will be an angel. p. a

"More fortitude still may possibly require your exertions, if ever it should so happen (and this may happen to the most virtuous woman) that you find your mind too much employed in favour of another man; yourself too much disposed to dwell on his good qualities, on the gentleness, the amiableness of his manners, on his *d'sinterested* attentions to you; if you feel such a man insensibly creeping into your affections—no hesitation, fly, if possible, from him, as far as from pole to pole; no confidence, more particularly no female one; bury your secret in the remotest recesses of your soul, and let your virtue and honour alone watch over it; conceal your weakness, not only from the object of it, but from the whole world; nay, endeavour to conceal it from yourself; indulge not yourself, under pretence of fortifying your virtue, in gloomy thoughts about your supposed misery; that will not fail to increase the evil. On the contrary, amuse, dissipate yourself, laugh at, your own folly, treat it cavalierly, and the illusion will soon cease; one serious resolve, however, must be firmly made, resolutely kept, and which no consideration must forego,—the determined resolution of never trusting yourself alone with the man of whom you feel yourself afraid.

"I perceive that this letter is spun out to a considerable length; the warmth of my wishes for your happiness would dictate a great deal more, but it is time to conclude it. One thing, however, I must mention, it is of a delicate nature from a man to a woman, but my age and my motives will be a sufficient apology for the liberty I take. This important advice shall be conveyed in as few words as possible. Be nicely and scrupulously clean; deficiency in this respect will unavoidably create disgust in a well bred man. I fear, in our country especially, this is not always sufficiently attended to; and a fatal experience has often opened a woman's eyes when the evil was irreparable.

"Thus my dear Miss —, I have hastily thrown on paper such thoughts as have occurred to me; they have no pretension to novelty, elegance, or even order: they are written solely with a view of being of some little advantage to you. May you deserve, by your prudent conduct, to be happy: that is my ardent wish! I have the honour to be, with great respect,

Dear Madam, &c."

\* I July —, the writer's wife, when she saw her husband angry, was used to scratch her hat with both hands, or the ribbon of her cap, crying out:—"My lord, I don't hear, I don't hear!"

## DESCRIPTION OF A LATE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

*"Melazzo, April 25, 1809.*

"MONDAY morning the 27th of March was very hot and foggy, and the wind nearly south, but shifting to the westward, towards noon it became quite cool: we were much astonished at this change, for, as it still continued foggy, we could not perceive what we now conceive to have been the cause of the great heat in the morning; but in the evening, when the fog cleared up, a most tremendous eruption of Mount Etna presented itself to our view. A large blaze, which I can conceive to be like nothing but the continuation of the explosion of a ship, issued from the top of the mountain; lower down was a smaller blaze, but from it we observed an immense stream of red lava pouring down, and the view of its course towards the foot of Etna was only excluded from us by the ridge of mountains which is between this place and Mount Etna. For several nights after the blaze continued, with different degrees of violence, and the lava appeared to have taken two courses, one towards Randazzo on our right, and the other towards Langu Grossa on the left. I can say no more of the eruption as it appeared from Melazzo; I must, therefore, endeavour to form an opinion of it from drawings which you may have seen of things of the kind, or from your own ideas of a thing too grand and awful for language to describe.

"Our English curiosity is so great, that I am sure more than half the army have already been to see this wonder of nature. I went with two brother officers. Our first day's march (for we were on foot) was to Franca Villa, and on the road to Lingua Grossa: next day we saw the foot of the lava, it was then passing over a vineyard, and seemed to menace with destruction the house of a Baron of Franca Villa; the house was abandoned, and the pictures of saints hung out towards the fire, which the superstition of these people suggests to them as a means to turn its course. By day the lava has the appearance of a heap of rocks and stones, of a colour rather like ink, and you see the fire every here and there through the cracks; a great deal of smoke proceeds from it; when close to it one perceives that it is all in motion, by pieces falling down and the huge stones rolling over, and constantly, though slowly, making its progress over the ground.

*No. XLIX. Vol. VII.*

"Except just at the crater, the lava cannot be perceived to be in a liquid state, because, towards the foot of it, it is either all congealed and only impelled along by what is continually pouring out of the mouth of the crater, or what still remains liquid at the bottom, and that at the top congealed into immense masses, which have the appearance of rocks. This is the stream of which I before spoke as taking towards Lingua Grossa, thither we proceeded, and having refreshed ourselves, set out on mules for the craters, which are about six miles or rather more from it; that is, the lower place, for the upper one is above fourteen miles above it, and near the summit of the mountain.

"There are thirteen craters, all in a line above each other towards the summit, these, as we saw them from Melazzo, all appeared one, and are quite distinct from the upper place. I will not trouble you with the description of a crater, for they are all found in the same manner by the ashes which are discharged, and have the same shape as I once before described, when I wrote to you an account of my visit to the top of Etna. The lowest was the only one which was burning with any degree of violence when we arrived, the others occasionally threw up perhaps a column of black smoke or some red stones, and the lava from them was on the surface cold, going on but slowly. Near to the lowest crater was a resting ground, covered with trees, whose branches were all knocked off by the stones which had been thrown from the crater (which indeed was the case with all the trees in the neighbourhood, for the eruption is in the woody region); but between where we stood and the crater, was a stream of lava which had flowed from above and joined that which flowed from the lowest, just below the rising ground, having taken its course round it.

"We thought it practicable, and wished very much to cross this first stream, and so get on the rising ground to get a nearer view of the principal burning crater: the guides said that was impossible, and would not go a step further; but we ventured on a little way, always stepping from one large rock to another (they were very hot and burnt our shoes), and at length got across. It was by

far the hottest birth I ever was in; every now and then we saw an immense mass of liquid fire under our feet, and perhaps had to step across it, to get on from rock to rock; and once, just as I had put my foot on a large lump, which I thought to be firm, off it went, and laid me on my side, and you may be sure I lost no time to recover my footing. When we got across we were not content, but thought our excursion would not be complete without crawling up the side of the crater, to look into the very mouth of it. This we effected with some difficulty, it being very steep and almost up to our knees in hot ashes every step, but when we arrived at the summit, we were most fully repaid for our pains. I am quite at a loss to know what to compare it to! Just under our feet we perceived the lava which came out of this crater in a liquid state and motion,

which was perfectly perceptible, and increased every now and then as a fresh emission from the crater took place. Immense stones were thrown, in a liquid state, high in the air, and we watched them, and saw them constantly changing their shape as they fell. Nearest the aperture was a constant blaze of liquid matter, and accompanied by such a tremendous noise that we could not hear ourselves speak. We retired from this about sunset, and again crossed the lava in safety. As it got dark the whole of the lava downwards appeared red, and the eruption appeared to double advantage.

"I find that my description falls very far short of the impression which this wonderful spectacle has left on my mind; but I have no doubt but you will have seen many better accounts of it than this long before my letter reaches you."

L. H.

## THOUGHTS ON AFFECTATION IN THE FEMALE SEX.

### ELEGANCE OF MANNER AND OF DRESS.

THERE is nothing more an object of affectation than elegant manners, and there is nothing so difficult of imitation as true elegance; which, without the trouble of display, is strongly marked in every word and every action of the person possessing one of the most engaging ornaments with which it is possible to improve beauty; and which renders even ugliness so pleasing, that we forget personal appearance in our admiration of the manner, which gives a charm to every thing that is said or done, supposing it in itself ever so trifling.

Nothing can so clearly demonstrate the education which has been received, or the sort of company to which a person has been accustomed, as their manner: it is stamped with indelible marks, and you may in general very quickly discover the line of life of your companion from the slightest circumstances. I do not mean to lay it down as a rule without an exception, that elegant manners are confined to people of rank, or to insist upon it, as I once heard it said, that you might "know such an one to be a gentleman from the manner of his cutting a leg of mutton;" yet though it is certain that a man may often prove himself used to good company by somewhat equally trivial, it is likewise certain, that many a one has been ingenious enough to impose, on the world, and to pass for a person of consequence, when it was far from the truth. For elegance of manner being an acquirement, it is (though

perhaps difficult) certainly attainable by the low as well as the great; supposing accident to have thrown them in the way of obtaining by dint of observation those improvements, which good understanding alone cannot acquire, and which cannot be completely learned without considerable time and attention.

But the awkward affectation of elegance, which is so much oftener presented to our view than even a tolerable copy, only sets vulgarity in a more glaring point of light, and calls forth as an object of ridicule many a defect, which would have remained unnoticed, could the unhappy owner of an old fashioned gown have suffered it to remain in its ancient form, instead of converting it into a modern *pelisse*! or have refrained from *drapering* the scanty chintz patterned cotton with the damask curtains three times dipped and dyed! Yet this was all done from a rage of elegance, which such awkward affectation has no more power of attaining, than it has of changing the shabby materials into handsome ones.

Elegance of manner and of dress is in a degree a reasonable object of attention to all those whose circumstances admit of ornament; but even with them, when any very considerable portion of time or thought is allotted to what only produces improvement of outward appearance, I rather suspect that the strict review of conscience will not perfectly absolve that waste of valuable leisure, which might

have adorned the mind in a proportion more really conducive to happiness, than can arise from the personal graces which elegance indisputably bestows on those who attend to its rules. It is not designed at all to lessen the merits of the pleasing qualities in question, though it must be deeply lamented, when one finds them considered as the principal business of life; and must particularly be held forth to scorn, when, as is so wonderfully often the case, one finds the absurd affectation of elegance pervading the very lowest ranks.

There was a time, not very many years ago, when *some* distinction of dress was observable in different classes; I may now without exaggeration affirm that there is *none*. For though the wife of a peer will always be known from that of a butcher, and a housemaid from her mistress, by the manner of wearing and of putting it on; yet in the form of the clothing, and even in the materials of which it is composed, there is now but little difference.

The affectation of fine words and phrases proves a source of real distress to many a plain person, who formerly received much amusement, and sometimes information, from their newspaper; but now that elegance of style, and that scientific terms, are crept into every paragraph of news, and into every advertisement, whether it be to announce the speedy publication of some learned book, or to give us notice where we may purchase the most infallible cure for our corns, it really requires more knowledge in order to decypher the mysterious page, than falls to the lot of many of its readers. In former days, girls went to boarding-schools; they now go to seminaries: ladies used to wear shifts; they now are called *chemises*:—shoes are turned into sandals, stays are corsets, a girdle is a zone, a band for the head is a diadem, a gown is a robe, the border of a petticoat is described in architectural terms; so that without some knowledge of foreign language, and some insight into the costume of the ancients, there is no understanding the elegantly refined appellations of the commonest articles of dress. And when from the solemnity of an advertisement I expect to find some new discovery, which is to prove beneficial to the nation in general, and to reflect lasting credit on the ingenious inventor, of something as extraordinary as useful, I must confess myself cruelly disappointed to find the consequential nonsense end in snuffers with a spring snap! or perhaps in a newly-controverted Peruvian wig, which it is promised shall confer the charms of youth on the wrinkles of old age!

#### AWKWARDNESS, AND UNFASHIONABLE DRESS.

Much of what has been said on the subject of aloveliness is really applicable to this, for it is the same inclination to pass for a being of superior wisdom, which urges people to the laborious and sometimes mortifying affectation of appearing *awful* in manner and in dress. But little do they succeed in gaining the character they aim at in the opinions of any but the most short sighted of mortals; since ridiculous as it is to be an anxious and a servile follower of fashion, it is full as absurd voluntarily to deviate from it in the insignificant shape of our clothing, or manner of accosting our acquaintance.

Very few women, though I have known some, fall into this silly vanity, till they grow very old; for the natural love of ornament, which is so peculiar to the sex in their youth, by plunging them into one folly, preserves them from another: but though the antiquated dress of an old lady be sometimes as much the produce of affectation as the more fanciful garb of her grand daughter, it has far less the ridiculous appearance of being studied; we naturally incline to the supposition, that custom has occasioned a partiality to forms, which from long acquaintance, she very probably considers as remarkably convenient. We therefore rather admire the curious old picture, till too much self-approbation, or too severe a philippic on modern fashions, lifts the mask, and we are forced to impute affectation to what we wished to behold as a venerable object.

But although dress, purposely awkward, is seldom to be laid to the charge of every young woman, I have known many a one, whose awkward manner and pretended ignorance of forms has been such downright affectation, as to excite the strongest indignation in the minds of those to whom she was anxious to appear too wise to condescend to subjects, in which though it may not be desirable to be a great proficient, yet it is certainly no disgrace to understand them. I am far from wishing to recommend card playing to man or woman; but I can see no merit in actually not knowing how to play at cards, and no want of good sense in occasionally making up the party of those persons to whom it is an amusement. What then shall I say of the lady who, when in a large party, a card was offered to her by the mistress of the house, started back with apparent amazement, saying at the same time, "A card to me! what am I to do with it?" I could write a message on its back, I could wind a skein of silk upon it; but I am unacquainted

with its other uses." Could this woman be really ignorant of card-playing, when she was surrounded with card tables? or was she not rather despicably affected?

Pretended ignorance of the common news of the day is affectation of awkwardness much resorted to by those women who delight in interrupting some sort of mere amusement by the mention of a late publication, with which most of the circle are unacquainted; and who perhaps shew their want of her superior information by asking questions, whilst the learned lady is enjoying the glory of being considered as an oracle, and is endeavouring to resolve, she perhaps causes others in the company to smile, when her answer displays full as little knowledge on the point in question as is possessed by the more humble, but not in earnest more ignorant, inquirer. How often likewise in the heat of argument will the same woman, to crown the whole, betray her correct acquaintance with the news she had before pretended to slight, by setting her friends right in some additional circumstance of the story, known, as she declares, to herself alone.

Awkwardness of manner and of dress is indisputably more common amongst men than women, and I am half tempted to say, that very few, except the class who wish to be considered as models of elegance, are perfectly free from it. For though it is not every man who is proud of his adherence to old fashions, or of the singularly awkward cut of his coat, and shape of his hat; yet there are many whose affectation of peculiar fancies is carried to such a pitch, that I positively know the following instance to be true—of a tailor's once asking a gentleman, on his ordering a coat of him, "Whether he chose any oddities?" and on an expression of surprise from his employer, replying with a brev, "I ask pardon, Sir, but as Mr. — did me the honour of recommending me, and as he is an odd gentleman, and orders oddities, I did not know, Sir, but that you might be odd too."

(Affected awkwardness in manner and in dress is amongst men common to many professions and ways of life, naturally escaped by women, from their having no peculiar situations to be proud of; (for I do not allude to distinctions of title, &c.) and professional affectation is so strong, that even a blind person may almost immediately discover the profession of a man from his affecting that conversation which denotes his occupation, from his evident pride in the repeated assurances of awkwardness in the ways of the world, and ignorance of every subject not relative to his

peculiar business; yet very sorry would he be were all he says positively believed! He is as proud of his general knowledge as of that which he makes his particular study, only affects ignorance in order to be contradicted, and awkwardness as a symptom of a mind taken up by the labours of constant occupation.

In some professions, dress being not according to the wearer's choice, there is not much room for affected awkwardness; the form, the colour of the clothing is decided: nevertheless, some elderly gentlemen contrive to be as proud of displaying an old-fashioned wig or a formal hat, as any young one can be of a smartness of apparel and attention to the reigning mode, not altogether becoming his profession. A rich farmer is proud of his countrified appearance, and of the plain brown coat which, as he rides home from the neighbouring market-town, informs all who meet him of his being a man of business and property. An ancient country squire affects uncouth manners, and would not for the value of half his estate change his awkward clothing for that of a London lounge.

Professional affectation most frequently consists in a kind of awkwardness in manner, or in dress, which shall at once from its peculiarity apprise every body of the situation of the person; and though it were much to be wished that it were seldom practised than is the case, yet if restrained within proper limits, it is far more respectable than the opposite worse than absurd extreme of seeming ashamed of it, by scrupulously avoiding every appearance which denotes profession. One would hope that few men engaged in any without feeling due regard, indeed reverence, for that to which they determine to devote their lives and talents, expecting to receive, and, if possible, to bestow honour! But what can we think of officers always preferring any dress to their uniform? of military clergymen always going to reviews, and describing exercise? of dancing physicians always attending public places rather than patients? of idle quarrelsome lawyers always breaking the peace, which they ought to maintain? or of a thousand other equally ridiculous contrasts to their several professions, which are continually to be met with? Do not these contemptible characters derive their foolish attempts from the copious stream of affectation; and deceive themselves with the vain imagination, that appearing awkward in what it is their duty to know, is the way to be supposed well acquainted with what they do not understand, and is in fact no business of theirs?

## ON HERALDRY.

[Continued from Page 207, Vol. II.]

**CLOSE**, signifies the wings of a bird are down and close to the body. **Rising**, this term is for a bird when in a position as if preparing to fly. **Displayed**, signifies the wings of an eagle to be expanded. **Volant**, is the term for any bird represented flying. **Tripping**, is the term used for a stag, antelope, or hind when walking. **Courant**, for a stag, horse, or a greyhound running. **At gaze**, is a term for a stag or hind; when looking full faced is termed *at gaze*. **Lodged**, signifies the stag at rest on the ground. **Inverted**, is for two wings conjoined, and the points erect or upwards. **Hauant**, this term is for a fish when erect, paleways as putting its head above water. **Naïant**, for a fish when borne horizontally across the shield as swimming. **Cockatrice**, a chimerical figure used in heraldry, its beak, wings, legs, comb, wattles, and spurs partake of the fowl; its body and tail of the snake. **Wyvern**, this like the former, is chimerical, and differs from the cockatrice in the head, having no comb, wattles, or spurs. **Dragon**, this is an heraldic figure, as drawn by heralds. **Tiger**, this like the former, is of heraldic creation, being different from the tiger of nature, and is therefore termed the heraldic tiger. **Cheeky**, is a shield, or bearing, covered with small squares of different colours alternately. **Gyronny**, is a shield divided into six or eight triangular parts of different colours, and the points all meeting in the centre of the shield. **Paly**, is a shield divided into four, six, or more equal parts, by perpendicular lines, consisting of two colours. **Barry**, is a shield divided into four, six, or more equal parts by horizontal lines of two colours.

**External ornaments of Escutcheons**—The ornaments that accompany or surround escutcheons were introduced to denote the birth, dignity, or office of the persons to whom the coat of arms appertaineth, which is practised both among the laity and clergy. Those most in use are of ten sorts, viz. crowns, coronets, mitres, helmets, mantlings, chapeaux, wreaths, crests, scrolls, and supporters.

**Crowns**.—The first crowns were only diadems, bands, or filets; afterwards they were composed of branches of trees, and then flowers were added to them. But modern crowns are only used as an ornament which Emperors, Kings, and independent princes set on their

heads on great solemnities, both to denote their sovereign authority, and to render themselves more awful to their subjects. The Imperial crown is made of a circle of gold, adorned with *fleurs de lis*, bordered and seeded with pearls, raised in the form of a cap, voided at the top like a crescent, from the middle of this cap rises an arched fillet, enriched with pearls and surmounted of a mound, whereon is a cross of pearls. The crown of the Kings of the united kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland is a circle of gold, bordered with ermine enriched with pearls and precious stones, and heightened up with four crosses patee, and four large *fleurs de lis* alternately; from these rise four arched diadems adorned with pearls, which close under a mound, surmounted, of a cross, like those at bottom. The crown of the Kings of France is a circle enamelled, adorned with precious stones, and heightened up with eight arched diadems, rising from as many *fleurs de lis*, that conjoin at the top under a double *fleur de lis*, all of gold. The crowns of Spain and Portugal are both of the same form, a ducal coronet, heightened up with eight arched diadems, rising from a Marquis's coronet, which conjoin at the top under a mound ensigned with cross bottonny. The Pope appropriates to himself a tiara, or long cap of golden cloth, from which hang two pendants embroidered and fringed at the ends, semé of crosses of gold; this cap is inclosed by three Marquis's coronets, and has on its top a mound of gold, whereon is a cross of the same, which cross is sometimes represented by engravers or painters pometted, retressed, or flowered plain. The crowns of most other kings are circles of gold, adorned with precious stones, and heightened up with large tressils, and closed by four, six, or eight diadems, supporting a mound, surmounted, of a cross. The coronet of the Prince of Wales was anciently a circle of gold set round with four crosses patee, and as many *fleurs-de-lis* alternately; but since the Restoration it has been closed with one archway, adorned with pearls, and surmounted of a mound and cross, and bordered with ermine like the king's; beside the aforesaid coronet, the Prince of Wales has another distinguishing mark of honour, peculiar to himself, viz. a plume of three ostrich feathers, with an an-

cient coronet of a Prince of Wales; under it, in a scroll, is the motto *Ich Dien*, which, in the old Saxon language, signifies "I serve;" this device was first taken by Edward Prince of Wales, commonly called the Black Prince, after the famous battle of Cressy, in 1346, where, having with his own hand killed John King of Bohemia, he took such a plume from his head and put it on his own. The coronets of the present Dukes of York, Clarence, Cumberland, &c. and of all the sons of the King, is a circle of gold, bordered with ermine, heightened up with four *fleurs-de-lis*, and as many crosses patee alternate. The coronet of the Princesses is a circle of gold, bordered with ermine, and heightened up with crosses patee, *fleurs-de-lis*, and strawberry-leaves alternate; whereas a Prince's coronet has only *fleurs-de-lis* and crosses. A Duke's coronet is a circle of gold, bordered with ermine, enriched with precious stones and pearls, and set round with eight strawberry or parsley leaves. A Marquis's coronet is a circle of gold, bordered with ermine, set round with four strawberry-leaves, and as many pearls on pyramidal points of equal height, alternate. An Earl's coronet is a circle of gold, bordered with ermine, heightened up with eight pyramidal points, or rays, on the tops of which are as many large pearls, and are placed alternately with as many strawberry-leaves, but the pearls much higher than the leaves. A Viscount's coronet differs from the preceding ones as being only a circle of gold, bordered with ermine, with large pearls set close together on the rim, without any limited number, which is his prerogative above the Baron, who is limited. A Baron's coronet, which was granted by King

Charles the Second, is formed with six pearls, set at equal distances on a gold girdle, bordered with ermine, four of which are seen on engravings, &c. to shew he is inferior to the Viscount. The eldest sons of Peers, above the degree of Viscount, bear their father's arms and supporters, with a label, and use the coronet appertaining to their father's second title; and all the younger sons bear their arms with the proper differences, but use no coronets. As the crown of Great Britain is not like that of other potentates, so do most of the coronets of foreign noblemen differ a little from those of the British nobility; for example, the coronet of a French Earl is a circle of gold with eighteen pearls set on the brim of it; a French Viscount's coronet is a circle of gold only enamelled, charged with four large pearls; and a French Baron's coronet is a circle of gold enamelled and bound about with a double bracelet of pearls; these coronets are only used on French Noblemen's coats of arms, and not worn on their heads, as the British noblemen and their ladies do at a King's coronation. The Archbishops and Bishops of England and Ireland place a mitre over their coats of arms; it is a round cap pointed and cleft at the top, from which hang two pendants fringed at both ends; with this difference, that the Bishop's mitre is only surrounded with a fillet of gold, set with precious stones, whereas the Archbishop's issues out of a ducal coronet. This ornament, with other masquerade garments, is still worn by all the Archbishops and Bishops of the church of Rome whenever they officiate with solemnity; but it is never seen in England or Ireland otherwise than on coats of arms as before mentioned.

## ANECDOTES OF GAMING.

GAMING with dice was an unusual and fashionable species of diversion at the Persian court in the times of the younger Cyrus; this is evident from the anecdote related by some historians of those days concerning Queen Parysatis, the mother of Cyrus, who used all her art and skill in gambling to satiate her revenge, and to accomplish her bloody-minded projects against the murderers of her favourite son. The anecdote is as follows:—"There only remained for the final execution of Queen Parysatis's project and fully to satiate her vengeance, the punishment of the King's slave Mrazabates, who by his master's orders cut off

the head of the younger Cyrus, who was beloved by Parysatis above Artaxerxes his elder brother and the reigning monarch; but as there was nothing to take hold of in his conduct, the Queen laid this snare for him. She was a woman of great address, had abundance of wit, and excelled at playing a certain game with dice. She had been apparently reconciled to the King after Cyrus's death, and made one in all his parties of pleasure and gambling. One day seeing the King totally unemployed, she proposed playing with him for a thousand darics (about five hundred pounds), to which he readily consented. She

suffered him to win and paid down the money. But affecting regret and vexation she pressed him to begin again, and to play with her for a slave. The King, who suspected nothing, complied, and the winner was to choose the slave. The Queen was now all attention to the game, and made use of her utmost skill and address, which as easily procured her victory as her studied neglect before had caused her defeat. She won, and chose Mesubates, who being delivered into her hands was put to the most cruel tortures and death by her command. When the King would have interfered, she only replied with a smile of contempt:—"Surely you must be a great loser, to be so much out of temper for giving up a decrepid old slave, when I, who lost a thousand good daries, and paid them down on the spot, do not say a word, and am satisfied."

An instance of Spanish generosity in gaming is recorded by Voltaire, to which if credit may be given, it redounds to their national honour. "The grandees of Spain (says he) had a generous ostentation, which was greatly taking with foreigners, and obtained only in Spain; this was to divide the money won at play among all the by-standers of whatever condition. Montresor relates, that when the Duke of Lerma, the Spanish minister, entertained Gaston, brother of Lewis XIII. with all his retinue in the Netherlands, he displayed a magnificence of an extraordinary kind. This prime minister, with whom Gaston spent several days, used to put two thousand louis d'ors on a large gaming table after dinner. With this money Gaston's attendants and even the prince himself sat down to play."

The following anecdote, however, gives us no very favourable idea of Spanish generosity to strangers in the article of gambling in modern times; and the worst of it is, the suitability of its application to *more capitals than one* among the kingdoms of Europe.—"After the bull-fest I was invited to pass the evening at the hotel of a lady, who had a public card-assembly. This recreation, innocent and trifling when first invented, is become a regular profession in France and Spain. This vile method of subsisting on the folly of mankind is confined in Spain to the nobility. None but women of quality are permitted to hold banks, and there are many whose faro banks bring them in a clear income of a thousand guineas a year. The lady to whom I was introduced is an old Countess, who has lived near thirty years on the profits of the card-tables in her house. They are frequented every day, and though both natives and foreigners are duped of large sums by her and her

cabinet-junto, yet it is the greatest house of resort in all Madrid. She goes to court, visits people of the first fashion, and is received with as much respect and veneration as if she exercised the most sacred functions of a divine profession. Many widows of great men keep gaming houses, or sit splendidly on the vices of mankind. If you be not disposed to be either a sharper or a dope you cannot be admitted a second time to these assemblies. I was no sooner presented to the lady than she offered me cards; and on my excusing myself, because I really could not play, having never been able to reconcile myself to the needless study of learning any one game, she made a very wry face, turned from me, and said to another lady in my hearing, that she wondered how any foreigner should have the impertinence to come to her house for no other purpose than to make an apology for not playing. My Spanish conductor, unfortunately for himself, had not the same apology. He played and lost his money, two circumstances which constantly follow one another in these houses. While my friend was thus playing the fool, I attentively watched the countenance and motions of the lady of the house; her anxiety, address, and assiduity, were equal to that of some skilful shop-keeper, who has a certain attraction to engage all to buy, and diligence to take care, that none shall escape the net. I found out all her privy counsellors, by her arrangement of her parties at the different tables; and whenever she showed an extraordinary eagerness to fix one particular person with a stranger, the game was always decided the same way, and her good friend was sure to win the money. In short, it is hardly possible to see good company at Madrid without you resolve to leave a purse of gold at the card-assemblies of their nobility."

Experience affords too undeniable a proof, that our own nation yields to no other in the pursuits of gaming. It is melancholy to reflect how predominant is the passion for play among the first circles of distinction! how genius and abilities of the first rate become its voluntary vortaries. Gaming in England is become rather a science than an amusement of social intercourse. The doctrine of chances is studied with an assiduity that would do honour to better subjects; and calculations are made on arithmetical and geometrical principles, to determine the degrees of probability attendant on games of mixed skill and chance, or even on the fortuitous throws of the dice.

The sensations attending a bett must needs be delightful, since it so often seems to form the life and spirit of conversation, and the



the most powerful and persuasive of all arguments; it is a logic more convincing than Aristotle's, more general in its premises, and decisive in its conclusions. Whether the matter be trifling or important, grave or ludicrous, whimsical or important, it is equally subject to the powers of betting, as in the following instances:—

Some time ago some sprigs of nobility were dining together at a tavern, they took the following sensible conceit into their heads after dinner. One of them observing a maggot come from a filbert which seemed to be uncommonly large, attempted to get it from his companion, who not choosing to let it go was immediately offered five guineas for it, which was accepted. Heathen proposed to run it against any other two maggots that could be produced at table. Matches were accordingly made, and these poor reptiles were the means of five hundred pounds being won and lost in a few minutes!

The following story has been asserted for truth; but if so, must for humanity's sake be imputed to the fumes of inebriation. A waiter at a tavern in Westminster, being engaged in attendance on some young men of distinction, suddenly fell down in a fit. Betts were immediately proposed by some of the most thoughtless on his recovery, and accepted by others. The more humane part of the company were for sending immediately for medical assistance; but this was over-ruled; since by the tenor of the betts, he was "to be left to himself;" and he died accordingly.

The intoxicating spirit of gaming is not confined to Europe; the American Indians also feel the bewitching impulse, and often lose their arms, their apparel, and every thing they are possessed of. In this case, however, they do not follow the example of more refined gamblers; for they neither murmur nor repine; not a fretful word escapes them, but they bear the frowns of fortune with a philosophic composure.

Among other games the Indians have one called the game of the bowl or platter, played between two persons only. Each person has six or eight little bones of a quadrangular form, two sides of which are coloured black and two white. These they throw up into the air, from whence they fall into a bowl, or platter, underneath, and made to spin round. He that happens to have the greatest number of these bones turn up of a similar colour, counts five points, and forty is the game. The winning party keeps his place and the loser yields

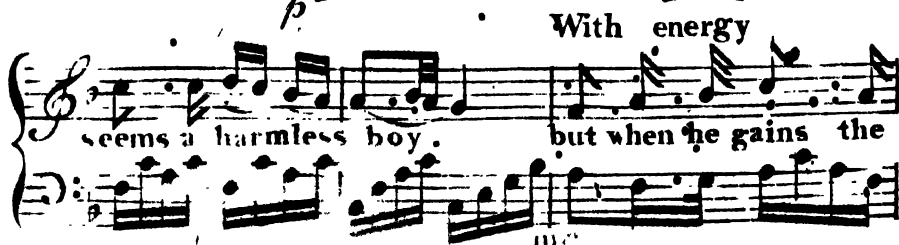
his to another; a whole village is sometimes concerned in the party, and at times one band plays against another. During this play the Indians appear to be greatly agitated, and at every decisive throw set up an hideous shout. They make a thousand contortions, addressing themselves at the same time to the bones, and loading with imprecations the evil spirits that assist their successful antagonists. At this game some will lose their apparel, all the moveables of their cabins, and sometimes even their liberty, notwithstanding there are no people in the universe more jealous of the latter than the Indians are.

An immoderate love of play, especially at games of hazard, is universal among the Americans. The same causes which so often prompt persons at their ease in civilized life to have recourse to this pastime render it the delight of the savage. The former are independent of labour; the latter do not feel the necessity of it; and as both are unemployed, they run with transport to whatever is of power to stir and agitate their minds. Hence the Americans, who are at other times so indifferent, so phlegmatic, so silent, and so disinterested, as soon as they engage in play, become rapacious, impatient, noisy, and almost frantic with eagerness.

The Sandwich Islanders are greatly addicted to gambling. One of their games resembles our game of drafts; but from the number of squares it seems to be more intricate. The board is of the length of about two feet, and is divided into two hundred and thirty-eight squares, fourteen in a row. In this game they use black and white pebbles, which they move from one square to another. Another game consists in concealing a stone under some cloth, which is spread out by one of the parties, and rumpled in such a manner that it is difficult to distinguish where the stone lies. The antagonist then strikes with a stick that part of the cloth where he supposes the stone to be, and the chances being upon the whole against his finding it, odds of all degrees, varying with the opinion of the dexterity of the parties, are laid upon the occasion. Their manner of playing at bowls nearly resembles ours. They often entertain themselves with races between boys and girls, on which occasions they lay wagers with great spirit. A man was seen beating his breast and tearing his hair in the violence of rage, for having lost three hatchets at one of these races, which he had purchased from Captain Cook with near half his property a very little time before.

# THE REJECTED LOVER.

Composed for La Belle Assemblée by M<sup>r</sup>. Hook . N<sup>o</sup> 49.  
Andantino con Expressivo.



heart, the God, then governs, then governs with

Iron Rod. away away. thou traitor love

away away away a-way thou trai-to

love.

Woman the cause of Mans undoing ,  
 Tempts him by syren smiles to ruin ,  
 And when his passion fondly pressing  
 He seeks the matrimonial blessing ,  
 She laughs to see his deep chagrine,  
 And wonders what the fool can mean,  
 Oh! Man! take heed, of love beware ,  
 For love is 'ruin and despair  
 Away, Away , thou Traitor love





# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

## FASHIONS For SEPTEMBER, 1809.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

#### ENGLISH COSTUME.

##### No. 1.—WALKING DRESS.

A Flushing hat of white Italian chip,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cap of the same material appearing underneath, ornamented with a wreath of oak-leaves and acorns, bound round the edge with blossom, pink ribband. Round dress of jaconot muslin, made tight to the shape, slashed Spanish front, laced with ribband the same as the hat, open before low enough to admit the figure; bosom and sleeves composed of hail-stone spotted muslin, frilled with scallop lace; train sloped up in front à-la-Parisienne, and bound with ribband; *Persée* scarf of Prussian blue silk, brought across the back and bosom, and round the neck, confined to the waist by a band and clasp. Gaitered slippers of blue kid and yellow jean. Gloves of York-tan. *Pafasol* brown or blue. The hair in light ringlet curls. Gold hoop earrings. Elastic ribband bracelets, with gold snaps.

##### No. 2.—CHELTENHAM ASSEMBLY BALL DRESS.

A Spanish hat, the front composed of green satin ribband of two different shades, wrought in trellis-work, the crown of correspondent sarsnet in the melon form, ornamented with a wreath of water-lilies and sea-weed. A dress of sea-green sarsnet, with Piedmontese jacket, frilled round the neck with scallop lace, and bound with ribband; let in at the seams, the bosom, and the bottom of the petticoat with a sea-weed bordering; vaudyked lattice work sleeves of ribband, worn over long lace sleeves. A rich lace drapery, confined to the waist by a band and Sphinx brooch, reaching behind to the bordering of the petticoat, and caught up on the right side with a cord and tassel suspended from the clasp. Amber bracelets, necklace, and earrings. Shoes of a pale yellow and green, white kid gloves, and Indian fan, complete the whole of this singularly elegant and novel dress.

No. XLIX. Vol. VII.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

##### ON THE MOST APPROVED,

##### FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

THE natural world and the *beau monde* have different periods allotted to them of rest and retirement, and the luxuriance and full gaiety of the one are contrasted with the sapiness and sterility of the other. In short, fashion and nature are children of different parents; at the season in which the harvest of fashion is gathered, when the imagination teems with novelty, and the progeny of fancy is ushered into light, the world of nature is stript of its gaiety, and reposes in cheerless and rugged nakedness. In a word, the seasons of the *beau monde* are precisely the reverse of those of nature. When the embellishments of nature are withering under the touch of autumn and winter; when the lap of creation is emptied of its gayest ornaments, and its productive powers are partially suspended, it is then that the magic sceptre of fancy conjures up a creation of her own; publishes her laws to the manufactory and the loom; musters her coteries, insists her servants, marks out his track to the Genius of Invention, and circumscribes with rule the volatility of taste.

The flights of our fashionable fair leaves us little of novelty to communicate directly from the metropolis; gaiety and bustle have deserted our streets, and whatever of invention or elegance may be worthy of notice, will be found in summer retreats.

In respect to the prevailing mode of dress we have observed but little variation since our last, none indeed but what has arisen rather from the changeableness of the weather than the sickleness of fashion or taste. Mantles and cloaks of every description are still worn, but are now generally lined with sarsnet the Opera mantle has however the pre-eminence. It is short, sloped off on one side, and bound with figured embossed ribband. The peasant pelisse still stands high in fashionable appro-

bation; it begins however to partake of the Spanish style, as indeed does every article of female attire.

The style of hats and bonnets for the outdoor costume has likewise experienced little variety, except that some have been wholly laid aside whilst others have advanced into more general favour; among the latter description is the Spanish hat in split straw, with the long white drooping ostrich feather. We must not however omit to mention the Flushing hat; it is of the Gipsy form, or mountain style, in white chip, with a double or second crown supplying the place of a cap. This is at once novel, elegant, and convenient; It is usually worn with a wreath of puffed ribbands or wild flowers. The Cottage bonnet is still seen, but is chiefly confined to our rising belles, except such as are composed of satin, with the crown a little raised, which some ingenious milliners have denominated the *Parisian* bonnet. Caps with veils, ornamented with artificial flowers, have an undisputed preference both in morning and evening dress, varying however slightly in their form and texture. Our more matronly belles seem indeed (and we think very judiciously) to reject the straw bonnet altogether. Lace and finely embroidered muslin, with an intermixture of satin, stand unrivalled in the constitution of caps, which continue still to be made close to the head, raised rather more behind than before. The Spanish hat and feather in satin is again revived. The lace veil, for such of our females as cannot be prevailed on, or find it inconvenient, to dispense with all covering for the head in full dress, is the most approved, with the hair dressed *à la-Madone*, and a small bunch of flowers placed on the left side, or thrown simply over the head in the Asiatic style, supported by a small cushion on the crown of the head, and confined by Persian pins; the device an acorn, either in gold or pearl. The hair lightly curled after the Persian manner.

In compliment to Spanish valour, our belles have adopted the simple jacket and petticoat of their country. It is composed of jaconot muslin, bound round the jacket and pocket-holes with coloured ribband, with slashed laced front. This dress is usually worn with the small Cottage mantlet, bound to correspond; a little chip hat edged, trimmed and tied under the chin with ribband, worn very much on one side. The plain morning dress, high in the neck, with long sleeves, is by no means laid aside, but is still worn with a little jacket affixed to the back, edged with scallop lace. The wrap back is just introduced, and

may be worn with a good effect by such as are happy in a light airy figure; it is formed by a large half handkerchief, with the point taken off and attached to the top of the waist in front, crossed over the shoulders, and brought round to tie in a rosette before; but it should be of thinner materials than the dress itself.

Evening dresses are chiefly composed of crape, gauze, tiffany, Opera nets, and light shaded sarsets. The most fashionable style of construction is that with the square frock back, strait and rather low across the bosom, edged with scallop lace, a double row of the same round the bottom of the dress; short or long sleeves according to the fancy of the wearer, composed almost entirely of lace. The antique bodice in white or coloured sarset is gaining fast upon us. Sashes we observe are more worn than bands, brought twice round the waist and tied on the left side.

We have little of novelty to remark in the style of jewellery; gold French combs are still adopted; the Pilgrim necklace and cross in diamond, pearl, or coral, is a graceful appendage to dress; topaz, emeralds, and amber are still worn; bracelets and brooches have not yet been resumed.

Shoes of lemon-colour, white, and green are most in esteem. Gloves to correspond. The prevailing colours are lilac, yellow, sea green, and blossom-pink.

#### LETTER ON DRESS.

DEAR MARIA,

Worthing, Aug. 28.

I will suppose you acquainted with the numerous accidents that have so long retarded our arrival at this charming place, being determined to divest my mind of every unpleasant remembrance. In the gaieties of this place, and the delightful prospect of our frequent meetings, I have already anticipated the full reward of my long suffering and no less patient endurance. I must not however omit to tell you, that we spent a most delightful day on our journey hither with the Dowager Duchess of M——. You know that I have the honour to stand high in her good graces, of which, from her character for good sense and extensive benevolence, I think I have just reason to be proud. On the second day of our journey, my aunt feeling herself indisposed, rose later than usual. I walked over as soon as I had breakfasted to make my visit. I was informed by the servant that her Grace was in the garden, and requested that I would join

her. I flew down the avenue, and soon caught a glimpse of her giving directions to her gardener. The moment she perceived me, she advanced to meet me, a smile of genuine welcome playing on her countenance. Both hands were occupied by the most charming flowers, which she had herself been selecting for the decoration of her dressing room. I felt embarrassed, but I was soon relieved by her throwing her arms in the most graceful and condescending manner round my neck; and immediately on being informed where I had left my aunt and her party, dispatched a messenger requesting their company to spend the day; which was accepted. We had spent nearly an hour in the most interesting and instructive discourse, when a loud ringing at the gate announced the arrival of visitors; and Lady Louisa M—, more gay and charming than ever, entered the room. She had just returned from Brighton, to be present at a little party which her Grace was to give that day. You must not, my dear Maria, expect a very glowing description of

the company; but I will so far gratify you as to describe Lady Louisa's travelling dress. It was simply, then, a little jacket and petticoat of fine cambric, embroidered all round in a narrow border of sea weed; a small chip Spanish hat with three flat ostrich feathers falling over, and partially shading her left cheek. I was also favoured with a sight of a most elegant dress which her Ladyship wore at a ball given by our illustrious Heir Apparent, at the Pavilion; I think you were prevented by indisposition from being present. It was of white crape, open on the left side, made rather short, and embroidered all round with silver saffron interspersed with shells; a wreath of the same confined her hair.

Adieu, my dear Maria; be assured all your commissions are executed to the best of my ability. I shall be with you by the next mail, provided with a hundred pretty things to be disposed by the light finger of fancy according to the dictates of fashion.

## EXPLANATION OF THE ANNEXED MAP AND ADJOINING COUNTRY.

### FORTS ON THE RIGHT OR EAST BANK OF THE SCHELD.

*Fort Sanvict.*—This fort is strong, and cannot be passed by shipping.

*Fort Henry.*—This fort has been demolished.

*Fort Blaugarten.*—This fort is likewise very strong, and in good condition.

*Fort Lillo.*—This is a most important fort, and very strong.

All the above forts are within two miles of each other, and flank the river, so as to render the passage of shipping almost impossible, and therefore accounts for the great land force which it has been deemed prudent to send. Lillo is distant from Antwerp ten miles.

*Fort Shenis.*—A secondary fort, but we believe a strong one. All the weaker forts having been demolished, none were left but such as were important by their local situation, or the artificial strength of their works.

*Fort St. Phillips.*—This fort has been demolished.

*Fort St. Boergarten.*—A strong redoubt, very formidable.

*Fort Biermantel,* in the immediate vicinity of Antwerp, flanking the river, and may be considered as one of the works of the city.

The several forts on the West Bank of the Scheld are of the same nature as those above

described. The chief of them are Fort St. Anne, Fort Lies, Fort Liefenhoex, directly opposite Lillo, Fort Peete and Callo. We understand all those to be very strong: the nature of the Expedition may not improbably be inferred from these circumstances.

The following places are the main points with which the Expedition has any probable concern:—

*Middelburg,* a seaport town of Holland, in the State of Zealand, situated in the centre of the island of Walcheren, of which it is the capital. It was at the beginning only a village, which the Lords of Borssele enlarged and surrounded with walls in the year 1132. The fortifications of Middelburg are very strong and regular, having been much augmented by the Dutch since they became masters of it. They have eight gates, and twelve bastions to defend the walls and ramparts, with large and deep ditches filled with water; besides which its situation is such as to enable the inhabitants to lay the country about it under water when they please. The number of inhabitants is about 26,000 Long. 3. 25. E. lat. 51. 34. N.

*Flushing or Vlissingen, or Flessingue,* a seaport town of the Dutch State of Zealand, in the isle of Walcheren, on the north side of an arm of the Scheld: it defends the passage not



of that river only, but all the islands of Zealand, of which it is one of the most important keys; it was on this account that Charles V. when he abdicated his crown, particularly enjoined his son Philip to take care and preserve it safe; and that prince, when he left the port in 1559 to take possession of the kingdom of Spain, commanded a castle to be built to defend the town, which was, however, never executed, on account of the troubles that happened soon after. The port lies between two moles that break the waves of the sea, which enters the town by means of two canals, forming two basins, so that loaded vessels may sail into the town, to the great convenience of the merchants. The States pledged this with some other towns to Queen Elizabeth, as a security for her assistance, and surrendered it to the Earl of Leicester, who was made Governor the 29th of October, 1583, and arrived the same year with 6000 soldiers, and above 500 gentlemen. In the year 1616, it was restored with the other towns to the States, by the negotiation of John Olden Barneveldt, Ambassador to James I. Flushing was the birth-place of Adrian de Ruyter, who, from a sailor and pilot, became Admiral of the United Provinces. In January 1795, Flushing was taken by the French. 28 miles N.E. Ostend. Long. 3. 21. E. lat. 51. 30. N.

*Antwerp*, a city of France, and capital of the department of the Two Nethes. Before the union of the Netherlands with France, it was the capital of a Marquisate. It is situated in a large plain, on the eastern side of the Scheld, which has here sufficient depth and width to admit vessels of great burthen close to the quay; and even by means of canals cut through the town, vessels may be brought to unload at the very doors. The commerce of this city rather more than two centuries ago, was superior to that of any other State of Europe, 2,500 merchant vessels arriving in its port in one year; and it is recorded in the annals of the place, that the value of the merchandize imported in the year 1550, amounted to one hundred and thirty-three millions of gold. But since that time, when the United Provinces threw off the yoke of the Spanish Government, having got possession of the entrance of the Scheld, they built forts on the

sides, and sunk obstructions in the channel to prevent a free navigation; in consequence of which the commerce of Antwerp was ruined, and grass grew before the warehouses of those who had been the greatest merchants in the universe. It is still, however, a large and handsome city, and the see of a Bishop, suffragan of the Archbishop of Malines. The streets are in general wide and straight, and surrounded by a wall and regular fortifications; the citadel, of a pentagon form, was built by order of the Duke of Alva, on a rising ground, to keep the citizens in awe. At the treaty of Munster, when a peace was concluded between Philip IV. and the United Provinces, Antwerp seems to have fallen a sacrifice for a peace-offering; for by an article of that treaty, it was agreed that no large merchant vessel should sail to Antwerp, without first unloading her cargo in one of the ports of Holland, from whence the merchandize might be conveyed to Antwerp in barges or small vessels. The late Emperor Joseph made a pretence of again opening the navigation of the Scheld; but for want of resolution, conduct, or power, the scheme proved abortive. The late threatened plan of opening the Scheld by the French, which was, at least, the ostensible reason for England's taking up arms is well known. The navigation was declared free in the month of August, 1794. Antwerp was taken by the French in November, 1792, and the citadel surrendered prisoners of war the 29th of that month; the French evacuated it in March following. In July 1794, it surrendered to the Republican troops again. 31 posts W. Luxemburg, and 44 N. Paris. Long. 4. 22. E. lat. 51. 14. N.

*Scheld*, a river of France, which rises about eight miles north from St. Quentin, in the department of the Aisne, passes by Cambray, Bouchain, Denain, Valenciennes, where it becomes navigable, Conde, Tournay, Oudenarde, Ghent, Dendermonde, Antwerp, &c. some leagues below which it divides into two streams, the east and west, the former passing by Berg op Zoom, the latter by Flushing, and both run into the German Sea, west of the islands of Zealand. It gives name to a department late in Austrian Flanders, of which Ghent is the capital.

SCHIED.

STADT

KLUNDERT

NORTH SEA



ERGEN  
ZOOM

Vel





# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1809.

---

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

---

1. An Elegant PORTRAIT of THE RIGHT HON. LADY CATHARINE HOWARD.
  2. A WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURE in the FASHIONS of the SEASON, COLOURED.
  3. An ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano forte; composed exclusively for this Work, by Mr. HOOK.
  4. Two elegant and new PATTERNS for NEEDLE-WORK.
  5. An Engraved representation of the GRAND EAST FRONT AND NORTH ANGLE OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.
- 

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

Lady Catharine Howard ..... 87

### ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

- Account of a Mermaid seen on the coast of Scotland ..... 88
- Hymenæa in search of a Husband ..... 89
- Life of a Lounger ..... 90
- History of the Oldcastle family ..... 100
- On Heraldry ..... 102
- Sketch of the present state of Society in London ..... 105
- Account of the game of Nine-much's Morris ..... 109
- Original letters descriptive of Ireland .. 110
- Account of the battle of Corunna, and the last moments of Lieut.-General Sir John Moore; by his Brother ..... 112
- Description of the Architecture and Interior of Covent-Garden Theatre ..... 117

### BEAUTIES OF THE BRITISH POETS.

#### BEAUTIES OF MOORE.

Fables for the Female Sex.

Table I. The Eagle and the assembly of Birds ..... 17

Table II. The Panther, the Horse, and

other Beasts ..... 18

III. The Nightingale and Glow-worm ..... 19

IV. Hymen and Death ..... 20

V. The Poet and his Patron ..... 21

VI. The Wolf, the Sheep, and the Lamb ..... 22

VII. The Goose and the Swans .. 23

VIII. The Lawyer and Justice .. 24

IX. The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat ..... 25

X. The Spider and the Bee ..... 26

---

### LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Explanation of the Prints of Fashion.... 121

General Observations on the most approved

Fashions for the Season ..... 26

Account of the opening of Covent-Garden Theatre ..... 122

Supplementary Advertisements for the Month.

## TO OUR READERS.

---

*IN the present Number we have given only one Plate of Fashions, in order that we might gratify the general curiosity of the Public by an Engraven*

### **REPRESENTATION OF THE EXTERIOR OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.**

*Our Readers, we trust, will readily receive (for the present Number) the present interesting Embellishment in lieu of the second Plate of Fashions.*

Tell's

# COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For SEPTEMBER. 1809.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

or

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

---

The Fiftieth Number.

---

THE RIGHT HON. LADY CATHARINE HOWARD.

HER Ladyship is the only daughter of John, the present Earl of Suffolk, by Julia, Countess of Suffolk.

The Right Hon. John Howard, Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Viscount Andover, and Baron Howard, of Charleton, succeeded his cousin Feb. 24, 1783. He was born March 7, 1730, married July 2, 1774, Julia, daughter of John Gaskarth, of Penrith, in Cumberland, Esq. by whom he has issue Charles Nevinston, Viscount Andover, born May 13, 1775; Thomas, born August 18, 1776; John, born 1777, died 1778; William Philip, born 1779, died 1780; Catharine, born twin with William Philip.

The descent of this family is set forth under the title of Duke of Norfolk, in the British Peerage.—The following is an heral-  
dic sketch of the arms of the family:—

CREATIONS.—Created Earl of the county of Suffolk, July 21, 1603, 1 Jac. I. Baron Charleton, in the county of Wilts, and Viscount Andover, in the county of Southampton, January 23, 1621, 19 Jac. I. and Earl of the county of Berks, February 6, 1623, 1 Car. I.

ARMS, AND CREST.—The same as the Duke of Norfolk, with the crescent for difference; omitting the truncheons on the back of the escutcheon.

SUPPORTERS.—On the dexter side, a lion guardant, or, gorged ducally, argent. On the sinister, a lion, argent.

MOTTO.—*Non quo sed quomodo.* Not by whom, but in what manner.

CHIEF SEATS.—At Charleton, in Wilts; at Levens, in Westmorland; and at Elford, in Staffordshire.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

## THE MERMAID SEEN ON THE COAST OF CAITNESS.

We give the following letter, leaving our readers to attach what credit to it they please:

*Letter from Miss Mackay, daughter of the Rev. David Mackay, Minister of Ray, to Miss Innes, Dwager of Sandside.*

*Ray Manse, May 25, 1809.*

MADAM,—To establish the truth of what has hitherto been considered improbable and fabulous, must be at all times a difficult task, and I have not the vanity to think that my testimony alone would be sufficient for this purpose; but when to this is added that of four others, I hope it will have some effect in removing the doubts of those, who may suppose that the wonderful appearance I reported having seen in the sea on the 12th of January, was not a Mermaid, but some other uncommon, though less remarkable inhabitant of the deep. As I would willingly contribute to remove the doubt of the sceptical on this subject, I beg leave to state to you the following account, after premising that my cousin, whose name is affixed along with mine, was one of the four witnesses who beheld with me this uncommon spectacle.

While she and I were walking by the sea shore, on the 12th of January, about noon, our attention was attracted by seeing three people who were on a rock at some distance, shewing signs of terror and astonishment at something they saw in the water; on approaching them, we distinguished that the object of their wonder was a face resembling the human countenance, which appeared floating on the waves; at that time nothing but the face was visible; it may not be improper to observe, before I proceed farther, that the face, throat, and arms, are all I can attempt to describe, all our endeavours to discover the appearance and position of the body being unavailing. The sea at that time ran very high, and as the waves advanced, the Mermaid gently sunk under them, and afterwards reappeared.

The face seemed plump and round, the eyes and nose very small, the former were of a light grey colour, and the mouth was large, and from the shape of the jaw-bone, which

seemed straight, the face looked short, as to the inside of the mouth I can say nothing, not having attended to it, though sometimes open. The head was exceedingly round, the hair thick and long, of a green oily cast, and appeared troublesome to it, the waves generally throwing it down over the face; it seemed to feel the annoyance, and as the waves retreated, with both its hands frequently threw back the hair, and rubbed its throat, as if to remove any soiling it might have received from it. The throat was slender, smooth, and white; we did not think to observe whether it had elbows; but from the manner in which it used its arms, I must conclude that it had. The arms were very long and slender, as were the hands and fingers, the latter were not webbed. The arms, one of them at least, was frequently extended over its head, as if to frighten a bird that hovered over it, and seemed to distress it much; when that had no effect, it sometimes turned quite round several times successively. At a little distance we observed a seal. It sometimes laid its right hand under its cheek, and in this position floated for some time. We saw nothing like hair or scales on any part of it, indeed the smoothness of the skin particularly caught our attention. The time it was discernable to us was about an hour. The sun was shining clearly at the time; it was distant from us a few yards only. These are the few observations made by us during the appearance of this strange phenomenon.

If they afford you any satisfaction, I shall be particularly happy. I have stated nothing but what I clearly recollect; as my cousin and I had frequently, previous to this period, combated an assertion which is very common among the lower class here, that Mermaids had been frequently seen on this coast, our evidence cannot be thought biased by any former prejudice in favour of the existence of this wonderful creature.

\*To contribute in any degree to your pleasure or amusement, will add to the happiness of,—Madam, your greatly obliged,

(Signed)

ELIZ. MACKAY,  
C. MACKENZIE.

## HYMENÆA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

[Continued from Page 55.]

My aunt became so earnest in favour of Lord Billy, that as we happened to be going to Richmond to spend the spring, she invited Lady Fiddle Faddle and her son to accompany us. The invitation was accepted; and in a few days we were all settled *en famille* in my aunt's villa in the immediate vicinity of Richmond.

"You were always fond of the country, Hymenæa," said my aunt; "you have now your wish. What think you of Richmond?"

"If you call Richmond the country," said I, "I must plainly say that it bears no resemblance to it. Here we have a party of thirty in the house, beside the servants of half of them, and you are pleased to call this rural life; indeed it is nothing like it."

"Why here are trees, and fields," said my aunt; "and as much wood and water as you could desire."

"Yes," replied I; "but where is nature, where is the waving corn field, or the rough hedge; where is simplicity; where is virtue; and excuse me if I say it, where is rural modesty?"

"You are too censorious," said my aunt.

"Is there not as much modesty in a London rout as in a country assize ball?"

"There is certainly not the same shew of it," replied I. "Why, a whole county would become outrageous, if our young ladies in the country were to make such an exhibition as may be seen in your London drawing-rooms every evening. My dear aunt, even your title would not save you from being pelted by one of our vulgar mobs, if you were seen with such naked arms."

"Well," replied my aunt, "if you have no other room of complaint but with our clothes—"

"Why, I think, that this is quite sufficient," continued I. "All this kind of reserve is the outwork of real modesty; where it is given up, so much is sacrificed. A woman is safe from every libertine attack who would tremble at an accidental exposure of any part of her person. But when she has accustomed herself to this perfect

nudity she loses so much of her sensibility."

"This is all in fancy," said my aunt. "We read in the ancient historians, that the Spartan virgins were purposely exhibited with naked shoulders. Would you infer therefore, that these virgins were destitute of all modesty?"

"Certainly not," said I; "because they did not oppose themselves to the manners of their country. They did not go naked in a country where all their fellow-citizens were clothed. There was no indecency in such nakedness because the manners and customs of the country had removed all its licentious efficacy or interpretation. The women stood as so many beautiful statues, and the men regarded them as such. Neither one or the other of them could be suspect of any improper idea; neither one or the other sex were sensible that either was doing wrong. So far indeed modesty is an idea."

"Where did you learn all this casuistry?" said my aunt.

"From a better master," replied I, "than the one from whom you have learned your practice. But to leave this subject, permit me to ask of you this question.—Are you to be at the expence of entertaining this large party, thirty-six in number, during the destined time of our stay, one month?"

"That's very well thought of," said my aunt. "The party is certainly very large, and what is more, it will be daily larger. I have invited all my friends and their families. And what with them and their servants, I shall have a perfect camp of them. Upon my word, my dear, you have made me serious, for I have already very considerably exceeded my income; and the month's entertainment of this numerous party will infinitely embarrass me. Dear Hymenæa what is to be done?"

"Indeed I know not, madam," said I; "you have brought it upon you, and I am really afraid that you must now go through with it. This is another example of your fashionable want of thought. Your fortune is happily sufficient to support you



under such extravagance, but suppose that your income had been less, it would have been just the same, you would have ruined yourself through your thoughtlessness. Upon my word, this fashion begins to frighten me."

"You may rest perfectly at your ease," said my aunt. "If fashion has its follies, it has likewise its expedients. Give me that ink stand."

"My aunt then took her seat and wrote a letter. Upon my expressing my curiosity, my aunt read it to me as follows —

"My dear Colonel,—Oblige me, my dearest friend, by immediately favouring me with your company at Richmond. I want you for a whole month, and must insist that you will send no excuse. If you do, you ruin me—Come without fail.—Our party consists of nearly forty, and I hope will shortly reach the three score. I will promise you five hundred for yourself. Yours, &c."

"My dear aunt," said I, "what is all this. This is only adding another to your party."

"Nothing of the kind," replied my aunt. "This is an expedient by which I have converted an expensive family party into a club, whose expence will not reach me. Immediately upon the arrival of the Colonel, he becomes the steward, and for the time the master of the house. He takes every thing into his own hands, agrees with the tradesmen, and has every thing his own way. At the expiration of the month he collects all the bills, adds five hundred pounds to them for himself, and then sends a ticket to all for their respective share. It is paid without a murmur, as if it were an income tax, and there's an end of it. Confess then that fashion has its expedients as well as its follies."

"I confess," said I, "that it has its follies in every shape, even in that of expedients. I suppose that your share of this club may possibly exceed one thousand pounds."

"Very possibly," said my aunt; "but then we shall have every thing on a most princely scale, such as no one could command without a joint purse, and a partnership account."

In this manner so large a party was collected, that my aunt's villa at Richmond

was still more dissipated than her house in town. Not an hour in the day could I in any way procure to myself. If self-examination be one of the means of self-amendment, the latter is certainly very little to be expected in the fashionable world; if the people of fashion could be compelled to a short recess of actual retirement I have no doubt but that it would tend to the improvement both of their morals and of their understandings. Half their follies and all their vices originate in thoughtlessness.

Immediately opposite my aunt's villa lived a nobleman, unfortunately too well known both in the fashionable and general world.

"Do you suffer that nobleman to visit you?" said I, to my aunt.

"Certainly," said she; "every one admits him.—Why should I be singular?"

"Because you should be right," said I. "The generality of a bad practice is no excuse that you should fall into it; example is no alleviation for vice in those who have the ability to judge for themselves."

"But how is the admission, the passive endurance of this man, to be considered as wrong?" said my aunt.

"In the first place," replied I, "since you have rendered me your moral instructor, it is wrong to receive a bad man on the same terms as another, because it destroys the practical distinction between virtue and vice. It puts both upon the same footing as far as worldly countenance goes. It thereby diminishes the restraints upon vice and the encouragement of virtue.—Shame might influence many upon whom moral obligation is lost. A person who endures a bad man most clearly encourages him; he remits a part of that punishment, and of that just retribution which is the best security of virtue."

"Have you any thing more to say," said my aunt.

"Yes," replied I. "The next mischief of giving this good reception to a bad man is, that you render him an example of successful vice; an example, that a man may be vicious without being contemptible, that vice of itself is not so disgusting but what rank and wealth may procure it esteem. Now do you not think, that an example of this kind must have a very bad

effect upon those young men whom the headstrong passions of youth naturally tempt to follow in the same line.—Will they not naturally argue, why should I not follow the free bent of my inclination, when there is perfect impunity if not direct encouragement. Here is a man much worse than I have any inclination to be, and yet he is not contemned. Every house is open to him, and every one forgets his vices in his rank and wealth. I have the same rank, and may acquire the same wealth.—Why therefore should I fear the opinion of the world which I see to be thus indulgent and thus purchaseable.

"Any more arguments, Hymenæa? I am resolved to hear you out," said my aunt.

"Yes," replied I, "there is still another consideration on this subject, which ought to have some weight with you, and that is, the mischief which you do to yourself by thus associating, or even accustoming yourself to endure, the approach of a bad man. Every one, before they are corrupted, have a natural prejudice, if so it may be called, in favour of virtue; their hearts and reason have all a natural inclination and a kind of yearning that way. This natural sentiment is a very powerful guardian of our own virtue. It is the best guide to the thoughtless and to the ignorant. It is this instinct, for such it is, which secures the modesty of the milk-maid, and the honesty of the ploughman. Now what I wish to say is, that not only every habit of vice, but even every habit of thinking of it lightly, necessarily blunts the moral sense, and therefore proportionately removes that repugnance and natural aversion to vice which secures many from falling. The passive endurance of a bad man is one of this nature. It accustoms us to think lightly of vice, and thereby proportionately deadens our sense of virtue."

"I thank you, my dear, for what you have said," continued my aunt; "and will acknowledge that you are perfectly right. The endurance of this man is certainly not honourable either to the morals or to the judgment of the fashionable world. It has rendered him perhaps what he is by the impunity of his first irregularities; it has rendered him, moreover, what you have expressed, a standing example to all the

youth of the age. But how are you to reform an established practice?"

"It is in the power of every one, and therefore it is the duty of every one," said I, "to reform themselves. General practice is necessarily made up of individual practice. Let every individual perform his own duty, and every thing will be right. Besides, in a high station in life no one is properly an individual; his or her rank necessarily renders them an example to many. Such an individual, therefore, belongs to a system, he has a number of satellites which necessarily follow his motions. The argument, therefore, is not good, that you can only reform yourself, and therefore that your amendment would be a very insignificant good; but to say all in a word, every one is under an obligation to look to himself in the first place, and secondly to reward others."

This conversation passed in my aunt's dressing-room; we were interrupted by a tapping at the door; upon opening it Lady Fiddle Faddle entered.

"My dearest ladies," said she, "my dear Billy will arrive this evening. You don't know how much he has alarmed me. I gave him permission to go a tour of three days, he has taken four, and alarmed me exceedingly.—If he play me any more of these tricks, he shall go out no more."

"Pray, madam, how old is my Lord Billy?" said I.

"Old, my dear," he is just turned of four and twenty; but I have educated him entirely under my own eye, and I can assure you that he is a very good young man. He goes no where without me, and I should deem myself offended with any one who was to invite the one without the other. They are no true friends of my son's who would have him without me."

"Pray how did you manage when my Lord was at college?" said my aunt.

"I went with him," replied my Lady.

"I took a house in the town, and scarce ever suffered him out of my sight. By paying all his bills, I have prevented him from extravagance; I allowed him to go to any place without being first informed where was, and what was his object, and with whom he was going; I allowed him to have no friends, lest they should instil into him bad principles; I have brought him

with the modesty of a girl. He cannot enter the company of ladies without blushing."

"Don't you think you may have carried this too far?" said my aunt.

"Not at all," said my Lady; "look around you, my dear madam, and see what are the young men of the day, and then answer me, whether you would wish your son to resemble one of these. Is not the modesty of my son, even, if approaching to diffidence, preferable to the confidence of these, which certainly does not merely approach to impudence. A very short experience in the world will give my son the necessary confidence; but I trust that the habits of his early education will so far remain, that he will always remain ashamed of folly and reluctant from vice. I hope that he will always have too much diffidence to enter into a contest of swearing and blasphemy. I will then pardon his awkwardness."

"All this is right," said my aunt; "but excuse me for the observation, have you not too much narrowed his notions in pecuniary affairs. You have just now told me, that even to this hour he acquiesces to you for every penny he spends."

"Yes," replied she, "for every penny; amongst other lessons I have not neglected those of economy. Half the vices in the world originate in the embarrassments arising out of prodigality. To this, character and even conscience itself is but too frequently sacrificed. Can you blame me therefore that I have not overlooked the necessity of economy."

"Every duty," said my aunt, "lies in a certain moderation. It is certainly your duty to teach him an honourable and respectable economy, but may not this economy as it is called, be carried so far as not to be consistent with that liberal and decent expence which is required by his rank and fortune. Surely his time is more valuable than to be uselessly expended in his painful assiduity to save a shilling. There is nothing in my opinion so contracts the mind of a young man, or a young woman as this pecuniary prudence."

"Every one to their own way of thinking," replied my Lady; "for my part I have educated my son on a model of my own, and we shall see how it will turn out. Economy in my humble opinion, is one of

the means of making a small fortune extend to double its natural compass; and as consequence, influence, and even the respect which is paid to rank itself, naturally follow the proportion of fortune, so the effect of economy in increasing fortune is to increase all these. And as to the extremes of duties it is a maxim of mine, madam, that nothing is taught well which is not in extremes. I never do any thing by piecemeal. I have endeavoured to teach my son by habit not merely the doctrine but the practice of economy."

Upon saying this, her Ladyship walked away in something like a pet.

"This is a very worthy woman," said my aunt, "but she carries every thing to a very unhappy extreme. The temper of her son is happily not inclined to avarice, or I do not know what her economical lessons might effect. She is an eternal fidget upon every thing relating to this subject. Hey day, what is the matter with her now," repeated my aunt, seeing her approach rather hastily.

"You have been talking of economy, my Lady," said she; "pray what economy do you call this? You will pardon me for noticing it. Here are three loaves of sugar which your servant is carrying down into your kitchen, and when I asked him for what purpose he could give me no other answer but that the housekeeper had sent him for it."

"Well," said my aunt, "I trust my housekeeper, and surely you do the same."

"Never," replied she, "I trust no one; to-day I do not intend to go out, if you permit me, therefore, I will overlook your housekeeper, and you shall see that out of those three loaves of sugar I will save you two."

"As you please," said my aunt; "if you think that the two loaves that you will save is a sufficient payment for passing a whole morning in the kitchen."

"I think that economy is below no one, madam," replied she; "and to prove what it can do, I am resolved, with your permission, to overlook the housekeeper."

"Consider yourself as mistress here, my dear Lady," said my aunt; "but excuse me for saying, that I will grudge the servants your company. You will render your life very unpleasant. Now be pleased to consider whether the paltry saving of a

little waste be a sufficient remuneration to you, not merely for your lost time, but for your actual labour and suffering. You will not be able to overlook the servants, as you call it, without innumerable mortifications. Would it not be better to leave them to themselves even at the expence of a couple of loaves of sugar?"

"If all that may be saved in these minor articles were put together they would amount to nearly one half of either your or my income. The value of economy is not understood because it only comes before us by piecemeal, and in small detail. How many are the articles which go to housekeeping in a large establishment, and in every one of these how much is the waste, how much is the cribbing?"

"Why are you so silent, Hyphenæa," said my aunt, "whilst you see us so deep and so warm in argumen?"

"I have been listening attentively to you both, madam, and think that you are both right and both wrong; that one of you is an advocate for a liberality which trespasses on profusion, and the other for an economy which trespasses on the verge of parsimony. You are right, for example, when you say that the supervision of family expences and consumption may be carried to such an extreme that the saving may not be worth the labour, the vexation, the mortification incurred in it, and that it would be even better to make allowance for the ordinary waste and pilfering of servants, than to prevent it by such a vexatious supervision, such an expence of time and temper. So far I think you are perfectly right, but when you assert that economy is beneath a person of quality——"

"I have asserted no such thing," said my aunt, "and had no intention of making such a foolish assertion. There are limits to every thing; economy certainly does not preclude a due regard and consideration of what belongs to the difference of ranks; if I understand any thing by economy, it consists in the due regulation of our expenditure according to our fortune and rank in life; in maintaining that appearance which becomes us without a profligate extravagance or needless waste. Now the rank and fortune of Lady Fiddle Faddle's son should certainly put him above necessity, yet what will you say when

I can inform you from my own knowledge, that the young man is absolutely in treaty with a Jew, and with one of the worst of the Jews, to discharge an university debt of five or six hundred pounds. So much for the prudent economy in which her Ladyship has educated her only hope. And as to her housekeeping, answer me, whether you think that her possible savings can indemnify her for her loss of temper, for her vexations, and for necessary patience under the insults of the servants over whom she wats hes."

"It is certainly possible that this may be carried to too great an extent," said I; "but no virtue should be run down wholesale on the pretext of its abuse. Every virtue is in some degree a self sacrifice, a sacrifice of some passion, humour, or caprice. No one, therefore, very willingly acknowledges the obligation, and in this state of mind every excuse is eagerly seized, and worked up into a justification for the neglect or breach of it. How many are there who daily justify their extravagance by the alleged opposite examples of certain notorious misers. But to finish our argument, the fashionable world would certainly be happier, and even ultimately richer, if they admitted economy amongst their necessary duties. A very learned man has said, that more is saved by economy than acquired by industry, and that the best revenue of a state, and I should suppose of an individual, is what it might save."

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a very heavy, grave looking man, who asked my aunt whether she would be of the party to the Windsor sheep shearing. "The day is fine," said he; "and you will see the different breeds of sheep to perfection."

"You may depend that I will be one of the party," said my aunt.

"There will be a noble shew of breeds," continued he. "The sheep of the same growth will weigh by many pounds more than the sheep of last year; and what renders the weight so much clear gain, their wool will not suffer by it; for though they shall have acquired so many pounds, their wool will be finer than ever—Madam, madam," continued he, "it will be a glorious shew."

"You may depend upon it that I will

be there," said my aunt; "though I cannot say that I either care or understand much of the breed of sheep, or of the quality of the wool. Play to Sir J—, is not one breed as good as another, and what do we want with such fine wool?"

"There is the same difference in sheep as in women, madam," replied he; "there are fine sheep and fine women, and vulgar looking sheep and vulgar looking women."

"And to judge by your language, Sir J—, you seem to put us all upon the same footing; you seem to flock women and sheep together."

"A great writer has said, madam," said he, "that he merits more glory than the greatest conqueror, who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. Our sheep management is founded upon the same principle. By a due arrangement of the different breeds we procure sheep of double the weight at the same expence of food; the same field will now produce double the quantity of mutton, and wool of double the quality."

"Such a pursuit then," said I, "certainly leads to the public good; it augments the quantity of food, and thereby keeps down the price within the means of purchase of the labouring class. It was certainly, moreover, the intention of Heaven that we should render every thing as perfect as possible; every thing was doubtless created in its most perfect standard, but from accidental causes many species may have degenerated. It is one use of human reason to remedy and repair these accidental irregularities, to find out the causes of the degeneracy, and to raise every thing up to its natural standard."

"My dear young lady," said he, "you have spoken very sensibly; and I confess that I am one of those who have given up my time to these pursuits. I have discovered that there is a certain period of the year which is most favourable for—"

"Come, come, my dear Sir," said my aunt laughing, "though we are talking about sheep, there is such a thing as delicacy. We will give you credit for having taken due care of your breed of sheep."

"Madam," continued he, "you can scarcely imagine the trouble they have cost me; night after night have I been

obliged to watch my female lambs for fear of their making any improper conjunction. I had two favourite Spanish young ewes; it was my intention to have paired them with Leicestershires; but one unfortunate night a Norfolk ram broke into the fold, and, would you believe it, madam, my Spaniards were off with him. Unfortunate night! unlucky event! had it not been for this I might have had some lambs which, being between Spanish and Leicestershire, would have carried the prize for weight and wool. And what renders it more mortifying is, that I had a kind of presentiment of the misfortune, and was about to get up two or three times in the night, but my Lady, who cares nothing about the breed of sheep, would not permit me."

"That was very unfortunate," said my aunt smiling.

"The most unhappy thing in the world, madam," continued he; "but what is most provoking is, that this is not the first time that a similar misfortune has occurred. An East India Captain had presented me with a most beautiful Cape ewe, and another gentleman presented me with a China male. I was most anxious to see the breed between them; and when the time approached—"

"My dear Sir J—," said my aunt, "pray do not talk any more about this nonsense."

"You was disappointed, Sir," said a gentleman who now joined us.

"Yes, my dear Sir," continued Sir J—. "Day after day, and night after night, did I watch this pair; but all would not do. The Cape ewe made her escape, and remained a whole night with the flock in common. The consequence was, that I have had a mongrel lamb instead of a rare species. My Lady was again in fault; I happened to have a cold on the unfortunate night, and she hurried me to bed very early instead of suffering me to keep watch."

"Could you not have confined them together?" said the gentleman.

"No, Sir," continued he; "these animals will never come together in confinement; they must be in a field together. And it is this which constitutes the difficulty of us breeders; we are compelled

to watch incessantly lest the different breeds should mix together; it is indeed a most laborious business.

"Suppose you were to pass it over to your servants, Sir J—," said the gentleman. "What, Sir," exclaimed he, "trust my servants in a point of such importance—Sir, I would not trust my wife in this business—Sir, my servants are a pack of worthless hounds,—they care as little about the breed of sheep as about the breed of cats, and would take as little pains to regulate the one as the other.—Hang them all, there is no trusting one of them—there is not an agriculturist in the county but myself—not one who deserves the name. At one of our last county meetings I proposed that all our coaches and chariots should have the same broad wheels as our waggons; I explained the immense utility to our roads, which are now cut and carved as if it were done with a knife; but it all would not do; I could not persuade them to adopt them, and the consequence is, that the roads are as bad as ever."

"What kind of man is this?" said I, when he had left us.

"What kind of man does he appear to you?" said my aunt.

"Something in the nature of the greatest fool in the world," said I; "a man who carries a good thing to a most ridiculous excess—a mad agriculturist."

"You are right," said my aunt; "we have but too many fools of this kind. This man, if confined to his proper sphere, would have been a good honest farmer. He has unhappily become an improver, and annoys both his family and the nation with his absurdities. Half the time of the Parliament is taken up with his Bills for Broad Wheelled Waggons. He is for improving every thing; even sharp-pointed shoes have not escaped his observation, and he is writing a book on the Mischief of Pattens. He himself has described his anxious supervision over the breed of his sheep and cattle. In this laborious trifling he consumes all his time. I am afraid too that his fortune has suffered by his experimental farms. The worst of this mania, however, is, that its mischief is confined to those who are possessed with it; its effects are of public benefit. A gentleman farmer may impoverish himself, but he

must necessarily benefit his country; he ameliorates the soil and the breed, and like the Alchymists, instructs others by his failure and accidental discoveries, what to seek and what to avoid."

I accompanied my aunt on this sheep-shearing party, and was surprised at the throngs which filled the roads. One would have thought that half the world was hurrying to the shew.

"Is it possible," said I, "my dear aunt, that half these people can have any taste for agriculture; what can they want with this sheep-shearing?"

"What a very foolish question," said my aunt; "have the goodness to inform me what has been our motive for coming. Do you imagine that I care about sheep-shearing, and the weight and fineness of wool. I go there because every one else is going there, and each of us go there because the other goes. The sheep-shearing is a kind of fete; is a shew of each other; you are dressed handsomely, for example, have you any invincible objection that you shall be seen and admired by the crowd. My coach has been newly painted, I, for my part, have no objection that that should be seen. Those gentlemen who have now passed us, go to see the ladies; and those ladies in the barouche I presume, have no objection to see those gentlemen. Every one has its object, and the sheep have as little to say to it as the fiddlers at the Opera."

"Why does that young man, who is just before us, drive on at such a furious rate?"

"That he may exhibit to us his skill in driving," said my aunt; "he daily and hourly risks his life for that purpose."

"But why does that gentleman in the chaise and four, go with such a furious speed?" "Why, why, upon my word," said my aunt, "I cannot tell. He is evidently going the same road with ourselves, and most probably has the same object. But as to the necessity or the object of his speed I really cannot say; perhaps, however, it is only for the mere love of motion. There are some people who can only live in a whirl; like the squirrels, they only seem sensible of their life when they are running round at the rate of 20 miles an hour."

"Upon my word, my dear aunt," said I, "the more I see of this said fashionable

world, the more foolish, the more frivolous, does it appear to me. All the world seems in motion without an intelligible effect.—Pleasure whips them on, and they all precipitate themselves forwards blind-folded. We see labour enough in the country, but it has a visible end and purpose. The ploughman drives till the perspiration runs down his forehead, but then he is doing daily work, the field is ploughed, and he returns home to enjoy his rest, after having earned his wages. You, one and all of you, seem to me to work without an object. You are like children hunting butterflies.”

“And so this is your opinion of the fashionable world,” said my aunt.

“It is, indeed,” said I, “it is all vanity, frivolity, labour without an object, and trouble without a reward. You do not seem to me to be so much wanting in a real moral sense, but you are so inveterately indolent, that you seldom take the trouble to consult your judgment—you are good and bad by instinct—you do mischief, and sometimes the most serious mischiefs, without intention, and without foresight; you are not aware of what you are about; you walk as if you were in your sleep, and tread down every thing in your way. You see, therefore, that I acquit you of wilfulness; I verily believe, that as far as mere instinct goes, you infinitely exceed those of inferior rank; you are more generally good natured, generous, humane, and charitable; you are seldom mean, and never avaricious; but on the other hand, your carelessness and neglect is often productive of the most mi-

serable consequences. Your young men think nothing of seduction, and of the misery which necessarily accompanies it.—Every class, every age, and both sexes, have all both their peculiar and their common follies. You have even a method peculiar to yourselves, of divesting all the virtues of their moral and practical efficacy. Your charity, by its indiscriminate nature, does more harm than good. You throw into the extended hat, whether it belong to the truly distressed, or to the artful vagabond—you relieve vice as often as want, and thereby encourage the vicious and profligate. Your liberality, in the same manner, is but an example of thoughtless extravagance; you are industrious, as I have said, to no end; without purpose and without object; you lavish all your time and your fortune in trifling and insignificant pursuits, and incur as much labour and vexation in the acquisition of trifles as are incurred by those of lower rank in seeking the means of livelihood. How often have I seen the most superior abilities thrown away on some fashionable frivolity. In short, you seem to have no purpose but to occupy, or more properly, to kill your time. Every thing is welcome to you which steals you from yourself. You hang as dead weights upon your own hands. When there is nothing to promise you pleasure, you are miserable; you are never sufficient for your own amusement; you know not what meditation and self-recollection are.”

[To be continued.]

## LIFE OF A LOUNGER.

[Continued from Page 56.]

In this busy kind of idleness passed the best part of my days, I had no other purpose but to kill time, and to hurry through the day; the night, indeed, would sometimes appear equally long to me. In town or country I was equally miserable, and without one absolute cause of complaint was afflicted, as it were, with all. One time I persuaded myself that I was suffering under the gout, and put myself under a regimen suitable to that disease;

even the imagination of pain was more sufferable than absolute idleness. I had some relish for my life in the intervals of the supposed pain. But my health soon became too sturdy, and too manifest, for the indulgence of such fancies, and I was at last compelled to discharge my physician, and to bethink myself of some new fancies. Nothing can be so truly miserable as this state of nothingness; man was born to do something, he was intended for active life

and duties, and is punished in the very negligence itself when he deviates from the end of his being. All vices, said the platonic philosophers, carry their own punishment in themselves, and this is most certainly the case in sloth; the indolent man is most completely his own enemy; his excessive pursuit of his favourite object, rest, like every other excess, defeats itself. The daily labourer, after having sweated all the day, returns happy to his cottage and pillow at night; he feels the full relish of his cessation from labour; his rest is rendered sweet to him by his previous fatigue; he rises in the morning to renew his course; and labour itself becomes an enjoyment to him both in itself as well as in the degree in which it contri- butes to his enjoyment of rest.

It is very different with the indolent man; his indolence is a disease, and not an enjoyment; it hangs like a dead weight upon his existence. He literally drags his being along its destined course; he is without even the energy of a plant; he has neither spring of mind to obtain or to enjoy; he lays, as it were, his full length on the earth, and expects that Heaven will shower its blessings into his open mouth. But it is contrary to the ordinary course of divine assistance to aid those who will not exert themselves. The slothful man flies in the face of the decree of Providence,—that man shall only eat, drink, and enjoy life by the sweat of his brow; every thing, says the Greek proverb, is placed on an eminence, and no one can attain them who shall not undertake the labour of climbing; they are the rewards which Heaven has proposed for the proper exertion of the faculties which it has given us. Let no man, therefore, give himself up to idleness as to a pleasure; it is a vice which creeps on one till it gets full possession of all our faculties, when it benumbs every thing good in us, and leaves us nothing but the frame of man. An indolent man may be compared to a rusty time-piece; how much excellent machinery is thrown away to no purpose! let any one reflect one moment of what the mind of man, a machinery of divine workmanship, is capable, and having made his reflection, let him think what he must merit who, having such a piece of machinery in charge, can

*No. L.—Vol. VII.*

suffer it to consume itself in its own rust, and be useless both to himself and to others. This indolence is, in fact, an intoxication which at once destroys both body and mind.

But the merit of the indolent man is, that though he knows all this, his knowledge is in vain; he is spell bound; he can neither move hand nor foot. He lives and he thinks, but he lives and he thinks to no purpose.

In such a course of life, I say, passed away day after day, and no day was welcome but such as brought a new pursuit, novelty sometimes had charms which aroused me for the moment. It is, indeed, truly astonishing, how various were my pursuits, how infinite my contrivances.

A naturalist happened to live in my neighbourhood in the country. Having made a most valuable collection of curiosities, he published an account of them; and dedicated his book to me. I could do no less than call at his house and thank him for his civility. More asleep than awake I ordered my carriage with this purpose. I arrived at his house, and found my gentleman at home. He compelled me to remain to dinner with him. In the interval of the preparation, he displayed his curiosities, and talked of them so eloquently and energetically, that he immediately infused into me the passion of becoming a naturalist. I mentioned my wish, and the gentleman became my instructor. I was happy as long as this lasted; but I pursued it with a zest, and with an excess which, by exhausting all my strength and spirits, very shortly wearied me with it. Whilst it lasted, however, I arose betimes in the morning, and hunted the fields and ditches, and sea-shores for shells and bones; dug up my park in search of medals, and expended nearly a thousand pounds in clearing away a mound which my friend had persuaded me was a Roman camp, but which upon examination appeared to be only the remains of an antient gravel-pit. I was one of those who advertised for the Queen Ann's farthing, because there were only six of them coined. I wrote, moreover, half a dozen letters to the Royal Society upon the former stature of the human face; in which I proved to demonstration, that men were formerly at least



three feet taller than they are at present, that the diminution of the size had followed the procession of the equinoxes, and most probably had some secret connexion with these operations of nature. In this kind of trifling I passed away one or two summers very pleasantly, but happening to make two or three mistakes which convinced me of the uncertainty of these studies and of these pursuits, I began gradually to be weary of it. When my friend called upon me I was asleep; the morning was too damp, my labourers had something else to do; in short, I began to excuse myself from naturalizing. Upon comparing notes with other antiquaries of my acquaintance and connection, I discovered that every one of the advertisers had procured a farthing, though the number of advertisers exceeded two hundred, and the number of farthings actually issued, was half a dozen. I experienced several other frauds of the same kind; I purchased a Roman urn made in Staffordshire, and some Corinthian brass, the origin of which I afterwards traced to the 'foandery of Messrs. Watt and Bolton, and which had been sold to me by one of their workmen. Some bones, moreover, which my friend and myself had imputed to the mammoth, were discovered to have belonged to a cow. Two or three mistakes of this kind wearied me with the profession of a naturalist.

When I was weary of natural history in general, I became a botanist. This study has its charms; but they are only for an idler, and only for a short time. Whilst this folly lasted, however, I pursued it with my characteristic vehemence; day after day have I risen betimes in the morning, and hunted the fields in search of an herb or a flower. I have somewhere read of a man who being confined in a prison, found his pleasure in watching the progress of the spiders in weaving their web, and that this pursuit became at length so necessary to him that, having recovered his liberty, he daily returned to his prison to continue his former amusement. This and more I can believe. The effect of habit is most extraordinary; it can reconcile us to any thing short of actual pain, and even of pain itself; I question whether

the constant habit of suffering does not deaden the sensibility.

Of all the pursuits of idleness, now that I can see it in its true point of view, I know of none which is more frivolous than this botanizing mania. The study of nature is certainly both laudable and pleasing; but to be so, the study must have an object of some dignity and utility. Can any thing be more useless and more frivolous, than a reasonable being consuming his whole time in the investigation of a flower or weed? how many stamens or pistils it contains? and whether the daisy is of the masculine or feminine gender? Yet how much time and talent is consumed in this and similar follies; how many hours have been consumed in the important investigation of the sex of an oyster or a muscle; and how many pages of the *Philosophical Magazine*, are filled with this and similar follies. The late Dr. Darwin, the best versifier, if not the best poet of his age,—a man of little learning but of a good fancy, wrote an immense quarto of rhymes upon what he called the  *Loves of the Plants* , a book which every idler ought to have, as in fact there is no book in our language which contains so many idle verses, and on such an idle subject.

After I became weary of being a botanist, I took to metaphysics, and plunged deep in the moral mud of matter and mind. I had shortly made so good a proficiency as to have begun to doubt whether I had any real existence or not; whether my perception and sensation were not all fancy; whether the solidity of a table or a tree were not mere secondary ideas, and totally without any primary essence or existence. Repeatedly have I struck my head against the wall to ascertain the quality of sensation, and night after night have I passed without sleep in considering the essential nature of the mind. I had once persuaded myself that there was absolutely no such thing as mind; but was again confounded when I reflected upon the manifest difference between the instinct of brutes and the understanding of man; I could only refer this to the actually different nature which Providence had assigned them in their original creation; but then I again puzzled myself in the consideration of how

mind could be at all created, having neither substance nor form, and not being the object of an act. In short, the further I got into the metaphysic lore the more was I confounded, and at length became weary of the study, because I found that its results were too trifling even for a lounge; in two long years spent in this way, I had added nothing to my virtue or to my knowledge.

From metaphysics I became a mathematician. For a long period of time I found the mathematics to be the pleasantest of all the pursuits in which I had engaged; the results were certain; the mind was necessarily satisfied; the admission of the first truths, or maxims, necessarily compelled the admission of all that followed; truth seemed to walk hand in hand with the muse of calculation. Having in this manner made myself master of all the elemental branches, I soon soared higher, and began to question and dispute on the principles of the *Principia*; I now thought that I knew enough to create a world, or at least to understand the plan of creation; I began therefore to form systems in my own mind as to the probable manner in which the world had been created; whether gravity had existed before the creation, or was a quality impressed upon matter afterwards? If it existed before the creation, to what system it must have tended? If it were impressed upon matter, what must have been the previous state of the component part of the earth? To say all in a word, I found that even in mathematics I had got out of my depth, and that mathematics had their inextricable obscurities as well as metaphysics. I became weary, therefore, of the study of mathematics from the same reason that I had become weary of the study of metaphysics; there was no satisfactory end to them, it was all wandering in the dark, all walking in a labyrinth to which there was neither clue nor exit.

From these barren studies I was recalled by a gentleman farmer, who had instituted an experimental farm in my neighbourhood; he was a man of sense, of accomplishments, and of education, and having weaned himself of the ordinary enjoyments of the town, had now resolved to pass his life in retirement. Mr. Westbourne, the name of this gentleman, was yet in the prime of life; he was a hale strong man of forty-five, and had the health, and vigour, and spirits of twenty. Being a man of family, he was much visited and much caressed. He would frequently call on me in the morning, and whilst the fervour of my study lasted, annoyed me much by his interruptions, and his undisguised contempt of the objects of my pursuit. In proportion as my fervour abated, his society became more welcome to me, and I even brought myself to listen with complacency to his sailleries.

"My dear friend," he would say, "whence does it happen that a sensible man like you, a man of fortune and education, with all the means of enjoying life, and of an age to enjoy it—whence does it happen, I say, that in the midst of all these blessings, you live in the world as if you did not belong to it? You lose your time in some frivolous pursuit, or other; for to my mind, every thing is frivolous which has no useful end in view. Whenever I call on you, you are either stretched on the sofa asleep, or your mind is wandering, and you are equally lost to every thing about you, as if you were in a dream. This state is neither life nor death. It is the insensibility of the grave occasionally interrupted by the painful tedium of life. You may be truly said to live in life as in death. Shame upon you—remember that you have active duties, and that you ought to live with some purpose."

[To be continued.]

## THE HISTORY OF THE OLDCASTLE FAMILY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

(Written exclusively for this Work)

"It is now five and thirty years, Ben, since you and I left the village of Lewisham; I dare say, old boy, you well remember the day."

Thus spoke the ancient and weather-beaten Captain Oldcastle, as he approached Lewisham, a village upon the coast in Devonshire, the place of his birth, and the scene of his youth.

"Yes, yes, your honour," replied Ben, "I well remember the day, we set out together, and thanks to the sailor's lucky star, we return together. 'Tis exactly five-and-thirty years, come next Lewisham fair. I remember, your honour, we set off the day after the fair, you wished to go the day before, but as I had promised to meet Susan Playgrove, my heart would not suffer me to disappoint her. Poor Susan, I wonder whether she has been true to me during our absence?"

"True to you, Ben, why you forget that you have been absent five-and-thirty years."

"Body of me, your honour, what is five-and-thirty years, why hav'n't I been absent from her the same time, and don't I still remember her? Why I remember the evening I parted with her, as if it were yesterday; 'twas as I was steering her home from the fair down the lane that leads from the green to her mother's house. Susan, says I, kiss me my dear, for to-morrow I am going to leave you. Well, says she, in her laughing way, you may remember, your honour, she was famous for jeering—I think I see her black eyes and white teeth before me; well, says she, be as good as your word, and I don't know what I may do. I am going to seek my fortune, says I. That is, says she, you are going house-stealing, I suppose; well, Heaven send you good luck, may you catch the horse, but miss the halter. You may jeer as you please, says I, I am going to-morrow, Master George, the Justice's son, is going with me. We are going to seek our fortune; we have settled it all; Master George has saved up the half-crown a week, which his father allowed him, till he has made it

five pounds, and he can get at two of his shirts, besides the one he has on. He has already stole his aunt Dinah's watch, and a goose pye, to serve for our first day, and so we mean to be off to-morrow to seek our fortune. There is no use crying, Susan, said I, for as she now began to believe me, the tear began to stand in her eye,—for our plan is settled. Master George swore me on his aunt Dinah's Bible, to go with him. Eh, your honour, I remember that post when I was a boy, we are now four miles and a half from the *Three Mowers'* public-house, from which it is exactly four miles more to Lewisham."

"But go on with your story of your parting with Susan," said the Captain.

"Why, your honour, before we could say much more, her grandmother met us. Susan had only time to say, don't go to-morrow, dear Ben, good Ben, don't go to-morrow. I must, I must, said I, kissing her, whilst her old grandmother was looking behind her. No, not to-morrow, said she, and she said it so plaintively, your honour, and her black eyes looked so soft through the tear which stood in them, that I believe I should have forsworn myself, and forgot my oath to you on your aunt Dinah's Bible, if her grandmother had not taken her hand, and forced her into the house. And so, your honour, I was forced to leave her for that night."

"And we set off too early in the morning, Ben, for you to see her then," said the Captain.

"No, no, your honour, not so either. Susan was always as blithe and early as a lark. And sorrow made her early now. Her window you must know looked out upon her grandfather's orchard; so I was there with the dawn of day. It was in the month of July, you may remember well, I began singing, 'To distant lands and other climes,' she was at the window in a moment. Your honour may remember that the whole wall of that part of old Playgrove's house was covered with a spreading vine. If I had been absent twice

five-and-thirty years, I should never forget how lovely she looked, as she showed herself at her casement amidst the thick leaves of the vine, she looked pale as if she had not slept.—Her eyes too, like the bloom on the apple-trees, instead of looking as shining as hitherto, seemed as if they were moistened with the morning-dew.—Susan, said I, I must go, I come to bid you farewell.—Susan said nothing, but sat down in a chair which stood by her window, and began crying bitterly. I had again almost been forsworn—Why should you go, said she; you must not go.—I have sworn to Master George on Mrs. Dinah's Bible, said I.—And here, your honour, she began weeping again.—Eh, there's the bye-road to Lewisham water-mill."

"Have you finished your story of Susan," said the Captain.

"No, your honour, I could talk of her for ever; but I have nothing to tell you but what I have already said; only that I endeavoured to climb up to Susan's casement to give her a parting kiss, but one of the branches of the vine broke, and I fell to the ground; the yard dog began to bark, and I was compelled to take to my heels. And when I returned, her grandfather, old Playgrove, was up, and I saw you coming to me.—It is now five-and-thirty years since that time, come next Lewisham fair; I'll warrant she is still true to me; I have earned enough to make us happy for life. Old Playgrove's farm belongs to Squire Herries, who was talking of selling it when we set off from Lewisham; perhaps he may remain in the same mind now; if so, I have enough to purchase it, and Susan and I, with your honour's good pleasure, will live on it."

"What, then, you'll leave me at last, Ben," said the Captain.

"Leave you, master—I leave you, Captain!" replied Ben, with a stare.—"No, never, so help me God. And if I had Mrs. Dinah's Bible here again, I'd swear it to you a thousand times over.—I leave you, Captain—that after having lived and laboured together over every part of the globe five-and-thirty years.—Leave you, Master George, Captain I mean; no, never, never."

This whole sentence was spoke with such energy and sincerity, that the Captain

took the hand of honest Ben, and shook it with a sailor's heartiness; the two friends continued some time in silence. Ben at length holloed to the post-boy to increase his pace, the nearer approach to the scene of his early life rendering him every minute more impatient.

The post-boy at length reached the *Three Mowers*. "Holloa, not so fast," exclaimed Ben; "her's an old friend, and it is not a sailor's way, Mr. Landmaif, to pass an old friend full gallop; draw up to the *Three Mowers*."—The post-boy obeyed.

"Look, your honour," said Ben, "here is the cherry-tree still where we used to buy black cherries of old mother Jenkins. Here, holloa, you boy, here, a pot of brown stout and a pound of cherries; and do you hear, let old Jenkins bring them himself."

"Who," says the boy?

"Old Jenkins, you spindle-shanks land-lubber;" said Ben. "Come, hoist away without more palaver and send him."

The boy staring at him went slowly into the house.

"My word, your honour, old Jenkins will dance on his stilts to see us. And little Dolly, his merry, little daughter. Ah, your honour, there is nothing so warms the heart as the sight of an old friend. Holloa, there, are the pound of cherries and the brown stout coming?"

The landlord, accompanied by others, now appeared; the former civilly demanded of Ben for whom he had enquired.

"For old Jenkins," replied Ben.

"Old Jenkins!" repeated the landlord and several other voices; "who is he?" One of the fellows, however, who appeared much older than any of the others, advanced to the chaise.—"Old Jenkins, Sir, why, he has been dead these twenty years!"

"Dead," repeated Ben, starting; "what did he die of?"

"Of old age, master," replied the fellow; "why, he was ninety when he died."

Ben now for the first time remembered that he had been absent thirty-five years. "Dead," repeated he again; "well, we must all die; death is the lee-port to which the tide of life bears us in spite of all our efforts.—Be it so."

"Have you any commands, Sir," said the new landlord?"

"None, friend," replied Ben, "except

one for your own sake.—Be as honest as old Jenkins, and you shall have the tear of a friend over your grave. Drive on post-boy."

"Here is the brown stout, sir; but they have no cherries."

"Plague take the brown stout, and the cherries too," said Ben.—"Drive on, post-boy."

The Captain partook the feelings and almost repeated the exclamations of Ben. The emotion excited by the images of their early memory dissipated the melancholy which this incident had produced. Every hedge, every tree, recalled to the mind of our travellers some scene of their youth, in this hedge they had found a bird's nest, from one of the branches of that tree had they formerly fallen; the Sunday walk of Ben with his Susan had extended to that grove, and the Captain had played truant to search for wild strawberries in yonder wood. Each delighted to point out to each other these objects of recollection. The delight of each augmented that of the other.

The village steeple at length appeared. "Land, land," exclaimed the transported

Ben, rising from his seat to see more of the well known spire, and in his eagerness hitting his head against the roof of the chaise.

"To what house am I to drive," said the post-boy, "the village has no inn."

"That is true," said Ben, "let us drive to the old Justice's, to the Hall."

"No," said the Captain, "I have heard, Ben, that landmen are not like sailors, and there is no knowing where one may be welcome. Thanks to our industry and the blessing of Providence, we return wealthy, and in no want of the assistance of others. We have both the same purpose, that of communicating our fortune to such of our friends who may merit it. Let us pay off the chaise here; let it return whence it came; let us continue our way on foot; we have walked more miles than this."

"Aye, marry have we; as your honour wills, I am still your servant, for never will I be any thing else. Let us sound before we throw out our anchor. The post-boy was accordingly discharged upon the hill which looks down upon Lewisham, and our travellers descended the hill, all life, hope, and expectation.

[To be continued.]

## ON HERALDRY.

[Concluded from Page 207, Vol. II.]

**HELMETS** were formerly worn as defensive weapons, to cover the bearer's head; and are now placed over a coat-of-arms as its chief ornament, and the true mark of gentility. There are several sorts, distinguished by the matter they are made of, their form and their position; the latter is always looked upon as a mark of distinction. The grated helmet in front belongs to the sovereign princes; the grated helmet in profile is common to all degrees of Peerage; the helmet standing direct without bars, and the beaver a little open, denotes Baronets and Knights. Lastly, the side-standing helmet, with the beaver close, is the manner of wearing it amongst Esquires and Gentlemen.

**Crest.**—The crest is the highest part of the ornaments of a coat-of-arms; it is called *crest* from the Latin word *crista*, which signifies a comb or tuft, such as many birds have upon their heads, as the peacock, pheasant, &c.

*crests* were formerly great marks of honour, because they were only worn by heroes of great valour and renown, or by such as were advanced to some superior military command, in order that they might be the better distinguished in an engagement, and thereby rally their men if dispersed; but they are at present considered as mere ornament. The crest is frequently a part either of the supporters, or the charge borne in the escutcheon. Thus the crest of the royal achievement of great Britain is a "lion guardant crowned." The crest of France was "a double *fleur-de-luce*."

**Scroll and motto.**—The scroll is the ornament placed above the crest, containing a motto, or short sentence, alluding thereto, or to the bearings, or to the bearer's name.

**Supporters** are figures standing on the scroll, and placed at the side of the escutcheon; they are so called because they seem to support or hold up the shield. The rise of sup-

ported is by Menestrier, traced up to ancient tournaments, wherein the Knights caused shields to be carried by Pages under the disguise of lions, bears, griffins, black moors, &c. who also held and guarded the escutcheons, which the Knights were obliged to expose to public view for some time before the lists were opened. •

It is to be observed, that bearing coats of arms supported, is according to the heraldical rules of England, the prerogative first of those called *nobles majores*, viz. Dukes, Marquisses, Earls, Viscounts, and Barons; 2dly, of all Knights of the Garter, though they should be under the degree of Barons; 3dly, of Knights of the Bath, who both receive on their creation a grant of supporters; and, lastly, of such Knights as the King chooses to bestow this honour upon; neither Peers, nor Bishops have mottos or crests; and the latter, though Peers of Parliament, have no supporters. In Scotland, all the Chiefs of Clans, or names, have the privilege of claiming supporters; also the Barons; but by act of Parliament, 10th September, 1672, none are allowed to use either arms or supporters, under a penalty and confiscation of all moveables whereon such arms are put.

*Marshalling coats of arms* — By marshalling coats of arms is to be understood the art of disposing divers of them in one escutcheon, and of distributing their contingent ornaments in proper places. Various causes may occasion arms to be thus conjoined, which J. Guillim comprises under two heads, viz. *manifest* and *obscure*. What this learned and judicious herald means by *manifest causes* in the marshalling coats of arms, are such as betoken marriages, or a sovereign's gift, granted either through the special favour of the prince, or for some eminent services. •

When the coats of arms of a married couple descended from distinct families, are to be put together in one escutcheon, the field of their respective arms is to be conjoined paleways, and blazoned *parted per pale*, *Baron and feme, two coats*; in which case the *Baron's arms* are always to be placed on the dexter side, and the *femme's arms* on the sinister side. If a widower marries again, his late and present wife's arms are, according to Leigh, to be both placed on the sinister side in the escutcheon with his own, and parted per pale; the first wife's coat shall stand on the chief, and the second on the base; or he may set them both in pale with his own, the first wife's coat next to himself, and his second outermost. If he should marry a third wife, then the two first matches shall stand on the chief, and the third

shall have the whole base. And if he takes a fourth wife, he must participate one half of the base with the third wife, and thus they will seem to be so many coats quartered. But it must be observed, that these forms of impaling are meant of hereditary coats, whereby the husband stands in expectation of having the hereditary possessions of his wife's united to his patrimony.

In the arms of femmes joined to the paternal coat of the Baron, the proper differences by which they were borne by the father's of such women must be inserted.

The person that marries an heiress, instead of impaling his arms with those of his wife, is to bear them in an escutcheon placed in the center of his shield, after the same manner that a Baronet's badge is marshalled, and which on account of its shewing his pretension to her estate, is called an *escutcheon of pretence*, and is blazoned *sur tout*, i. e. *overall*; but the children are to bear the hereditary coats of arms of their father and mother quarterly, which denotes a fixed inheritance, and so transmit them to posterity. The first and fourth quarters generally contain the father's arms, and the second and third the mother's, except the heirs should derive not only their estate, but also their title and dignity, from their mother.

If a maiden, or dowager lady of quality marry a commoner, or a nobleman inferior to her rank, their coats of arms may be set aside of each other in two separate escutcheons, upon the mantle or drapery, and the lady's arms ornamented according to her title.

Archbishops and Bishops impale their arms differently from the above mentioned coats, in giving the place of honour, that is, the dexter side, to the arms of their dignity. It may be observed here of the prelates that they have their arms *paled by pale*, to denote their being joined to their cathedral church in a sort of spiritual marriage.

With respect to such armorial ensigns as the Sovereign thinks fit to augment a coat of arms with, they may be marshalled various ways, as may be seen by the arms of his Grace the Duke of Rutland, in the plates of the English Peerage. To those augmentations may be added, 1st, The ancient and respectable badge of the most noble Order of the Garter, instituted by King Edward the Third, 1349, and which, ever since its institution, has been looked upon as a great honour bestowed on the noblest persons of this nation and other countries. It is an augmentation made to surround as with a garter, the arms of such Knights, and is inscribed with the motto,

'*Honisoit qui mal y pense.*' 2d, The badge of the Order of the Bath, first instituted 1399, by King Henry the Fourth, and re-established by George the First, is inscribed within a circular bordure, with this motto, "*Tria juncta in uno*" 3d, The badge of the Order of the Thistle, instituted in 819, by Achajus, was re-established by James the Second of England, and is inscribed with this motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*" 4th, The badge of the Order of St. Patrick, instituted by King George the Third, March 11th, 1783, is inscribed within a circular bordure, with the motto, "*Quis Separabit.*" 5th, The Baronet's mark of distinction is the arms of the province of Ulster in Ireland, granted and made hereditary by King James the First, who erected this dignity on the 22d, of May, 1611, in order to propagate a plantation in that province. This mark is "*Argent a sinister hand couped at the wrist, and erected gules,*" which is borne either in a canton or an escutcheon, as will best suit the figures of the arms.

**Funeral Escutcheons.**—After having treated of the essential parts of the coat-of-arms, of the charges and ornaments usually borne therewith, of their attributes and dispositions, and of the blazoning and marshalling them, we shall next describe the several funeral escutcheons, usually called *hatchments*; whereby may be known, after any person's decease, what rank either he or she held when living; and if it be a gentleman's hatchment, whether he was a bachelor, married man, or widower, with the like distinctions for gentlewomen.

The hatchment, such as is affixed to the fronts of houses when any of the nobility or gentry dies, if that of a private gentleman and his wife, it is parted per pale and has the ground without the escutcheon black, and denotes the man to be dead, and the ground on the sinister side being white signifies that the wife is living. When a married gentlewoman dies first, the hatchment is distinguished by a contrary colour from the former; that is, the arms on the sinister side have the ground without the escutcheon black; whereas those on the dexter

side, for her surviving husband, are upon a white ground: the hatchment of a gentlewoman, is moreover distinguished by a cherub over the arms instead of a crest.

When a bachelor dies, his arms may be depicted single or quartered, with a crest over them, but never impaled as the two above mentioned; and all the ground without the escutcheon is also black.

When a maid dies, her arms, which are placed in a lozenge, may be singled or quartered as those of a bachelor; but instead of a crest, have a cherub over them, and all the ground without the escutcheon is also black.

When a widower dies, his arms are represented impaled with those of his deceased wife, having a helmet, mantling and crest over them, and all the ground without the escutcheon black.

When a widow dies, her arms are also represented impaled with those of her deceased husband, but inclosed in a lozenge, and instead of a crest, a cherub is placed over them; all the ground without the escutcheon is also black.

If a widower or bachelor should happen to be the last of his family, that hatchment is depicted as that of a maid, or widow, whose family is extinct by her death, with this difference only, that a death's head is generally annexed to each hatchment, to denote that death has conquered all.

By the foregoing rules, which are sometimes neglected through the ignorance of illiterate persons in the science of heraldry, may be known upon the sight of any hatchment, what branch of the family is dead; and by helmet or coronet, what title or degree the deceased person was of.

The same rules are observed with respect to the escutcheons placed on the hearse and horses used in pompous funerals, except that they are not surmounted with any crest, as in the foregoing examples of hatchments, but are always plain. It is necessary, however, to ensign those of Peers with coronets, and that of a maiden lady with a knot of ribbands.

## SKETCH OF THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY IN LONDON.

WHEN a Londoner of the lowest class receives his employer's permission to relax from the labours of his profession, he endeavours to obtain the company of several of his acquaintances. Observe them assembled, and mark their *costume*: they wear a round hat, like those of men of fashion, placed far back on the head, covering a collection of long lank hair, which shades the features composed of vacancy and impudence; the neck is clothed in a coarse muslin cravat folded in ungraceful lines over a monstrous stiffener, which, defying compression, leaves a great opening between the *poma Adami* and its from which the chin emerges, and retires forty times in an hour. The coat is generally of dark blue or brown lapelled, the waistcoat of white or printed cotton, and the legs are covered either by pantaloons or breeches and white cotton stockings. Their progress through the streets is marked by impetuosity, and a constant exertion of strength, making the peaceable citizen with his wife and children retire to the entrance of a house, or cross the kennel, in order to avoid being hurried forward with them, or overturned. Their conversation consists of violent disputes and execrations, often degenerating into whimsical effusions of retort, peculiar to this branch of the great human tree, accompanied by occasional observations on the females who unfortunately pass them. We must acknowledge ourselves more than once to have been surprised into risibility by this species of wit, for which the speaker deserved a horse-whip. The constant exercise of obscenity and gross allusion prevails when a neighbour's female servant, or a sister of one of the party, is present. We will not follow them across the fields, but meet them seated at one of those inviting scenes which may be found on every side of London, called tea-gardens, where tea indeed seldom makes its appearance. A few miserable bushes tortured into arbours veil in some degree the hateful exhibitions at these places, the licensed receptacles for mental degradation, receptacles for young men and young women, who are seated on benches before tables covered with liquor and tobacco-pipes! What can be expected from these assemblages but the inevitable consequences, drunkenness and debauchery? Their effects are observable whenever any public occurrence assembles the people of London; the whole

No. L.—Vol. VII.

civil power, of which cannot restrain many enormities committed on those occasions. Under an idea of whim and pleasantry, they perpetrate many scandalous actions, amusing themselves by throwing some filthy thing into the thickest part of a crowd, or driving forward till they half suffocate those before them, or hurt others by severe falls. Whenever an illumination takes place, their turbulence becomes seriously mischievous by the firing of pistols and throwing of squibs and crackers; but the latter practices, I hope, are now entirely subdued by the magistracy.

This class is fond of theatrical amusements; and numbers may be observed waiting on an evening before the doors of the theatre impatient and crowding for admission. The pick-pocket is always ready; but his operations are often frustrated by the peace officer's constant exclamation of "Take care of your pockets." When the door is opened, a dangerous trial of skill ensues: every person endeavours to enter first; the space is clogged; and pushing, screams, and execrations follow. If we enter the one shilling gallery, we witness constant disputes often terminating in blows, and observe heated bodies stripped of the outward garments, furious faces, with others grinning horribly, hear loud and incessant talking and laughter, beating the floor with sticks, hissing, clapping the hands, and the piercing whistle, with exclamations for "music."

This motley collection are; however, generally attentive spectators and patient auditors during the representations; and I have remarked that any generous sentiment from the characters on the stage never fails to receive the loudest tokens of applause from the one-shilling gallery; but this gallery becomes a very troublesome appendage to the theatre, when their highnesses divide into two parties, one for, and the other against the repetition of a pleasing song. This is particularly felt in the performance of a favourite opera or musical farce.

The next stage is that of journeymen; thousands of whom have been steady well-behaved youths, in the practice of passing their evenings and holidays in rational pursuits with parents or friends, and who enter upon their profession determined to render themselves respectable, and their connexions happy. With such we have nothing to do;



there is too much still-life for description in the man who rises at six in the morning, and works without cessation till six in the evening. His intervals of amusement may be directed to the same objects, tea-gardens, public exhibitions, and the theatres; but his conduct is so properly governed, that temperance and pleasure dance in his features.

Those whose characteristic outline we have traced before, work perhaps three days in the week. Sunday they appropriate to the same species of relaxation, which they accustomed themselves in apprenticeship: Monday is sanctified with them. And who will work on *Saint Monday*? Not the idle journeyman and labourer of London. Unfortunately the votaries of this Saint celebrate his name with libations of beer and gin, the fumes of which render them unfit for work on Tuesday. On Wednesday they begin the week; not by a close attention to their business, as their employers find to the extent of vexation and disappointment, but by repeated potations of beer, which a boy brings at stated hours all through the day; by retiring at twelve o'clock to dinner, and frequently returning at four, and going again to tea at six, if they should accidentally get to work at one. The excessive use of the former soporific beverage renders the journeyman stupid, spiteful, and quarrelsome, which any person may perceive by passing a public-house at almost any period of the day. At the close of the week necessity compels this description of madmen to work: for, Saturday arriving, he must procure the means of redeeming his own and his wife's clothes from that most respectable member of society the pawnbroker. And this is the labouring life of at least thirty thousand persons at present in London!

Their domestic amusements chiefly consist in disputes with a wife, who finds herself and children sacrificed to the brutal propensities of drinking and idleness; and the scene of contention is intolerable, if the lady possesses a high spirit; so entirely so to the husband, that he fixes himself for the evening with a party at the public-house, where he is at first entertained, and entertains in turn, on the thriving subject of politics, culled from the delightful themes of so many thousands massacred in one place, and as many in another. As the night advances, the journeyman becomes whimsical; one of the company is requested to sing, the rest join in choruses; and another hour elapses in a chaos of sounds equally insulting to the general quiet of the public and the neighbourhood. By this time the wife peeps through the windows, hoping

to find a favourable opportunity of getting the sot to bed; which if she accomplishes without a kicking, she may be pronounced a lucky woman for that evening. A sober inhabitant of London cannot but be shocked at the staggering fellow citizens he meets with late on a summer evening, labouring under a voluntary St. Vitus' dance, when returning to their homes. We saw a man of this description in Russell-square, who had placed his hat on the pavement, and danced round it. To this ludicrous exhibition all eyes were directed. "Ah!" said an old female to another, "that man would never drink again could he see himself with our sensations."

There are thirty-six public-houses in Old-street between Goswell-street and the City-road. Can they be supported by the population of that neighbourhood without endless excesses? And there are other districts where those curses to society are equally numerous? Shame on our thoughtless conduct in permitting a trade calculated only for human destruction! If comfort, health, and pleasure can arise from quaffing gallons of beer, let the lower classes be compelled to drink it at home with their friends and families; and no longer suffer that promiscuous mixture of folly and vice which results from thieves drinking with honest men. It is from this cause alone that men are brutalized. Difference of opinion will arise between members of the most polished classes; those become quarrels in the lower; and hence the petty actions for assaults which are tried in every direction. Examine the Old Bailey causes; and if public-houses and dram-shops are not found to be the general theatres of thieving plots and murders; let us receive no further credit.

London and the environs are overwhelmed with population. Every description of the inhabitants of the country watch for favourable opportunities of removing to this enormous magnet; or, if that cannot be accomplished, they send their offspring of both sexes. Hundreds of servant girls and apprentices are thus prepared annually for prostitution and thoughtless marriages; every room in numbers of streets becomes the residence of apprentices, journeymen, their wives, and multitudes of children, who starve away existence year after year in hopeless sameness, and are often separated from vice only by a deal or bath and plaster partition. The consequences of this crowded state of the city are so well known, that it is hardly necessary to point them out. We shall however venture to direct the reader's attention to the alms-houses, work-houses, charity schools, hospitals, and

prisons which surround us; and ask whence they are filled? Who turns his attention to the second floors, the garrets, the back-rooms, and the cellars of this metropolis? It would be wrong to say no one; but who relates the result of his research. It may be imagined Hogarth has given us a true picture in his *Distressed Poet*: that print my serve as a foundation; a few additions of the sombre cast would furnish thousands of real scenes.

The next class of crowded residents are persons with small incomes, who are compelled by great rents and heavy taxes to occupy furnished and unfurnished first and second floors. Those are generally healthy, and comfortably situated; but their eternal removals indicate that discontent and altercation exist but too frequently between the landlord's family and the lodger. Kitchens used in common by both parties are sources of discord; the cleaning of stairs ascended by all the inhabitants of the house is another; and the late hours of the latter a third. It is therefore common to see the streets almost obstructed every quarter-day with cart-loads of furniture.

The usual time of rising with the class of journeymen is between five and six in the morning. At the latter hour they commence their daily labour, and work till eight; an hour is then allowed for breakfast, and from twelve till one for dinner; and the business of the day concludes at six: but some industrious men work many extra hours. Public-houses are opened in sufficient time to furnish those who choose it with pernicious liquors; and the keepers will either send tea and bread and butter to the journeymen for breakfast, or provide it for them at the house. This inebriate meal is most commonly preferred; but I am sorry to say numbers never drink any thing so weak. The journeyman and labourer sometimes eat bread and cheese, or salted meat and bread, on the spot where they work; others return to their homes to dine; and others eat at the cook's-shop, at which they may have what quantity they please of baked and boiled meat, and flour and pease puddings, at a very reasonable rate. Tea, and bread and cheese or meat, conclude the meals of the day. Large potations of beer, allowed by the employer in some instances, and clubbed for in others, fill the intervals of labour. When two labouring men meet accidentally in the streets, the second word after the usual salutation is *What will you drink?* or, *Let us have a glass, or a pint*; and it frequently happens that neither can muster halfpence sufficient.

A gin-shop may generally be scented as the passenger approaches; but he cannot mistake

it, as an assembly of the drivers of asses with soot, brick-dust, cats'-ment, and vegetables, always besiege the door. Thanks to the distiller and brewer, liquor is much less powerful in its operation than it was fifty years past: hence the improvement in the conduct of the votaries of Geneva. Those people very seldom exceed low wit, a little noise, and abuse of each other.

The tradesman and his lodgers generally rise about the same hour, from six to nine o'clock, and often from the same description of turned-up bedsteads, and beds inclosed in resemblance of chests of drawers and book cases. These unwholesome contrivances originate from the necessity of accommodating many persons in a space calculated for very few; they are to be found in most lodging-houses; but four-post bedsteads and elegant curtains are constantly provided in furnished lodgings.

Tea, coffee, cocoa, rolls, toast, and bread and butter, form the breakfasts of this class of the community; and the hours of dining vary from one till half past four. Plain joints baked, roasted and boiled, and potatoes and other vegetables, are standing dishes; and many make their meals from veal-cutlets, beef-stakes, and pork and mutton chops, with potatoes, and very little bread; table-beer, ale, and porter, are the most common beverage. Ardent spirits and hot water mixed too often follow; but wine seldom appears. Invitations of friends on Sundays and holidays produce many luxuries distributed by neat servant-maids.

Tea, &c. succeeds from five to six o'clock, and a slight supper at nine. The evening is variously spent, in visits, at the playhouse, or with the eternal use of cards. Conversation and reading are greatly neglected; consequently numbers of this class speak very incorrectly.

The opulent tradesman, he that has retired from business, and the merchant, live much in the above manner in many respects; but, as the family never do any thing themselves, a cook, a house-maid, a nursery-maid, and a footboy, or footman, become necessary.

The man of business and the merchant generally sleep in the country, or if you please, near London, and come to town after breakfast. The family may either breakfast with him, or the ladies may indulge at their pleasure. Shopping in hackney and other coaches in the morning, visits, music, or reading, occupy the space from breakfast till four or five o'clock, the usual hours for dining.

The hour of relaxation is now arrived; the  
O 2

cares of the world and business are dismissed; little more is said besides observations on the goodness of the provisions, &c. and "Shall I help you to this or that?" Shall we add that too great repelion in this class often produces apoplexy? Several hours elapse in drinking wine; and Bacchus almost always usurps the place of the ladies, who retire to cards till the gentlemen are summoned to tea, sometimes not in a state to enjoy rational conversation. Supper ensues, and the bottle finishes the scene at a late hour. C

The ladies of the class now under notice have almost universally been educated at boarding-schools, and possess a general knowledge of the usages of fashionable life. Drawing, music, dancing, fancy-works, the French language, &c. are alternately employed, with Vauxhall, the winter and summer theatres, walking in the Park at a particular season of the year, cards, &c. &c. to kill time—and a little trip to a watering place is delightful beyond measure, where, it is necessary to observe, every body goes, from the Oilman's lady to the Princess, either in the hoys, the stage-coaches, post-chaises, glass-coaches, or their own coaches. Novels, those fruitful sources of amusement, are welcome to all descriptions of female Citizenesses and some male Citizens.

Libraries are to be found in the houses of many rich traders and tradesmen; and there have been instances of most valuable works issuing from their studies.\* Circulating Libraries are of infinite use to the avaricious, and those of moderate incomes, and are very numerous.

The next and last class consists of persons of ancient families possessed of large incomes, and the nobility. Their manner of passing the day may soon be described. Early rising is neither necessary, nor is it universally practised. Breakfast often makes its appearance at the tradesman's hour of dining; though in some well-regulated families there is far more rationality. Novels, Newspapers, Magazines, Reviews, and little articles contrived to attract the fancy, are spread abroad in the breakfast-room, and afford amusement and conversation while the languid operation of eating is performing. Suppose the gentlemen of the family set forward on their morning ride; the ladies read, work with their needle, or play on the piano; nay, little childish games sometimes engage their attention till the hour for visiting and shopping arrives. Then the streets resound with the hoofs of fiery steeds,

and thunder from the hands of the footman announces on the door of a friend—a card containing the visitor's name; but there are instances, we believe, on record of ladies alighting.

The hours of five, six, and seven re-assemble the family to dinner, for which the party dresses in the most elegant manner, and frequently partake with their friends around them of the richest made dishes, joints of meat, fish, poultry, confectionary, &c. served in two or three courses by a butler, and footmen stationed behind each chair of the company present. Tea and coffee generally make their appearance before the wine and fruit are removed; but there are some who retire to the drawing-room for the use of those refreshments. The supper hour cannot be named with precision; it may be introduced from ten o'clock till two in the morning.

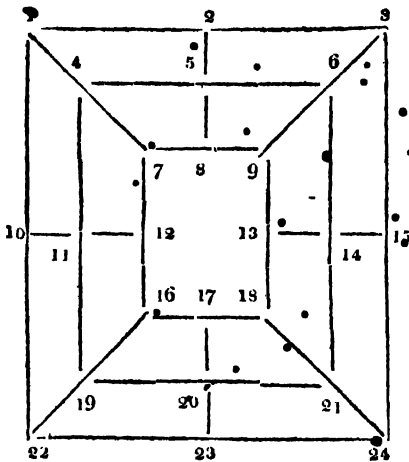
The amusements of the rich and noble consist of every possible enjoyment: birth-days, levees, breakfasts at private houses attended by two or three hundred persons at three or four o'clock in the afternoon, dinners, card parties, suppers, and routs. Other amusements of the great consist in riding through Hyde-park, the ladies in their coaches and the gentlemen on horseback in the adjoining road. He that would judge of the population of London should attend in the Park on any Sunday at three o'clock from February till May; he must be astonished at the sight. The coaches, the horses, the populace of every rank who toil against the bleak east winds, are wonderfully numerous. Nor should he omit a visit to Kensington-Gardens in May, to view the beautiful pedestrians that form our fashionable world; or a winter excursion to the Serpentine River and the Canal in St. James's-park, where numbers skait, or attempt to skait.

It would be useless to more than mention the additional pursuits of the rich, who visit the annual exhibition of paintings and other attractive objects with eagerness, the play-house, Vauxhall, &c. &c.; but, alas! London becomes a mere blank after the 4th of June. Nobody remains in town; it is too hot, too suffocating! Every body therefore retires to their seats, if they have them; and the rest fly to Margate, Ramsgate, and Brighton, those capacious receptacles.

Such are the follies of many; but thanks to Heaven! there are numbers of our nobility and gentry who live and act for the general benefit of mankind.

## NINE-MEN'S MORRIS.

THERE are at present exhibited at the toy-shops in London, and in the watering-places, boards for two persons to play at a certain game of skill called the *Mill*, with printed directions. As this is a very ancient game some account of it may not prove uninteresting. These boards want the diagonal lines, which are in the perfect boards, as in the annexed figure :



A board from ten to fifteen inches square will be found most convenient, of paper, leather, or wood; the men may be such as are used at draughts or backgammon.

Two persons play, one with nine black, and the other with nine white men, which are placed by each person alternately, one by one, on the angles or places where the lines intersect each other. Three men of the same colour united on a line, form a *triad*, or *mill*. The object of the game is to obtain triads, which when one party attempts to do, the other endeavours to prevent. When all the eighteen men have been placed on the board, those which have not been taken move in playing half a line at a time, as from 1 to 2, to 4, or to 10; from 4 to 5, to 7, or to 11, &c. backwards or forwards. Every time one of the players makes a triad the adversary loses one of his men, which may be taken from any place except from an actual triad.

It is usual to decide who is to play first by guessing even or odd, as the advantage is considerably in favour of the first mover.

When you have a mill you open it again to make another; for instance, if 1, 2, 3, is your

mill, you may, if there be no impediment, move 1 to 2, 4, or 10; 3 on 6 or 15; or 2 on 5; and any of these three men may be moved back again, and form another triad, or "an old mill new revived."

There are twenty triads, six of which are, 1, 2, 3,—4, 5, 6,—7, 8, 9,—10, 11, 12,—1, 4, 7,—3, 6, 9; the other fourteen are readily found; the game is soon learnt, but to play it well requires some practice, especially in such cases as 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, and 8, being occupied by one player, who may then move from 3 to 5, and back again till he has taken seven of his adversary's pieces, which, of course, ends the game. These situations are called *see-saws* (reciprocating motions), or *go-and-come*. A game may likewise be won by blocking up the enemy's pieces so that he cannot stir them in his turn.

Notwithstanding a player will try to prevent the other from placing three of his men in one row, he cannot continue to do so, or the game could not be played nor brought to a conclusion.

We shall now relate the principal part of what has been written on this game, which may at least prove that the game has been played two or three centuries.

In the year 1694, a work entitled *De Ludis Orientalibus*, by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hyde, was first printed in thick twelves, in two volumes, together about 500 pages; in 1767 it was re-published at Oxford by Gregory Sharp, among the rest of Dr. Hyde's works, in two large quartos.

In this book are three chapters, entitled *Historia Tridii*, describing in nine quarto pages a game, with the figure of the board. Dr. Hyde says the French call it *Jeu des Mrelles* (*Marelles* by Rabelais); which word the English have corrupted into *Morals*, and called the game *Nine-men's-morals*. In Italian, *Giunco di Smarrelli*; in Spanish, *Juega de tablas o piedras*, game of tables or stones; and in Dutch, *stukken*, nine-pieces. He quotes the following passages from Ovid, in proof, as he says, of his assertion, and that the game is known all over the world.

*Parva valet turpis instructa Tabella Lapillis,  
In quâ vicisse, est continuasse suos.*

TRISTIUM, lib. 2.

*Parva Tabella capit ternos utringue Lapillos,  
In quâ vicisse, est continuasse suos.*

DE ARTE AMANDI, lib. 3.

In Mr. Reed's edition of Shakspeare is a note of this line in the *Midsommer-night's Dream*, "The Nine men's Morris is fill'd up with mud;" by Mr. James, who says, "In that part of Warwickshire where Shakspeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonshire, the shepherds and other boys dig up the turf to represent a sort of imperfect chess board." This is illustrated by a wooden cut, representing the plan of the board, without the diagonal lines; which, according to Dr. Hyde, was then called by the vulgar Italians *Pavola da Molino*, or Table of the Mill; and by the Germans *Mühle*, Mill, and with the diagonals *Doppelte Mühle*, Double Mill. The children in those countries trace these figures on the ground or in the sand, and play with beans, stones, bones, &c. The

Reverend and learned Doctor mentions likewise *Three-pin Merells*, which the Russians call *Cackü*; and ends his account with a cut of a somewhat similar Chinese game called *Che lo*, which seems to have found its way in these countries as the Irish call it *Cashlan-gherra*, in English *Short-cast's*, and in Cumberland and Westmoreland *Copped-crown*. It is played with three black and three white men, and is thus formed:—a square is made, and then divided by two lines into four equal parts or squares; two diagonals complete the plan of the game, on which five triads may be made.

Cornelius de Bruyn, in the original Dutch edition in folio of his travels in Turkey, 1675, says, the Turks are very expert at chess, draughts, and nine pieces, at which games they often spend whole days.

## ORIGINAL LETTERS DESCRIPTIVE OF IRELAND.

DEAR FRIEND, *Slieb-an-Irin.*

You are surprised, no doubt, that instead of wafting you this on the pinions of a grey-goose quill, as Tom Pipes says, that I do not prune my wing, and pay you a visit one of these fine mornings; for you know that a great number of our countrymen imagine that the *Wild Irish*, as they affect to call them, are all winged, and that as I have been so long among them I could borrow a pair till my own grew; but I have enjoyed such an uninterrupted state of health for some time past, that I may say with the poet:—

"No weak, no common wing, can bear  
"My rising body through the air."

So much for wings and health. I landed in Dublin, and must do the custom-house officers the justice to say, that they behaved with more politeness to me than I expected. You have heard that *Eblana*\* is a fine city; so it is; architecture is rising her head in almost every street; trade, industry, &c. seem to be written on a good many cheerful countenances. I had not much time to ramble through the outlets, but I am told they are very well worth visiting. The lower class of citizens are just as fond of whiskey as ours are of gin. The newsmen are a perfect nuisance, and the shoeboys almost as bad; the latter take their stand usually on Essex-bridge and the other bridges, and scarce ever fail to make their remarks on

the passengers: some of them are really witty; about eleven or twelve o'clock in the forenoon, it is no uncommon thing, especially if the day is fine, to see them stretched on the flags in the arms of sleep. An Irish poet alludes to this circumstance, in one of his city eclogues, in which the forlorn fair addresses her faithless lover (one of this class) in these words:—

"How oft when peacefull whiskey clos'd thine eyes,  
"Thy basket had become the rabble's prize,  
"Had not thy careful, thy much-injur'd maid,  
"Watch'd o'er thy slumbers, and thy stock in trade."

I was so impatient to visit the country, that I think I staid but two days in the city; two or three, it makes no great difference. You have heard of the county of Meath; if you have not, I shall tell you more of it hereafter; it is called the granary of Ireland, and with great propriety too; Carolan, the Irish Orpheus, as Handel calls him, whose life I shall hereafter perhaps give you in a future letter, was born in it; his countrymen say, that he evinced the same genius in music that our immortal *Willy* did in poetry. As you are fond of heraldry, I shall just wait to tell you that the arms of the age of Meath are, vert three mitres, with labels argent. This see also boasts some remarkable privileges, as, that the bishop thereof is always a member of the privy council, and takes place of all other suffragan bishops of Ireland. Now I must put on my seven-

The ancient name of Dublin.

leagued boots, for I long to listen to the songs of Cucullon, and the love-sick strains of Carolan, above-mentioned, their most celebrated bards; and I am told that the nymphs of Ross-clogher, in the county of Leitrim, never fail to chaunt them, and that their voices would charm the dull adder if there was one in the country.—Well, I have gained the top of one of the highest mountains in the kingdom: let me draw my breath a little; the prospect is delicious; and the lowing of kine in the valleys, the humming of bees, and the melodious lapse of limpid rills, invite to sleep—but I must resist the soft influence till I finish my letter at least.

So you call these wild Irish!—I never met with such civil inoffensive creatures in my life: and as for hospitality, she (will you permit me to personify it) stands at every door.

Dr Johnson says, if I mistake not, that the luxury of a Highland cottage is a pinch of snuff. I can say, for I know it to be true, that the luxury of an Irish cottage, is a pipe of tobacco.—Men, women, and children smoke, and if you give them a piece of tobacco, there is a petition in an instant sent up to all the saints for your safety. St. Patrick, above all, is requested to take you under his holy tutelage, for he is the favourite on the list.

You have read the description of an Icelandic cottage. Well, if you have not, I cannot help it; but I was going to tell you that an Irish one is built on the same model; a few sticks or trees, or whatever you please to call them, inserted in the ground, at the distance of ten or twelve feet from each other, in two rows, and fastened at the top; the interstices are filled with sods, to the height of about six feet, and the top or roof is covered with thin parings of the grassy surface of the earth, which they call *scraws*, or scrolls, because they are rolled up in that form as they are cut: some are covered with straw and reeds, but very few. Though the fire is in one end of the house, the chimney is commonly in the middle; and this said chimney is neither more nor less than a hole or aperture through which the smoke seldom or ever deigns to glide, as it finds an easier transit through the door, so that their very hair is coloured with it; and the moment you enter, if you are a stranger, they are always sure to hand you the lowest stool; requesting at the same time, that “you will sit out of the smoke,” which they conceive you may by sitting low, and which, in a great degree you do. Some of their cottages are built of clay, but very few; I have seen three or four of them, however, since I came to the mountains, and I think, if

I mistake not, I saw one with a glass window. Their furniture, in general, consists of a pot, half a dozen trenchers, a few horn spoons, and if the family is very large, a couple of beds, on which I am told, they sleep very soundly, though they are composed of heath or straw, shook on the ground, and a couple of blankets; a sheet is a luxury. The women all go barefooted even in the depth of winter:—

“May no rude blast deform the tender maid,  
“Or pointed ice her snowy feet invade.”

Each has a pair of shoes, however, in which they appear on holidays, but seldom on any other occasion. They are excessively modest, and I think the generality of them rather handsome, and when they wash themselves, exceedingly fair; those that cannot sing compose songs, love is the darling theme; and I have met with many of them in which the wiles of Cupid are painted with great delicacy: all their similes are taken from nature. When I have time I shall send you a few of their ballads, as I have fortunately met with a person who has promised to translate as many into English as I please. The Irish language is said to be spoken in its purity in this place: I did not like the twang of it in the beginning, but I must confess I have met with some that speak it with a sweetly flowing accent. They are naturally eloquent, and very ready to enter into conversation with you. My interpreter has just paid me a visit. “Pray, Sir, is not the Irish tongue said to be spoken with greater purity in this province than any other part of Ireland?”—“Yes, Sir, that is a point no longer to be disputed, and there is an old verse which confirms it; this is the English of it:—  
“In Ulster they speak Irish with correctness, but without the true accent; in Munster, the accent without correctness; in Leinster, neither correctness nor accent; and in Connaught, both.” But now that I recollect, I can give you what your friend Peter Lambard says on the same subject:—“*Et dialecti quidem Eratio ita se habere passim arstuntur, ut cum sint quatuor Hiberniæ provincie: Ultonia, Ultonia, Lagenia, Conacti, pene Conacti, et potestas reæ pronunciationis et phrascos veri proprietatis; pene Ultonienses potestas sine proprietate, Ultones proprietatis sine potestate, pene Lagenos nec potestas pronunciationis, nec phrascos proprietatis.*”

In summer they live on milk, and in winter they vegetate on potatoes; the condiment a little salt; for the pig and the butter are sent to market, towards making up the rent for the landlord; he must be paid, and that on the very day too. I have met with very few of the

Irish landlords who have any compassion; dogs and horses are the only animals for which they seem to have any feeling; no wonder then the peasants are dejected; no wonder they are filthy; no wonder their songs are tuned to notes of woe—and yet these merciless tyrants cry out, the poor want industry; but the hand of industry itself cannot make them rich; if they sow, the landlord reaps; if they rear a pig, the landlord is sure to lay his hands

on it. Will the cries of the widow and the orphan pierce his ears? No; he drinks the tears of the one and the other out of cups of silver, perhaps, and often sends the cottager home to his wife and little family, with the smell of the sirloin in his nostrils, but not a morsel to feast his smiling babes. Take physic Pimp.—I cannot go on. I shall tell you more in my next. Adieu.

31.

# ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA; AND THE LAST MOMENTS OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JOHN MOORE.

EXTRACTED FROM, "A NARRATIVE OF THE CAMPAIGN OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN SPAIN;  
BY HIS BROTHER, JAMES MOORE, ESQ."

ABOUT noon (Jan. 16, 1809) the General sent for Colonel Anderson, to communicate his final instructions respecting the embarkation. He directed that he must continue to send sick men, horses, and baggage aboard the ships as quickly as possible; but that he wished all the boats to be disengaged at four in the afternoon; for he intended, if the French did not move, to begin embarking the reserve at that hour. And that he would go out himself, as soon as it was dark, to send in the troops by brigades in the order he wished them to embark. He continued transacting business until a little after one o'clock, when his horse was brought. He then took leave of Colonel Anderson, saying, "Remember I depend upon your paying particular attention to every thing that concerns the embarkation; and let there be as little confusion as possible."

He mounted his horse in good spirits, and set off to visit the out-posts, and to explain his design to the General Officers.

He had not proceeded far on the road towards the position of the army, when he received a report from General Hope, "that the enemy's line were getting under arms;" which was confirmed by a deserter who came in at that moment. Sir John expressed the highest satisfaction at this intelligence; and only regretted that there would not be day-light enough to profit sufficiently from the advantages he anticipated as certain.

He struck spurs into his horse, and flew to the field. The advanced piquets were already beginning to fire at the enemy's light troops, who were pouring rapidly down the hill on the right wing of the British.

The army was drawn up in the order of

battle he had planned three days before, and was filled with ardour. The General surveyed them with pleasure; and examined carefully the movements of the French columns. In a few minutes he dispatched almost all his Staff-Officers with orders to the Generals at the different points.

General Fraser, whose Brigade was in the rear, was commanded to move up, and take his position on the right; and General Paget was ordered to advance with the reserve to support Lord William Bentinck.

The enemy now commenced a destructive cannonade from eleven heavy guns, advantageously placed on the hills.

Four strong columns of French were seen moving from their position. One advanced from a wood, the other skirted its edge, and both were directed towards the right wing, which was the weakest point. A third column approached the centre; and the fourth was advancing slowly upon the left along the road from El-Burgo. Besides these, there was a fifth corps which remained half way down the hill, towards the left.

It was the opinion of Sir John Moore that the presence of the Chief in Command near to the point where the great struggle occurs, is often most useful. He probably thought it peculiarly requisite to follow this rule here, as the position of his right wing was bad; and if the troops on that point gave way, the ruin of the army was inevitable.

Lord William Bentinck's brigade, consisting of three incomparable regiments, the 4th, the 43d, and 50th, maintained this dangerous post. The Guards were in their rear; and to prevent the right being turned, Captain Napier was dispatched to desire General Paget to

bring up the reserve to the right of Lord William Bentinck.

Sir David Baird leading on his division had his arm shattered with a musket ball; and was forced to leave the field.

The French artillery plunged from the heights, and the two hostile lines of infantry mutually advanced, beneath a shower of balls.

They were still separated from each other by stone walls and hedges, which intersected the ground; but as they closed it was perceived that the French line extended beyond the right flank of the British; and a body of the enemy were observed moving up the valley to turn it. An order was instantly given, and the half of the 4th regiment, which formed this flank, fell back, refusing their right, and making an obtuse angle with the other half. In this position they commenced a heavy flanking fire; and the General, watching the manoeuvre, called out to them:—"This was exactly what I wanted to be done."

He then rode up to the 50th regiment, commanded by Majors Napier and Stanhope; who got over an inclosure in their front, and charged most gallantly. The General, ever an admirer of valour, exclaimed, "Well done the fiftieth! well done my Majors!" They drove the enemy out of the village of Elvina, with great slaughter. In this conflict Major Napier, advancing too far, was wounded in several places, and taken prisoner; and Major Stanhope unfortunately received a mortal wound.

Sir John Moore proceeded to the 42d, addressing them in these words, "Highlanders, remember Egypt." They rushed on, driving the French before them, till they were stopped by a wall. Sir John accompanied them in this charge, and told the soldiers that he was "well pleased with their conduct."

He sent Captain Hardinge to order up a battalion of the Guards to the left flank of the Highlanders; upon which the officer commanding the light company conceived that, as their ammunition was nearly expended, they were to be relieved by the Guards, and began to fall back; but Sir John, discovering the mistake, said to them, "My brave 42d, join your comrades, ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets." They instantly obeyed, and all moved forward.

Captain Hardinge now returned, to report that the Guards were advancing. While he was speaking, and pointing out the situation of the battalion, a hot fire was kept up, and the enemy's artillery played incessantly on the spot. Sir John Moore was too conspicu-

ous. A cannon-ball struck his left shoulder, and beat him to the ground.

He raised himself, and sat up with an unaltered countenance, looking intently at the Highlanders, who were warmly engaged. He was carried from the field on a blanket, by a serjeant of the 42d, and some soldiers. On the way he ordered Captain Hardinge to report his wound to General Hope, who assumed the command.

Many of the soldiers knew that their two chiefs were carried off, yet they continued the fight undaunted.

General Paget, conformably to his orders, hastened to the right with the reserve. Colonel Beckwith dashed on with the rifle corps, repelling the enemy, and advancing up their flank. They penetrated so far as nearly to carry one of their cannon; but were at length forced to retire before a much superior corps, who were moving up the valley. General Paget attacked this corps with the 52d, and some more of the reserve, and quickly repelled it. He pressed on to a great distance, dispersing every thing in his front; till the enemy, perceiving their left wing quite exposed, drew it entirely back. The French then advanced upon the centre, where Generals Munnigham and Leith successfully resisted their onset. The ground there being more elevated, and more favourable for artillery, the guns were of great utility. An effort was likewise made on the left, which was very unavailing, for the position on that side was strong; but a corps of French took possession of a village on the road to Betanzos, from which they continued to fire. On which Lieut.-Colonel Nichols boldly attacked the village with some companies of the 14th, and beat out the enemy with loss.

Light now began to fail, and the French had fallen back on every point; yet the roaring of cannon, and report of musketry, continued till dark.

The victory was complete, and gained under many disadvantages. The British had been much reduced by the multitude of sick, by the loss of stragglers, and by those employed in necessary duties; and General Craufurd's detachment was now at Vigo, so that not quite 15,000 men were brought into the field. The French also were greatly diminished by the length of the march, the severity of the weather, and their losses in the various defeats they had previously sustained; yet, according to the report of the prisoners, their three divisions amounted to full 20,000 men. Besides this great superiority of numbers,



their position was far more favourable, and their cannon was of much heavier metal; which being planted on the hills, fired down on the British with great advantage. Yet, by the daring courage of the troops, by the skillful disposition of the army, and by the manoeuvres during the action, the French were entirely discomfited.

The loss of the British in killed and wounded was between seven and eight hundred men; and General Hope conjectured that the enemy had lost about double that number; but Major Napier, when a prisoner, learnt from the French Generals, that their loss was upwards of three thousand men. This was owing to the quick firing and steady aim of the British troops; the French veteran officers declaring they had never been in such a fire in their lives.

The darkness of the night made it impossible to pursue the enemy; and General Hope, weighing the circumstances under which the British army was placed, and the reinforcement which could soon be sent to the French, considered that it would be impossible to retain his position long. A succession of attacks from fresh troops must ultimately overwhelm the British. He, therefore, judged that the only prudent step that could be taken was to proceed to embark the army.

The boats were all in readiness, and the previous measures had been so well concerted, that nearly the whole army were embarked during the night; and on the following day the rear-guard got into the boats without the slightest effort being made by the enemy to interrupt it.

As many will receive a melancholy gratification from reading the particulars of the last moments of the life of Sir John Moore, such incidents as are authentic shall be communicated. The following letter from Captain Hardinge describes his fall:—

"The circumstances which took place immediately after the fatal blow which deprived the army of its gallant Commander, Sir John Moore, are of too interesting a nature not to be made public, for the admiration of his countrymen. But I trust that the instances of fortitude and heroism of which I was a witness may also have another effect, that of affording some consolation to his relatives and friends.

"With this feeling I have great satisfaction in committing to paper, according to your desire, the following relation.

"I had been ordered by the Commander in Chief to desire a battalion of the Guards to advance; which battalion was at one time intended to have dislodged a corps of the

enemy from a large house and garden on the opposite side of the valley; and I was pointing out to the General the situation of the battalion, and our horses were touching, at the very moment that a cannon shot from the enemy's battery carried away his left shoulder and part of the collar-bone, leaving the arm hanging by the flesh.

"The violence of the stroke threw him off his horse, on his back. Not a muscle of his face altered, nor did a sigh betray the least sensation of pain.

"I dismounted, and, taking his hand, he pressed mine forcibly, casting his eyes anxiously towards the 42d regiment, which was hotly engaged; and his countenance expressed satisfaction when I informed him that the regiment was advancing.

"Assisted by a soldier of the 42d, he was removed a few yards behind the shelter of a wall.

"Colonel Graham Balgowan and Captain Woodford about this time came up; and, perceiving the state of Sir John's wound, instantly rode off for a surgeon.

"The blood flowed fast; but the attempt to stop it with my sash was useless, from the size of the wound.

"Sir John assented, being removed in a blanket to the rear. In raising him for that purpose, his sword, hanging on the wounded side, touched his arm, and became entangled between his legs. I perceived the inconvenience, and was in the act of unbuckling it from his waist, when he said, in his usual tone and manner, and in a very distinct voice, *'It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me.'*

"Here I feel that it would be improper for my pen to venture to express the admiration with which I am penetrated in thus faithfully recording this instance of the invincible fortitude, and military delicacy, of this great man.

"He was borne by six soldiers of the 42d and Guards, my sash supporting him in an easy posture.

"Observing the resolution and composure of his features, I caught at the hope that I might be mistaken in my fears of the wound being mortal; and remarked, that I trusted when the surgeons dressed the wound, that he would be spared to us, and recover. He then turned his head round, and looking steadfastly at the wound for a few seconds, said, *'No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible.'*

"I wished to accompany him to the rear, when he said, *'You need not go with me. Report to General Hope that I am wounded, and carried to the rear.'*

"A Serjeant of the 42d, and two spare files, in case of accident, were ordered to conduct their brave General to Corunna, and I hastened to report to General Hope.

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

"H. HARDINGE"

The tidings of this disaster were brought to Sir David Baird when the surgeons were dressing his shattered arm. He instantly commanded them to desist, and run to attend on Sir John Moore. When they arrived, and offered their assistance, he said to them,

*You can be of no service to me, go to the soldiers, to whom you may be useful."*

As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them turn him round frequently, to view the field of battle, and to listen to the firing; and was well pleased when the sound grew fainter.

A spring waggon, bearing Colonel Wynch, wounded, from the battle, came up. The Colonel asked, "who was in the blanket?" and being told it was Sir John Moore, he wished him to be placed in the waggon. The General asked one of the Highlanders, whether he thought the waggon or the blanket best; who answered, that the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and the other soldiers would keep the top, and carry him easy. Sir John said, "I think so too." So they proceeded with him to his lodgings in Corunna, the soldiers shedding tears as they went.

In carrying him through the passage of the house he saw his faithful servant François, who was stunned at the spectacle. Sir John said to him, smiling, "*My friend, this is nothing.*"

Colonel Anderson, for one-and-twenty years the friend and companion of Sir John Moore, wrote the morning following this account, while the circumstances were fresh in his memory:

"I met the General in the evening of the 16th, carried in a blanket and sashes. He immediately knew me, though it was almost dark, squeezed me by the hand, and said, '*Anderson, don't leave me.*'"

"He spoke to the surgeons on their examining his wound, but was in such pain he could say little.

"After some time, he seemed very anxious to speak to me, and at intervals got out as follows: '*Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way.*' He then asked, '*Are the French beaten?*' which he repeated to every one he knew, as they came in. '*I hope the people of England will be satisfied!—I hope my country will do me justice!—Anderson—you will*

*see my friends as soon as you can—Till then every thing.—Say to my mother—Here his voice quite failed, and he was excessively agitated—'Hope—Hope—I have much to say to her—but cannot get it out—Are Colonel Graham—and all my Aides-de-Camp well?' (a private signal was made by Colonel Anderson not to inform him that Captain Burrard,\* one of his Aides-de-Camp, was wounded in the action)—'I have made my will, and have remembered my servants.—Colborne has my will—and all my papers.'*

"Major Colborne then came into the room. He spoke most kindly to him, and then said to me, '*Anderson, remember you go to ——— and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give Major Colborne a Lieutenant-Colonelcy—He has been long with me—and I know him a most worthy of it.*' He then asked Major Colborne, '*if the French were beaten?*' And on being told they were on every point, he said, '*It's a great satisfaction for me to know that we have beaten the French—Is Paget in the room?*' On my telling him, no; he said '*Remember me to him—It's General Paget I mean—he is a fine fellow.—I feel myself so strong—I fear shall be long dying.—It is great anguish.—It is great pain—Every thing François says—is right—I have the greatest confidence in him.*'

"He thanked the surgeons for their trouble. Captains Percy and Stanhope, two of his Aides-de-Camp then came into the room. He spoke kindly to both, and asked Percy,† '*if all his Aides-de-Camp were well?*'

"After some interval, he said, † '*Stanhope, remember me to your sister.*' He pressed my hand close to his body, and in a few minutes died without a struggle.

"This was every syllable he uttered, as far as I can recollect, except asking occasionally to be placed in an easier posture.

"P. ANDERSON, Lieut.-Col."

From a sentiment of veneration that has been felt in every age, the corpse of a man who had excited admiration cannot be neglected as common clay. This impression leads mankind sometimes to treat an inanimate body with peculiar respect; and even to bestow upon it unfelt honours.

This was now the subject of deliberation

\* Son of Sir Harry Burrard, a promising young officer, who died two days afterwards of his wound.

† The Honourable Captain Percy, son to Lord Beverley.

‡ The Honourable Captain Stanhope, third son to Earl Stanhope, and nephew to the late Mr. Pitt.

among the military friends of Sir John Moore, who had survived the engagement; when Colonel Anderson informed them, that he had heard the General repeatedly declare, "that if he was killed in the field of battle, he wished to be buried where he had fallen!" General Hope and Colonel Graham immediately acceded to this suggestion; and it was determined that the body should be interred on the rampart of the Citadel of Corunna.

At twelve o'clock at night the remains of Sir John Moore were accordingly carried to the Citadel by Colonel Graham, Major Collett, and the Aides-de-Camp, and deposited in Colonel Graham's quarters.

A grave was dug by a party of the 9th regiment, the Aides-de-Camps attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the body was never undressed, but wrapped up by the Officers of his Staff in a military cloak and blankets.

Towards eight o'clock in the morning some firing was heard. It was then resolved to finish the interment, lest a serious attack should be made, on which the Officers would be ordered away, and not suffered to pay the last duties to their General.

The officers of his family bore the body to the grave; the funeral service was read by the Chaplain, and the corps was covered with earth.

It is not for a brother to delineate a character where the warmest affections were united with such a grandeur of soul as to create a delusion in his family, and almost to persuade them that his mind, like the forms of Grecian sculpture, approached to ideal excellence.

Their testimony cannot be received. But the high estimation he was held in by the most celebrated Generals and Statesmen of the period in which he lived, mark him to have been an extraordinary man.

Those who have run their course, but who live in our memories, shall alone be cited.

That eminent soldier Sir Charles Stuart, marked the conspicuous valour and abilities of Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, and pointed him out to his Sovereign and his country.

Mr. Ralph Abercrombie next selected him for his friend, and wielded him as his sword.

Then Marquis Cornwallis, when serving in Ireland, conferred upon him (though one of his youngest Generals) the most important command in his army. Thus did three of the greatest British Generals of the age intrust Sir John Moore to achieve those enterprises which demanded the most daring resolution

and consummate military knowledge; and, by an uninterrupted train of success, he surpassed their expectations.

He never courted Ministers, nor sought for pre-eminence by mean solicitations. But when sent for, or employed by them, he behaved with the deference due to their station, and expressed his opinions with the candour that was becoming himself.

Mr. Pitt was struck with his actions, and solicited his acquaintance. The esteem he had pre-conceived augmented in proportion to the intimacy that was formed. He consulted him on military affairs, and on several important occasions yielded to his judgment. This confidential intercourse continued till the death of that statesman. Had he lived, and still continued to superintend the Councils of Government, the reasons which drew forth this work never could have existed; for his conduct towards the Naval and Military Commanders whom he made choice of, was always just and noble.

During the short time Mr. Fox was Minister, he likewise expressed, in his energetic manner, the highest consideration for this General.

When it was in agitation to appoint him Commander in Chief in India, Mr. Fox sent for him; and with characteristic frankness told him, "he could not give his consent: that it was impossible for him, in the state in which Europe then was, to send to such a distance a General in whom he had such entire confidence."

Mr. Fox did not survive long; but those distinguished noblemen and commoners who belonged to that administration, or who were politically attached to that Minister, have emulously and most eloquently exerted themselves, that due honours might be paid to the chosen General of Mr. Pitt.

The guardian solicitude with which the King watches over the honour and interest of his army, has been conspicuous through the whole of his reign. Moore was an Officer whom his Majesty noticed early, and cherished constantly; and when he was assailed by powerful undermining intrigues, ever afforded him his royal protection.

The ungenerous persecution continues beyond the grave; but his Sovereign bewails his death with deep sorrow; defends his fame, which he valued above life; and holds him by proclamation as an example to the British army.

## ARCHITECTURE OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

WITH AN ENGRAVED REPRESENTATION OF THE GRAND EAST FRONT, AND NORTH ANGLE.

THE exterior architecture of Covent-Garden Theatre is now sufficiently completed to warrant us in making some observations on the style and character of the building. Our limits will not allow us to say much; but we shall endeavour to explain those principles of science, by which alone such a building ought to be judged—*Rationem artis intelligunt indocti sentiant voluptatem*.—Every one alike feels the beauty of this work of art; and it is but justice to the architect, to prove that the approbation of the eye is borne out by that of the mind.

Mr. Smirke, jun. the architect, has selected, and upon very just grounds of preference, the Doric style of architecture, which in majesty, simplicity, and strength, so much excels the other orders. If it be objected that the Doric order is of too severe a style for theatric structures, it must be remembered that the proper character of a national theatre should be that of a school of morality, in which instruction is conveyed through the medium of pleasure. The Doric, moreover, is the only pure Greek architecture of which any perfect examples remain; and there is, moreover, a necessary connection in the mind between Grecian architecture and the Grecian drama. Greece was the common mother of both.—Taking, moreover, every other circumstance into consideration, such as the actual area on which the building stands, and the quality of the houses by which it is surrounded, it may be a matter of doubt, whether, by any possibility, it could have admitted another style. The Corinthian and Ionic orders are never displayed with effect but in vast buildings and solitary grandeur.—The Doric falls more into the level of common life, and is only in a greater and more tasteful degree what our private dwellings are, or ought to be.

The front of the Theatre occupies one half of that side of Bow-street nearest to Covent-Garden; and, upon our first approach, we are struck with the astonishing breadth and majestic simplicity of the building.—The portico in the centre of the building is of the same proportions as those in the portico of the Temple of Minerva at Athens; and the characteristics of Greek architecture are preserved in the other parts of the front.—The columns of the portico, we believe, with the exception of those at St. Peter's at Rome, and

those in the Temple of the Acropolis, are the largest of any existing building in Europe.

We observe that the rusticated work, which is more familiar to the eye, as having the appearance of *lines in score*, and which is in truth a modern corruption, has been judiciously omitted by the architect—who was doubtless aware of their effect in destroying the simplicity of a building, by distracting the eye, and diverting its attention from the main features. The mouldings on the exterior of the building, the architraves round the window,—in short, every part, are correct examples of Greek forms and purity.—In the lower part of the front an arcade extends from one end to the other, and there is no decoration introduced which does not tend to the general effect and character of the whole.—The front of the building is terminated at each end by two pilasters, and the figures of Comedy and Tragedy are placed in niches between them.—It is worthy of remark, that there is a breadth of plain surface under each niche, by means of which the effect of the figures is very much assisted.—The *basso-reliefs* in front are each about forty-five feet long, and are executed with the same relief as those in the Temple of Minerva, which were the work of Phidias.—The projection of the most prominent figure not exceeding three inches, they have a peculiar effect from the plain surface behind them, and being slightly indented, harsh shadows are avoided.—They thus form a part of the general character and prevailing simplicity of the structure, and constitute a modest decoration and delicate enrichment.

Under the portico, in the same relief as the other *basso-reliefs*, the King's Arms are introduced. The main walls of the Theatre, which are about one hundred feet in height, and of a proportionate thickness, rise considerably above the other parts of the front, and arched openings have been judiciously introduced, by which the chimnies are concealed, and the water is discharged from the great roof. In the other fronts of the building all architectural decoration has been omitted, but the same flowing lines, the same exactness of proportions, and purity of parts—the same noble simplicity, and the character of severe grandeur, is preserved throughout. The building is entirely insulated, but a communication has been preserved between Hart-street and

Bow-street, and the Piazzas in Covent-Garden.

But in a work conducted upon principles, having said this much, having praised the architect, not only for his taste and genius, but for his knowledge of the rule, and strict conformity to it, it is but justice to the public not to cover him with indiscriminate eulogy; but to apply the rule, as well where it apparently makes against him, as where it is in his favour.

Ought not the *entablature* in the front of the building to have been one *unbroken line*? Ought it to have been divided into compartments? In this style of building, the Doric order, nothing is admissible for the mere purpose of ornament.—Every thing must have an immediate or presumable reference to utility.

According to this principle, the *entablature* is supposed to be the strap or *vinculum*, by which the parts are bound together.—Now it is evident that this idea necessarily involves unity and continuity.—There is no strength in a cord thus minutely snapped. This division, moreover, was not necessary for the purpose of comprehending the figures of the *basso-reliefs*.—According to all existing reliques of the pure Greek Doric, they might have been introduced in the interstices of the tryglyphs.—Division always takes from effect.—It belongs to ornament but not to simplicity.

There is one peculiar praise which belongs to this building.—It is the only existing specimen of pure Greek architecture, uncorrupted by Roman or Gothic appendages.—It is filled up as it were from the remaining shell of the Acropolis at Athens.—Mr. Smirke has caught from the Temple of Minerva the general idea; the proportions, the parts, the finishing, are all Mr. Smirke's own; in a word, it is a building of which Athens would not have been ashamed, and which England, therefore, may be reasonably proud of.—Like every true work of art, it does not command attention by its mere mass; the effect is purely given to it by the art, the harmony, the mind of the workman.

The mass, the brick, and mortar, and all that has been done by the trowel and the plane, belong to Mr. Copeland; the order and effect, the *men agitating molen*, to Mr. Smirke. It is he that has lifted the mass into lightness, and like the Atlas in the fable, carries it with majesty and simplicity on his shoulders.

#### THE BASSO RELIEFS IN THE FRONT OF THE THEATRE.

With respect to the *basso-reliefs*, the composition and executive parts are entitled to

every praise; the characters, in the main, are marked with much boldness and decision: there is a spirit of poetical imagery in the allegorical and ideal appendages, which gives to this sculpture a kind of epic dignity, not unworthy the genius of the master, from whom the general idea has been caught. With respect, however, to character and propriety, and that peculiar correctness which one expects to find in a work aiming at refinement, there is an error of such magnitude as to deserve pointing out. The artist has very properly introduced Shakspeare as the head of the modern drama—conjuring up his *Prospero*, his *Caliban*, and *Ariel*, and all the creation of the *Tempest*; but *Prospero*, *Caliban*, and *Ariel*, are real embodied characters—they have a dramatic, personal entity, and are not, like the *au-drawn* dagger of *Macbeth*, the mere idea and notion of the mind, under the impulse of violent passion.

In the sculpture of the ancient drama the artist has confounded the two ideas, and given a personal representation to a mere notion and affection of the mind. In the *Chapman* of *Eschylus*, the *Furies* have no existence beyond what they assume in the terror of *Orestes*; he sees them in his mind's eye, and in the distracted vision of his fears and remorse. The fiction of poetry will allow this; but the sculptor must not *out-Herod Herod*. He must not play the poet with the poet—he must not extend the extravagance, and give flesh and blood to what the poet has been contented to leave mere fancy and passion. This is certainly an error on the part of propriety.

#### THE STATUES OF TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

We have little to remark upon the statues of Tragedy and Comedy. The figures are good in themselves; but if we regard them distinct from their appendages, they are not sufficiently characteristic: a statue or painting should declare itself, seen at any distance, without requiring a minute inspection of the attributes; but these statues, stripped of their attributes, convey no precise idea; they are what you please—a Muse or a Pomona.

Let us carry our minds forward, and suppose that we should find these statues a hundred years hence, stripped by rapine or accident of their appendages,—would it be possible to affix to either of them the character of Tragedy or of Comedy? But Tragedy and Comedy are decided characters of themselves; the masque, the bowl and buskin, should not be required to distinguish them. Sculpture and fancy have already assigned to them naked and abstract peculiarities. They are, moreover, too small for the building; as mere figures, the

parts of them, the adjustment of the drapery, and the quantities, are excellent; we could only wish to have seen what would have distinctly marked them as Tragedy and Comedy. It was not correct, we think, nor consistent with the ample grandeur and severe dignity of the Doric order to mount them upon lofty pedestals, and to cut them down to the size of the human figure; it would have been better if they had no other pedestal than the base ment of the niche in which they stand, and had mounted to the spring of the arch without artificial elevation.

### INTERIOR OF THE THEATRE.

We have been favoured with a sight of the interior of this theatre, which when considered as a structure for general accommodation, and popular and daily use,—necessarily divided into numerous departments for the convenience of different classes, and the distinct and various purposes of theatrical exhibition—heterogeneous in their nature, and difficult to arrange and combine into one uniform and consistent plan of architecture; if considered as aiming at these diverse ends, and having to accomplish them upon a certain area, and in one allotted time, we may truly say, that the interior of this Theatre is excelled by no building, ancient or modern; but that it will, in all probability, remain an example to the present and succeeding ages, of elegance and magnificence contrived and directed by an unrivalled simplicity and taste, and a commodiousness and general competency to its various purposes, of which there is no parallel in any building of the same kind.

### ENTRANCE.

The grand Entrance-hall from Bow-street is of stone, and about forty feet square. The grand stone Staircase leading to the Boxes is eighteen feet square. On each side are stone landings, with magnificent colonnades of red porphyry pillars, the capitals and bases of which are of white marble. The walls are of white veined marble.

The Anti-room is adorned with red porphyry pilasters, with gold capitals and vases. A beautiful statue of Shakspeare, seven feet high, on a pedestal of Sienna marble, is placed in this room, so as to front the grand Staircase, and to strike the eye in ascending. It is executed by Rossi.

The Corridors surrounding the Boxes are nine feet wide, and are paved with stone.

The Saloon, which is sixty feet long, has red

veined marble pilasters at each end; paintings in *chiaro oscuro* on each side, and sofas with scarlet covers and black velvet borders. The prevailing colour in the Corridors and Saloon is green.

The entrance from the Piazza is by a double flight of steps; the walls are also of stone, and the whole is lighted by antique lamps, placed on tripods of bronze. Taste and Judgment have concurred in producing the union of beauty and convenience. Nothing can be more elegant than the ornaments, and nothing more perfect than the accommodation provided for the public. The communication from one part of the house to another is complete, being facilitated by staircases, by which one may go from the Stage or the Pit to the Upper Gallery in a few minutes. Large reservoirs of water have been judiciously formed from which pipes lead to every part of the house.

Within the solid parts of the walls, and indeed in the very heart of the building, are introduced ventilators, for the purpose of economising and distributing the air.

### THE STAGE.

The Stage, in height, breadth, and especially in depth, appears to be of admirable dimensions, and excellently adapted to scenic shew and processions. The Boxes, except those over the side doors, are not suffered to intrude upon the *proscenium*. On each side of the *proscenium* are two lofty pilasters in *scagliola*, with light gilt capitals; between which are the stage doors and Managers' boxes, &c. These support an arch (the segment of a circle): the soffit painted in light relief; from which descends the crimson drapery, over the curtain. Above is a bold and simple entablature, with the royal arms (the supporters *couchant*) resting on its centre. In each spandrel of the arch is an emblematic antique celestial figure, holding the wreath, torch, &c. excellently executed in relief.

The ceiling is painted to resemble a cupola, in square compartments, in a light relief; in the centre is a lyre. The character of the decorations is perfectly Grecian, and every part is chastened and controuled by an uniform tone of simplicity. The artist appears to have studied the *simplex munditiis* in the general effect of the ornaments which he has introduced; and never did artist more completely accomplish his object.

The machinery of the Stage is most admirably contrived for expedition and facility of application. A scene, once used and done with, is not suffered to stand in the way and block up the lateral avenues of the Stage, it is

thrown back into the rear of the Stage, and finds its place in an orderly and capacious receptacle. On each side of the Stage are rooms appropriated to the use of the performers, fitted up with great neatness and commodiousness.

#### THE BOXES, PIT, AND GALLERIES.

There are three tier of Boxes, which are disposed in a semicircular form, and afford a perfect view of the stage from every point. The front of the Boxes are of cream colour, with G. ornaments in gold, upon a pink ground and gold mouldings. The Boxes are also supported by gold fluted columns. In each Box there are three rows of seats, with light blue coverings. The three circles of Boxes are furnished with large chandeliers, elegantly mounted.—These splendid chandeliers, were made by Collins, at Temple bar. They are chaste and beautiful in their design, which appears to be after the style of Piranesi, forming a graceful canopy of the richest cut drops; of which there are at least *five-and-twenty thousand*. These were all modelled and cut for the purpose on an entire new fashion, and they produce a lustre almost equal to the diamond.—The mountings are also costly and elegant, combining strength and beauty. There are forty in number, suspended from a rich gold bracket in front of the three tier of Boxes and over the stage doors; the latter are large and magnificent, bearing nine lights each; those in front of the Boxes bear five and six lights each.

The Pit, besides its usual lateral passages, has two central passages, which extend through its whole length from the front Boxes to the Orchestra, an improvement, the advantage of which will be most beneficially felt both in egress and ingress, when the house is crowded. It ought also to be mentioned, that the seats in the Pit are gradually elevated in a manner which will greatly conduce to the convenience of the audience. The eye of each individual will be raised so high, that it will be impossible for the head of the person sitting before him to intercept his view of the stage.

The Upper Gallery is divided into five compartments, and may be thus considered a tier of five Boxes, with a separate door at the back to each; these doors open into a spacious lobby, one side of which is the back of the Gallery, and the other the exterior wall of the theatre, with the windows into the street. The lobby to the middle Gallery beneath is similarly situated. Under the Gallery is a row of private Boxes, constituting the third tier. They consist of twenty-six in number, with a private room behind each. The access

to the Boxes is by a beautiful staircase, exclusively appropriated to them, and not connected with any other part of the house—with also a saloon, exclusively—spacious and magnificent in the extreme. This saloon is adorned with magnificent columns of Sicilian marble, the colour of which is a light *red antique*, instead of porphyry. Busts of Shakspeare, Milton, &c. are introduced in various parts of it—drawings in *chiaro obscura*, principally from the works of our dramatic Poets, executed in an elegant and scientific manner.

There is not a point of the house, before the curtain, that does not command a complete view of the Stage; nor a point in which a word distinctly spoken on the stage, is not perfectly audible to the remotest extremity.

The artist has been also particularly attentive to the comfort and accommodation of the performers. The Gentlemen's dressing-rooms are on one side, and those of the Ladies on the other. The wardrobe-room is spacious and superb; in the centre is a square table of immense size—the surface mahogany highly polished; the presses which line the room are in wainscot, finished with the most exquisite taste.

Every means of safety against fire, or other accident, that ingenuity could devise, has been adopted. At all convenient intervals are strong party walls, with iron doors, by which, if a fire were to break out, it would be confined within that particular compartment, and be prevented from spreading through the house. The fire-places are also made with grates turning upon a pivot, by which means the front can be moved round to the back, and the fire is thus extinguished without the possibility of accident. Water-pipes are also insinuated into every part of the house, through which they are spread like veins through the human body. Great brass cocks, which, when turned, would pour the contents into the house, present themselves to the eye in the lobbies and other places.

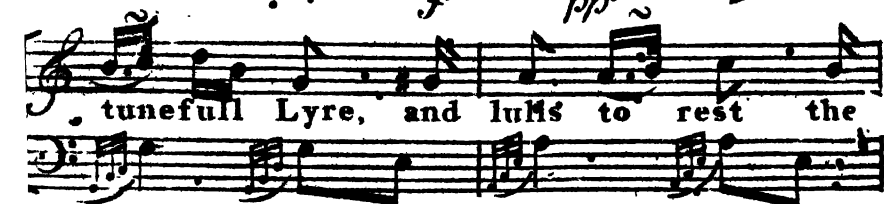
The flight of stairs to the Upper Gallery consists of 120 steps, and the number of bricks laid down in seven months, amounted to seven million: a circumstance which may afford an idea of the magnitude of the edifice, and the celerity with which it has been built.

We ought to have mentioned a very great improvement in the doors, which not only facilitates admission, but which affords the most satisfactory means of security in case any accident should render the immediate evacuation of the Theatre necessary. The doors now, instead of opening backwards or forwards, upon touching a spring, slide laterally, and are wholly removed from the passages.

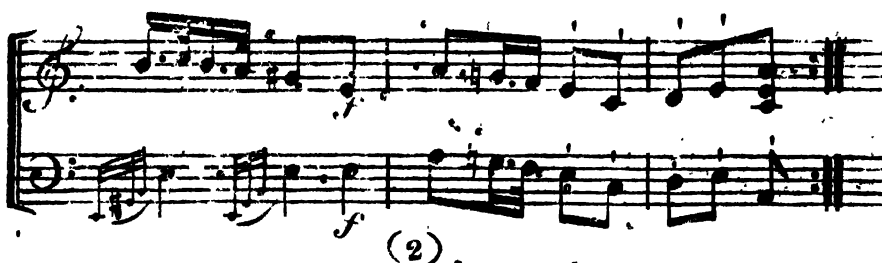
ALL SING TO CHEER MY MEGAN.  
An Original Welch Tune Composed by Mr. Hook.

Exclusively for N<sup>o</sup>. 50. of La Belle Assemblée.

Slow and Impressive.

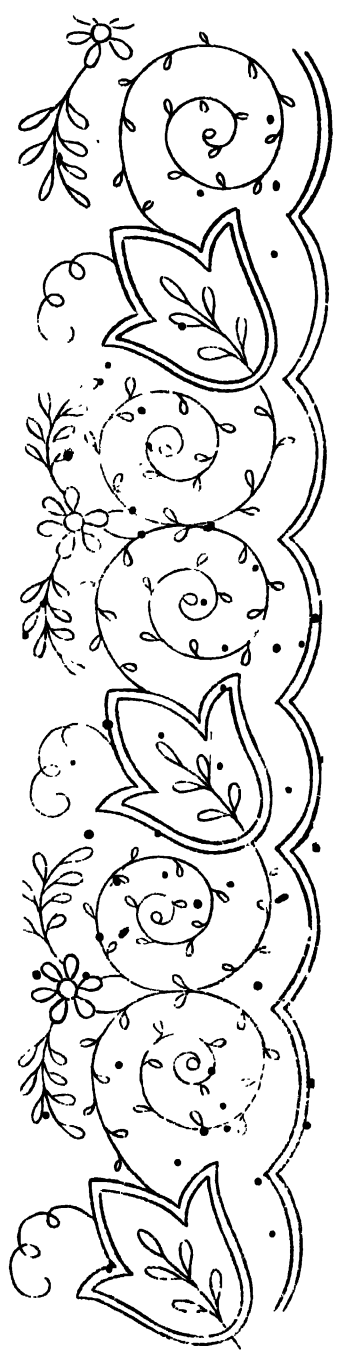
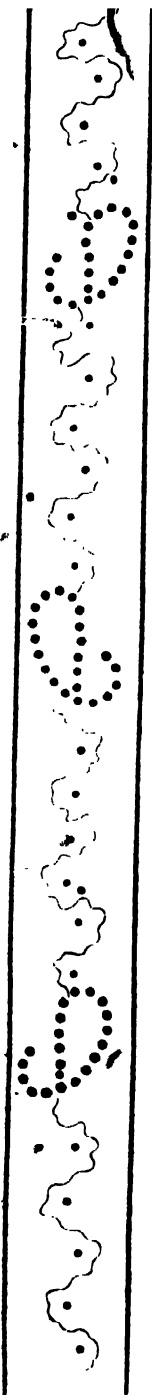






(2)  
I sigh not for a splendid scene ,  
Beyond our pastimes on the green,  
Where mirth and pleasure reign;  
And there my Gwilym strikes the lyre .  
'Which all the village youths admire,  
So soft is ev'ry strain .

He sweeps the strings, &c. &c.  
"I'll sing to cheer my Megan dear,  
"I'll sing to cheer my Megan"



*Engraved for La Belle Armée N° 50*



# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

## FASHIONS

For OCTOBER, 1809.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF FASHION.

#### ENGLISH COSTUME.

##### A DRESS WORN BY A LADY OF RANK ON THE STONE AT BRIGHTON.

A bonnet composed of yellow satin and lace, richly embossed with leopard spots in deep orange; the front in the tiara form, bound with green figured ribband; a band of the same confines the crown, and ties in a bow behind; a long lace veil thrown back; a robe of yellow craped muslin, made to sit tight to the figure, confined at the bosom and down the front with knots of green ribband, bound round the neck and ornamented round the bottom with three rows of the same; long sleeves, with small lace ruffles hemmed to correspond; a high lace tucker, fastened on the bosom with an Egyptian pebble. A zephyr cloak of rich lace, falling in long points to the feet, finished with silk tassels, sloped up in the form of a jacket behind, meeting at the bosom and on the shoulders, confined with graceful negligence to the form by a sash of green ribband. Yellow Morocco sandals; gloves of York tan.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

#### FASHION AND DRESS.

Although it is considered far too early for fashion to assume a determined character, yet many seasonable changes have taken place in the several articles of female attire; and we have, upon the whole, more of novelty to offer to our fair friends than we ever remember at this season of the year. All our fashionable watering-places, and other scenes of favourite resort, have been ransacked in search of elegance and variety, and whatever of fancy can bear the test of good sense and

correct taste, we shall endeavour minutely to describe, and point out to them. The newest articles that have issued from the manufactory are the striped sarsnets and imperial bombazens; gossamer gauzes, Italian tiffanies, spotted cambrics, and fine tamboured muslins are still much worn in full dress. In the morning costume the straw striped muslin has completely rivalled the jaconot cambric, which is now chiefly confined to the constitution of slips and under dresses. Shot and figured twill sarsnets remain high in fashionable estimation. Our stuff and poplin manufacturers are exerting all their genius towards the production of something which shall vie in warmth and beauty with cloth, and which promises to become not only an object of scarcity but monopoly.

In the out-door costume but little variety is observable in the formation of pelisses and spencers; the principal article used in their construction is twilled shot sarsnet; the favourite assortment of colours is red and green, red and brown, mazarine and red. Scarfs continue to be much worn, and they have likewise assumed a more luxuriant hue and texture; we have noticed several in bright jonquille. The simple pelerine in white tiffany, lined with satin and trimmed with swansdown, is truly elegant. The round tippet in pink, or white satin, with handkerchief ends, edged with lace or swansdown, crossed over the bosom, and tied behind with a bow of ribband, is also very genteel. Mantles in every possible form are still to be seen; the prettiest we have observed has a wrap front attached to the shoulder, and confined to the figure by a sash passed round the back and brought to tie in a bow before.

Morning and walking dresses are still made high in the neck, but without collars; to lace up the front, and trimmed round the throat and wrists with a double row of shell lace.

In full or evening dress, the backs of gowns are made square, and rather high, without linings, let in at the bottom of the waist with an easy fulness; the bosoms are worn low, and shoulders much exposed, the sleeves long and mostly of lace; trains still continue a very moderate length; the favorite sash is of the bias corded ribband, tied on the left side with small bows and long ends. We have noticed some few jackets and petticoats, but the Spanish costume has declined a little in general favour. We had an opportunity at a late splendid entertainment of remarking on a lady celebrated for her rank and beauty, a dress, which we consider worthy of distinction. It was of white tiffany, with an applique of white satin crescents round the bottom and brought across the figure, terminating on the left side, forming a drapery; the sleeves and bosom to correspond, with a hemming of diminished size.

The straw bonnet, of whatever shape or dimensions, is absolutely discarded from all fashionable promenades; the lace cap, or an intermixture of satin and lace, maintains its superiority; we have noticed on one of our leading *belles* a cap of oriental silk, which has the effect of embossed pheasant's feathers, confined under the chin by a Turkish handkerchief, the ends brought to tie in a rosette at the right side, ornamented with a *demoiselle* tiara of Indian feathers.

The winging bonnet in pink satin and lace, is distinguished for its airy elegance. The crown is in the cone form, made to sit quite plain, and confined in at the back of the head by a band of ribband. The front is constructed of alternate stripes of lace and ribband, supported by a light wire frame, bound over with satin; it is brought down more on the left side, and ties in a careless bow on the right; and sufficiently raised from the face to admit underneath a full short wreath of heath or geranium.

Four rows of blond, or ribband, in whole plaiting at one edge, sewn together, forming a

long posette, and overcast on the other with coloured chenille, called a *ruche*, is a favourite addition to lace or satin caps.

No material change has taken place in the mode of wearing the hair, it is still after the Madona, or Grecian manner, ornamented with lace veils and bunches of flowers. Impatient for novelty, we have stolen privately on the favourite haunts of the ever changeable goddess. How we are dazzled and amazed by the blazing splendours which her mysterious cabinet disclosed; in the hasty view which we were enabled to take, we could only particularize wreaths and flowers, in coloured silks and tinsel, of exquisite beauty. Tiaras in Indian feathers, on a base of gold studded with precious stones. Turkish handkerchiefs of the richest and brightest dyes, embroidered in silver and gold, interspersed with various coloured gems and showers of spangles.

The prevailing colours for the season are jonquille, geranium, rose, and mazarine; the fashionable mixtures are red and green, red and brown, red and blue, and amber and white.

The latest invention in shoes is the Grecian sandal, a truly classic ornament, and admirably adapted to the costume of the day; it is worn in full dress. The high shoe in white kid, bound and laced with pale pink, or yellow, is another novelty. The white Morocco tie is likewise extremely fashionable.

The gloves most in esteem are straw, stone-colour, bloom pink, and white. The season is not yet sufficiently advanced to allow us to decide the fashion for jewellery. Necklaces in amber, sapphire, emerald, topaz, pearl, and gold, with drop earrings to correspond, are alike seen; brooches and bracelets are not yet resumed by our elegantes.

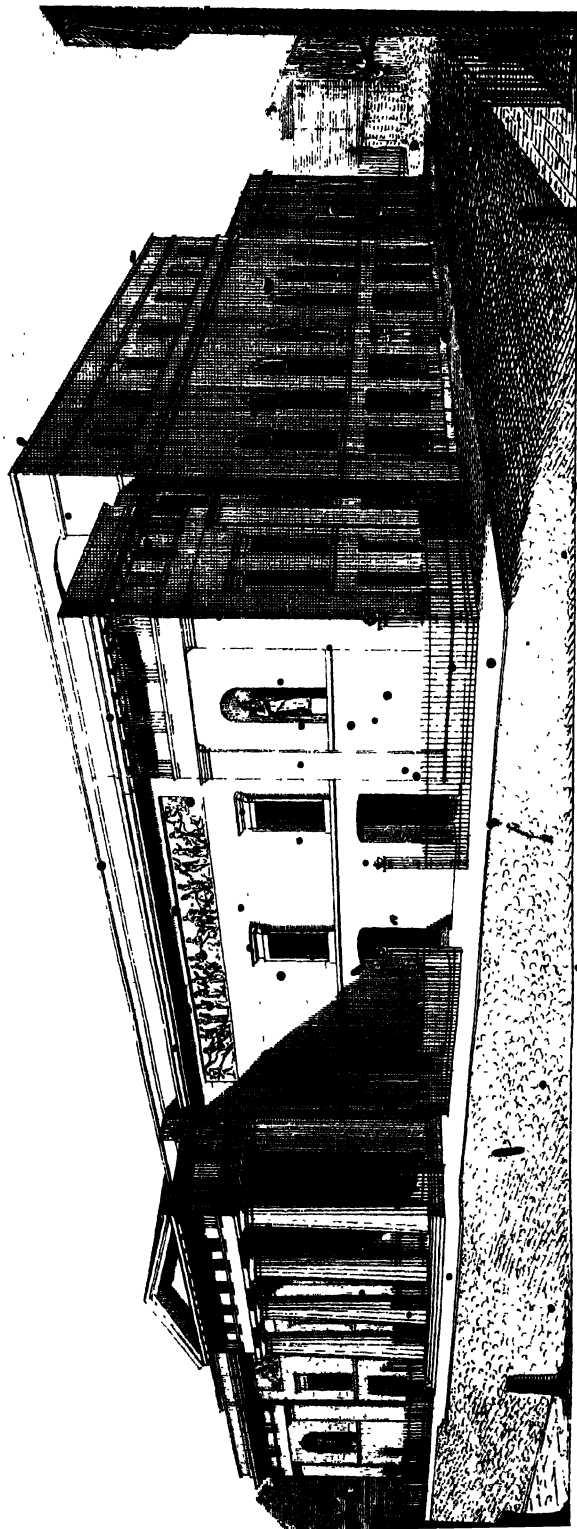
Embroidery in silk, chenille, worsted, gold, and silver will be much worn during the ensuing winter, and such of our fair friends as are desirous of contributing by their own industry to the splendour and elegance of their appearance, will here find ample room for the display of their ingenuity and taste.

## 'ACCOUNT OF THE OPENING OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THE new Theatre opened on Monday night, September 19th, with the Tragedy of *Muchbeth* and the *Quaker*.

The drop is peculiarly grand. It represents a temple dedicated to Shakespeare, in the back

of which is seen his statue, from Westminster Abbey, supported by Tragedy and Comedy; and between pillars on each side are statues of *Æschylus*, *Plautus*, *Lope de Vega*, *Bén Jonson*, *Moliere*, &c. &c.



NORTH-EAST FRONT VIEW OF THE NEW THEATRE (COVENT GARDEN,

— Portico in Low Street, & the other parts in West Street. )

) Published by John, Giltner, & Co. in the Strand, London, 1794.



The Theatre was crowded the instant the doors were open, and though on the steps of the portico the mob were exclaiming against the advance of prices, yet when they got into the Theatre, they were almost silenced by the beauty of the spectacle they beheld. After waiting quiet for some time, the band struck up "God save the King," and then the call for the song was so general, that no performer in the orchestra could be heard but the double-drum player. The singers then made their appearance, and could as little be heard as the instrumental performers. However, during all this uproar, applause was predominant, and it was evident, from the appearance of Pit and Boxes, that the majority in favour of the Managers, was at least twenty to one! Presently Mr. Kemble appeared to speak the opening Address, habited in the costume of the part he was about to play, *Macbeth*. The uproar was now greater than ever; Mr. Kemble waited in honourable silence for some time. At last he motioned his lips through the following address:—

In early Greece, and in a barbarous age,  
A wretched tumbler was the Actor's Stage:  
The Muse, with cheek reclined in pensive  
shame,  
Blush'd for her wanderers from the path to  
Fame.

Æschylus sprang; and storm'd, as he arose,  
His country's passions, like his country's foes  
Rough from the battle, train'd to vanquish  
men,  
E'en as his sword he wielded, so his pen.  
He smote the heart, the trembling sense  
oppress'd,  
And gave no quarter to the human breast.

Yet, stage improvement marked the Soldier's  
sway,  
And tinged with taste the captives to his lay.  
Then, first (the cart of Thespis overthrown)  
Form'd by rude planks, as the theatre was known  
Copied by the Heavens, it o'erspread the lawn,  
And light on scenic dress appeared to dawn.

But, all divine, when Sophocles appear'd,  
'Twas then the Drama's majesty was rear'd.  
Builders and decorators came,—their boast  
Was who could grace the lofty Poet most.  
The lofty Poet lack'd not brains to know  
That Dramatists require the Drama's shew.  
Nature's perfection springs from various  
parts,  
And "Nature's Mirror" needs the Sister Arts.

Hence grew the splendour of the scene—and  
hence  
The handmaids that embellish eloquence:

Dance, music, painting, pageantry, parade,—  
All that gave zest, or yield illusion and.  
Rome caught the spark from Greece, improv'd  
the plan:

At last the flame through modern Europe ran.  
Our scene new decks, in an illumined age,  
The Bands who first gave vigour to our stage:  
Thus Shakspeare's fire burns brighter than of  
yore;

And may the stage that boasts him burn no  
more!

From this our fabric, banish we to night,  
Figures worn threadbare, metaphors grown  
tute,

No Phoenix from her ashes shall arise,  
Stale to our thoughts as sparrows to our eyes;  
No faded trism he cloak'd anew,  
To tell that fire which cheers consumes us too;  
No,—let a Briton now to Britons speak;  
His cause is strong, although his language  
weak.

We feel with glory, all to Britain due,  
And British artists raise'd this pile for you:  
While, zealous as our patron, here we stand,  
To guard the staple genius of our land.

Solid our building, heavy our expence;  
We rest our claim on your munificence;  
What ardour plans a nation's taste to raise,  
A nation's liberality repays.

The Tragedy of *Macbeth* now commenced  
The cry then generally was—*No theatrical ty-*  
*rants—no domineering Napoleons! What! will you*  
*fight—will you fight—will you die, for a shilling?*  
*—No imposition—no extortion—English charity.*  
*Charity begins at home.—No foreigners—no Cal-*  
*agnies!*—These, with little variation, were  
the chief exclamations in which the uncon-  
tents vented their resentment during the  
course of the night. Each *entre* of the per-  
formers was marked by vehement hisses, and  
every exertion which on other occasions  
would have extorted applause, only caused a  
confused tumult. Mrs. Siddons, on her first  
entrance, appeared much affected by the heat  
of disapprobation with which she was receiv-  
ed, and seemed for some moments to suppli-  
cate the forbearance of the audience; but  
this produced no effect, but she was at length  
obliged to go through the part of *Lady Macbeth*  
unheard; in common with the other per-  
formers. The tumult was renewed every stage,  
the curtain drew up; but it a little subsided  
towards the close, and in the Boxes several  
gentlemen waved their hats and handkerchiefs,  
and gave other indications of encouragement  
and applause.

The entertainment of *The Quaker* followed,  
which passed off in a similar manner.



After thus amusing themselves for some time the attention of the audience was attracted by a gentleman in the front of the lower tier of Boxes, who, elevating himself on the front of the Box, seemed to wish to address them. All parties appeared to wish to hear him, but could not, through the loud cries of "Silence," which resounded through out the Theatre. Those in the upper Boxes called to him to get on the stage, and in this they were followed by the whole house. He accordingly quitted his place, descended into the Pit, and was escorted towards the stage as far as the orchestra, where some impediment occasioned a full stop. In the mean time the lamps, which had been let down, were again brought up, and several persons appeared at one of the stage doors, who were invited to the centre of the stage. They, however, retired; but after a short time, Mr. Justice Read, attended by several gentlemen from Bow-street, made his appearance. All appeared anxious to hear him, but to gain silence was not among things possible.

After vainly endeavouring to procure a hearing, Mr. Read at length produced the Riot Act. Loud hisses followed. Unable to explain himself to the whole house, he now addressed himself to a gentleman in one of the stage Boxes, who attempted to communicate them to the audience. This effort was followed by a <sup>partial</sup> burst of applause from those near him, inducing those at a distance to imagine their wishes were complied with; but unable to ascertain this precisely, they called out to have the prices chalked on a board, and exhibited on the stage. On this, Mr. Read and his attendants retired, and the audience remained silent for some time; but no further notice being taken of them, they again proceeded to hiss, call on Mr. Kemble, &c. and at length retired by degrees at a very late hour.

Notwithstanding the crowds that pressed in through all the entrances, no serious accidents have happened. Numberless parties who had taken Boxes for weeks back, were either unable to reach their places, or found them pre-occupied, or were expelled from them by the intrusion of persons who could bring forward no other claim to them than superiority of strength.

We observed but very few women in the house on the first night, in the Pit there was not a dozen, and we cannot too much commend this forbearance and caution on their part. The class that was most active in the riot, was a few boys and drunken loungers, well known about the town, almost every respectable person was either silent, or in favour of the Managers.

Although we are unable to speak of the merits of the performers, for we may venture to pronounce the best tragedy of our immortal Bard, as represented on Monday night, a very *Pantomime*, in the strict meaning of the word; yet, of the dresses, the decorations, and the scenery, we cannot speak with too warm an eulogium. They are in every respect suited to the magnificence of the Theatre, the grand scale of the whole establishment, and the liberality and taste of the British public. The scenery in particular excels in general effect and appropriate detail all we have yet witnessed; and the perfections of Phillips, Whitmore, Grieve, and Lupino, have never been more happily employed. To the mechanists in the management of the scenery much praise is due.

Some of the Royal Dukes, and no small portion of fashion, were among the audience.

The same uproar was continued on the following night, and every night of the week.— On Saturday night Mr. Kemble came forward and informed the audience that the Managers had determined to submit their accounts, and the concerns of the Theatre, to the inspection of a committee of persons of the highest respectability; and to make such a report as would enable the public to participate equally with themselves, in a true knowledge of the state of the Theatre; and, in the mean time, until such a report can be produced, it was determined that the Theatre should be closed; and in order farther to convince the world that the Managers had no other object in the engagement of Madame Catalani than the gratification of the public, as they now found that engagement did not seem to give satisfaction, it was therefore determined to dispense with it.

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

Bell's

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

• FOR OCTOBER, 1809.

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An Elegant PORTRAIT of THE RIGHT HON. THE COUNTS OF EUSTON.
2. A venerable PORTRAIT of HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE III. Engraved as the *Jubilee Portrait*.
3. TWO WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON, COLOURED.
4. AN ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Harp and Piano-forte; composed exclusively for this Work, by Mr. HOOK.
5. Two elegant and new PATTERNS for NEEDLE-WORK.

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

Lady Euston ..... 127

### ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

On the possibility of growing young again ..... 129  
Hymeneæ in search of a Husband ..... 129  
Life of a Lounger ..... 134  
Original letter—advice to the fair sex ... 135  
History of the Oldcastle family ..... 137  
Anecdotes of depravity in London from  
1700 to 1800 ..... 142  
Extracts from Mr. Keit's new novel en-  
titled "Emily" ..... 147  
Original letters descriptive of Ireland .. 154  
Extracts from the "Life of William Cob-  
bet" ..... 157  
Curious Epitaphs ..... 160

### BEAUTIES OF THE BRITISH POETS.

#### BEAUTIES OF MOORE.

Fables for the Female Sex.  
Fable XI. The young Lion and the Age.. 23  
XII. The Colt and the Farmer... ib.  
XIII. The Owl and the Nightin-  
gale ..... 26  
XIV. The Sparrow and the Dove 27  
XV. The Female seducers ..... 30

### • LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

Explanation of the Prints of Fashion.... 161  
General Observations on the most approved  
Fashions for the Season ..... ib.  
Letter on Dress ..... 162  
Thoughts on affectation in the female sex 163  
Supplementary Advertisements for the  
Month.



Bell's

# COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For OCTOBER, 1809.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The fifty-first Number.

THE RIGHT HON. THE COUNTESS OF EUSTON.

WE have to regret the death of the Countess of Euston (whose Portrait is prefixed to the present Number of our Magazine) some time subsequent to her Portrait being put into the hands of the Engraver. We are happy, however, that we have been enabled to preserve a likeness of a Lady no less celebrated for her beauty than for her many eminent domestic virtues. It will, we trust, be gratifying to those friends who knew and esteemed her, and to the world of fashion which recollects her, that we have obtained a very faithful likeness of her Ladyship.

Anne Horatio, Countess of Euston, was the daughter of the second Earl of Waldegrave, by the late Duchess of Gloucester, and sister to the present Countess Waldegrave. Her Ladyship was married to George Henry Earl of Euston, eldest son of the present Duke of Grafton, Nov. 16, 1784. Her Ladyship died some few months since of a decline.

The following is an heraldic sketch of the arms of the GRAFTON family:—

ARMS.—The arms of King Charles II. with a baton sinister compone, *argent* and *azure*.

CREST.—On a chapeau, *gules*, turned up *ermine*, a lion passant-guardant, *or*, crowned with a ducal coronet, *azure*, and gorged with a collar counter-composé, *argent* and *azure*.

SUPPORTERS.—On the dexter side, a lion guardant, *or*, crowned with a ducal coronet, *azure*, and gorged with a collar counter-composé, *argent* and *azure*. On the sinister, a greyhound, *argent*, gorged as the lion.

MOTTO.—*Et decus et pretium recte*. At once the ornament and reward of virtue.

CHIEF SEATS.—At Wakefield-lodge, in Whitebury-forest, in Northamptonshire; and Euston-hall, in the county of Suffolk.

## ON THE POSSIBILITY OF GROWING YOUNG AGAIN.

*[Concluded from Page 4.]*

WE will not here accumulate authorities and reasonings; women like to be convinced by facts. Let us then adduce some ancient and modern examples of the renewal of youth, and we shall find that it was always preceded by some internal purification, which was announced by cutaneous eruptions, and by the production of new external parts.

Galen relates the history of a man, who being covered with a general leprosy, and oppressed with misfortunes of every kind, resolved to put an end to a life which had become an insupportable burden. A viper had slipped into a flask of wine, in which it was drowned. It had been there several days. The man swallowed the liquor, thinking that it would prove a mortal poison. He was soon seized with a dreadful vomiting, and fell into a lethargic stupor. On coming again to himself, all the hair upon his body, and even his nails, fell off; his skin became shrivelled, and exhibited the appearance of advanced age. He imagined that he was on the brink of the grave, and waited for death with impatience. But what was his astonishment, when the old skin dropped off, and was succeeded by a fresh one; new hair and new nails made their appearance; and the wretched leper became a new creature—a ruddy, vigorous, and healthy young man!

In 1531, says Torquemada, there was at Tarento, a man, one hundred years old, who recovered the strength and the vigour of youth. He changed his skin like a serpent; his old grey locks were replaced by a new heaten hair; he seemed to be no more than thirty, so that his neighbours and friends no longer knew him. He lived fifty years after this recovery of his youth.

Plémpius speaks of a native of England, who died at Neufchâtel, and who, after having been long afflicted with all the infirmities of old age, began, when upwards of one hundred, to enjoy better health. He cut new teeth; his head was covered with hair; his sight grew strong, and he experienced a complete renovation in every sense of the word.

Among the wonders of this kind may be reckoned Thomas Parr, who lived during ten reigns.

From all the preceding facts and observations we may infer, that the skin is the most extensive of all the organs, and has the most numerous relations with the others. Its secretions volatilize the principles of diseases, purify the alimentary substances, and facilitate the renewal of the system. The skin, moreover, absorbs the salubrious emanations that impregnate the atmosphere; it lives and breathes by means of its pores. We have likewise seen, that the internal purification, the revival of youth, are always announced by some cutaneous eruption, or by the shedding and renovation of the skin.

Let us then—if we may be allowed to make a comparison, which is adapted to the comprehension of every reader—let us, we say, suppose that the body is a small state which we are desirous of preserving; the skin may be considered the frontiers, upon which is carried on an active commerce in the exports and imports by which it is nourished and supported, or by which its constitution is renewed.

How important, then, is it to health, to preserve unimpaired the delicacy, softness, suppleness, flexibility, and porosity of this organ, which makes it so fit for the fulfilment of its functions! How dangerous must it consequently be, to suffer the skin to be encrusted with dirt, to dry it by the too common use of vinegars or astringent washes; to obstruct it with powders and paints! How essentially necessary is it, on the contrary, to keep it clean by careful ablutions, and soft and supple by frequent bathing, and oily, unctuous, and mucilaginous cosmetics; and to give it tone by frictions, &c.!

To conclude, the use of cosmetics and regular attention to the skin, are one of the most efficacious means of preserving health, prolonging life, and occasionally producing the wonderful spectacle of the renewal of youth.

## HYMENÆA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

[Continued from Page 96.]

THE period now approached when, in pursuit of that variety which is necessary to the fashionable world, it became necessary to fix on the watering place for the season. There is nothing so truly odious to a person of fashion as every thought of home, or any thing connected with it. London, therefore, becomes the winter residence, and some of the watering places the summer. The family mansion is never visited, because solitude and reflection would there become necessary. Of all the most wearisome parts of duty that of reflection is the worst; who in the world of fashion can reflect on themselves with any satisfaction, or rather who is equal to the task? The powers of reasoning and judgment are like those of the body, they lose all their energy, and rust in inactivity. No one can be idle without paying the penalty which nature has affixed to it.

I was one day in conversation with my aunt on this subject, when she demanded of me whither we should go for the summer?

"To your country house or to my brother's," replied I (my father being dead). "Where can the summer months pass so delightfully as amongst the charms of nature, and the joy and gratitude of the poor for whom we shall make some supply for the winter."

"As to the poor," said my aunt, "we must not forget them; there are certain duties which are acknowledged equally in the fashionable and the vulgar world; and whatever else you may be pleased to say of us, you will not, I am persuaded, deny us the credit of having our share of benevolence. We will send down, therefore, our usual benefaction to the clergyman of the parish, who will lay it out to the best advantage in coats and blankets for his poor parishioners; but do not think, my dear, that I intend to shut myself up three whole months amidst trees and fields."

"And where will you see nature to such advantage?" said I. "Where——"

"Fiddle-faddle of nature," said my aunt;  
No. LI.—Vol. VII.

"what do we want with nature? Why, half the study and pursuit of the fashionable world is consumed in hunting her away from them. Do we go to the Opera from the love of nature? Do we roue from the love of nature? Do we shut out the beams of the moon and sleep under those of the sun from love of nature? No, my dear Hymenæa, we pursue pleasure in all her varieties, but we very seldom find her in any natural dress. The woods and fields may very well suit the taste of those who are educated in the country, but our habits all lie in another way; we have so little cultivated any natural sensations that we really do not understand them. The country may please us for a week as a novelty, but after we have seen all its new scenes it becomes like a new comedy after the first night,—no one goes to see it for itself, it has no charm but novelty, and that it has lost."

"Is it possible," said I, "that there can be reasonable creatures to whom such a sky as this, with all the beauty of nature assembled in their nature, the country can be an indifferent spectacle,—to whom the flowery earth is but dust, and the ethereal concave of heaven but a congregation of vapours?"

"Very true," replied my aunt; "but if you should ever make the experiment of the country, after having contracted all the habits of town, you will clearly understand that they are not for you; that our senses are all under the dominion of habits, and lose all relish for one thing where they have been accustomed to another. Have you ever observed your feelings on the day following a grand ball at home? you enter the rooms which were the previous evening splendidly illuminated, you find them vacant and gloomy; you find an air of gloom and vacancy infused itself into your own spirits; you long for the return of evening; you feel impatient of your home; you hurry to your carriage, and hasten into the bustle of the world. It is thus with the country and the town; after the habits

R

of the town you find yourself lost in the country; you miss the pleasures to which you were accustomed, and which habit has rendered as necessary to you as your daily diet; you find what every one calls pleasure around you, but to you they are indifferent from the want of habit. A rustic ball may for the moment amuse you by its novelty, but when that novelty is over it is seen by you as it is in itself,—it is tasteless, insipid, inelegant, a confusion of sound and nonsense; you can neither course nor hunt. In a word, I do not know any of our usual occupations, not to call them necessary pleasures, which you can command in the country."

"It is the pernicious habit of these pleasures, it is this constant effort to fly from yourselves, and to shut out all salutary reflection, that renders the fashionable world what it is; it is of this," said I, "that I chiefly complain. Surely reasonable creatures have other more important pursuits than merely killing their time, than merely an ingenious and incessant study how to pass through the day without perceiving it. The country, methinks, by not presenting you with the means of this pernicious dissipation, might compel you to the work of reflection; and if it were to do so you would owe more to one month in the country than to your whole winter season in town."

"Nothing can make us reflect, as you call it," replied my aunt, "till we are enabled to reflect,—till we have acquired the habit; you might as well command a Hottentot to write who has never seen the use of pen or paper."

"But how are you to acquire this habit," said I, "without beginning the act? You might as well expect to learn to swim without going into the water."

"All this is very good," said my aunt; "but I am resolved to live a little longer, before I begin this task of self-examination."

"There are two parties to every bargain," said I. "You say that you are resolved to live a little longer; has nature signed the bond that you shall so live? Have you a bond of fate, an insurance against nature and accident?"

"Say no more, Hymenæa," rejoined my aunt, "I can resolve that I will not go

into the country this summer; and I can see nothing criminal in the resolution."

"Certainly not," said I, "one place is as innocent as another, considered merely as a place; but when you adopt it as a principle, that you will not go into the country, and assign as the reason on which that principle is grounded, that a country life would compel you to the task of reflection and self-examination, you assign a reason and build upon a principle which are very erroneous; sooner or later you must look to reflection as your best friend. Remember the poet,

"Old age and nature's end must come at last,  
"Tis then the reckoning comes of time mispent."

"What watering place would you make choice of?" continued my aunt.

"Nay," replied I, "I have really no choice; one is as indifferent as the other; to my thoughts, indeed, they are all alike. The fashionable world, as you have well said, hunts pleasure in every shape; watering places were originally the resources of invalids, they are now converted into the meetings of pleasure and scenes of dissipation. In one of our fashionable watering places you will find the visitants made up of two sets of people,—the one who go there to restore their health, the other to dissipate it; and it would be a difficult question whether more persons were restored or ruined, in point of health, during any certain season. I have always thought that the chief praise of the celebrated Nash was, that amidst all his regulations for pleasure he always placed health in the first degree; his laws, which still continue, have done much to limit and confine the mischiefs which would naturally result from the mad pursuit of pleasure. The fashionable world owe him much for his prohibition of late hours, and his rigid law that even in the presence of princes the music should stop at a certain hour; these laws were not only useful in themselves and during the life-time of their author, they formed an example by which all similar institutions have been subsequently regulated. In every watering place, as I have been informed, the laws of Bath are either literally adopted and practised, or if the letter be changed the

spirit is violated. The world of fashion and pleasure owe as much to King Nash as our constitution owes to Alfred. The despotism of the kings of Bath is as salutary to the interests of their subjects as the restricted authority of the sovereigns of England is to the interests of the people; a dictator is as necessary in the one as it would be intolerable in the other."

"Bath," continued my aunt, "is by no means a summer residence; it is as odious as London in the hot months of the year; nay, perhaps more so, as it lies higher it is more exposed to the sun, and the surface of the houses being white is peculiarly annoying under a bright and burning light; every thing, moreover, is on a smaller scale than in London. The proper season for Bath is from November till within ten days of Christmas, and from March till May. In this season of the year the fashionable progress in London has not begun. From June to October we shall stay at our watering place; from the latter end of October till the 12th of December all the world hurry and remain at Bath; from the 12th of December to the 19th of January we pass the time at our country seats; on the 19th of January we hurry up to London; on the 23d of March to Bath again; in the beginning of May we return to town, and remain there till the King's Birth-day, the same course then recommences. It is in this manner that our seasons are portioned out in the fashionable world; admire with how much care we take security against ennui and provide against weariness."

"I cannot sufficiently wonder," said I, "with how much ingenuity and anxious effort you provide against every possible means of instruction or reflection; every thing is so contrived that you lose all thought in the novelty around you. You are always, as it were, at a spectacle or playhouse; your whole attention is so occupied in externals that you have no time to look into yourselves; your reason exists to no purpose; you never have the leisure or inclination to exert it; you live merely to your senses and for your immediate gratifications."

"What think you of Ramsgate?" said I.

"A few years since," said my aunt, "Ramsgate had the reputation of being

one of the pleasantest bathing places in the kingdom, and at that time it merited this reputation; the country was delightful, and the inhabitants were sufficiently removed from the metropolis not to suffer by its corruptions; they had the simplicity of manners which suited villagers. This character has unhappily been changed of late years, the simplicity of manners has passed away, and Ramsgate has become nothing but a scene of extortion. I remember that when a girl nothing could be more pleasing than a walk into the fields in the Isle of Thanet; you were received with a warm and honest welcome in the houses of the villagers, and if you made them any benefaction in return, it was received, however small it might be, with humility and gratitude. Now, if you enter into any of those houses, though it be only in search of shelter from a shower, you must expect a different reception; if you are received with any thing like civility you are expected to pay for it, and at a most disproportionate price; but the worst of it is, that scarcely under any circumstances are you a welcome visitor. Ramsgate, like most of the towns on the coast, has become rich by smuggling; when a decent person, therefore, enters into one of their houses, he is regarded as a spy, and having no need of his charity, they do not even pretend to any thing of a welcoming civility; whenever smuggling prevails, it is followed by the worst effects upon the morals of the people; all their former simplicity, all their characteristic honesty disappear, and cunning, ferocity, and suspicion occupy their place; perhaps in no part of the kingdom are the people more generally corrupt than on the sea coast."

"Is it not possible," said I, "to put a stop to these illicit practices?"

"No," replied my aunt, "they defy the operation of law, because in fact they seduce those who are entrusted with the execution of laws; laws are but a mere dead letter unless they are faithfully executed. The smugglers can afford to pay so much better than government that all the government officers are seduced into an association with the smugglers. It is more profitable, infinitely more profitable, to become a partner in the crime than to be-



come an informer. And when you remember the kind of people from whom these officers are necessarily chosen, you will not be surprised to learn, that their morality is not very high. Indeed, in my humble opinion, it would answer the purposes of government to pay better in order that they may be served better."

"You are a politician aunt," said I. "How long have you thought of these things?"

"Every thing has its turn in the fashionable world," said my aunt; "and it is sometimes fashionable to become a politician. But really I have not patience when I hear from all quarters that the government pays those whom it employs too liberally. The very contrary is the case. Perhaps there is no species of service in the world which is so ill paid as that of government."

"Well," but to return to our subject," said I. "If you do not approve of Rainsgate, if you dislike the town and the people, the neighbourhood of a little London in Margate, and the transferred extortion of Bond street, what say you to Brighton? Confess at least, that there you are sure of good company."

"My opinion of Brighton," said my aunt, "is very little more favourable than that of Rainsgate. To render a place tolerable, two things are principally necessary, society and a pleasant country; now I cannot say that either of these things are to be found in any perfection in Brighton. As to a pleasant country, to my thoughts there is not a more uninteresting tract of land in England than the downs of Sussex. No landscape can be pleasing without wood, and you may travel mile after mile without the sight of a tree. How any one could ever be persuaded that Brighton was an agreeable place is to me astonishing. There are some parts of Kent which are at once interesting and picturesque, but I know no part of Sussex which has any thing to gratify the love of nature. It is very well said of it in one of our modern plays that it is famous only for its hogs and its heaths."

"But what have you to object to its society?" said I.

"That it is a peculiar and distinct society," said my aunt. "England has been very justly characterized as being a

nation where the people are divided into parties; where they convert every thing into a sect, and each ranges himself by the side of his leader. I cannot say that I am one of those who approve of these parties; I think they injure our national temper and characteristic good humour, in a greater portion than they advance or maintain the cause of our liberties. To my thoughts, therefore, even in politics we should do better without parties than with them. But be this as it may, whatever use they may have in politics, they are infinitely disagreeable when they are carried into the daily course of life and manners. Now, in Brighton, there is a distinct society which is only to be found in Brighton. The fashionable world divides itself into two parties, the one attaches itself to the Court, the other to the Prince. Now I confess, that I have no wish to make any such exclusive selection or invidious distinction. I do not wish to testify that respect to the Prince which may have an air of an ostentatious disrespect or defiance of the Court. You cannot go to Brighton as things are, without offending one party or the other. For these reasons, I cannot disguise that Brighton is no favourite of mine."

"You are right," said I; "I know nothing more dangerous than these invidious distinctions. There is always a kind of natural division of interests which attaches one party to the Court and another to the Heir Apparent; but no patriot would wish to acknowledge this division, and least of all to contribute to establish it. To command the due respect of the people, the Royal Family, the sovereign and his children, should have but one interest and but one end, and they certainly rather consult their own interests than those of the people who, by constituting themselves a peculiar party in favour of any Heir Apparent, encourage divisions, which are equally contrary both to natural duty and to our constitutional interests. From the happy form of our government, and the limited power of our kings, we have certainly suffered less from such jealousies and domestic divisions than any other people, but they have been productive of mischief, even amongst ourselves, and the crown has frequently lost much of its au-

thority, and natural weight from the want of a proper union amongst the stock and branches."

"I am happy to find you so loyal," said my aunt.

"If I were not loyal," replied I, "I certainly should not be an Englishwoman, I should not merit to belong to a people who can boast that in times like these they possess such an excellent sovereign, a man who, amidst all the corruptions and wickedness of the age in which he lives, has preserved the religious purity of his own manners, and who exists as an example to all his subjects. Loyalty is but the just respect which is due to his virtues. If there be one thing for which the reign of our beloved sovereign will be hereafter distinguished more than another, it is for the moral and religious example which the person and family of the sovereign, that part of it at least which is under his most immediate eye and controul, holds out to his people. The venerable monarch lives under the persuasion that the happiness of his people can only be secured on the basis of their religion and morality, and he exhibits that example in his own person which he wishes to be followed by his subjects. In the reign of George III. corruption and profligacy have ceased to be the characteristics of courts; and there are examples of as pure and perfect morality in the upper ranks of life as in the chosen seat of morality, the middle station. Where, for example, will you find the domestic virtues in greater brilliancy than in the royal household? Who would wish in his own family more domestic peace and concord than that which binds every part of the Royal Family to their parent and each other?"

"You are right," said my aunt; "I have been informed by those who understand these matters, that the French Revolution originated chiefly in two causes,—in the thorough corruption of the morals of the great, and in the removal of the wholesome and necessary restraints of religious belief; under the foolish and dangerous principle that discussion should be free, and that the interests of mankind are best advanced and maintained by the most perfect liberty of speaking and thinking; the most loose reins

was given to what was called philosophy; and it availed itself of them with a vengeance,—it broke loose only to destroy. The last king of the French was perhaps as worthy a man as ever sat on the throne, but he wanted the resolution and the knowledge which was required by the times. No one can have more pure intentions but he happened to live in turbulent times, and he knew not that a people are not to be trusted in a period of commotion. He put no bounds to his concessions, till at length he had conceded so far that his life and crown were at the mercy of the people, and of a people whom his enemies had infatuated. His benevolence was considered as weakness, his kindness and concessions were imputed to fear. Under these circumstances the people received them with self-congratulations on their own firmness instead of gratitude for the good king."

"We have wandered into politics," said I; "but the carriage is at the door, whither shall we go, for Ramsgate or for Brighton, for Weymouth or for any other place?"

"I really have no choice," said my aunt; "every place where I can find society is to me the same."

"Brighton," said I, "is the summer resort of the Prince."

"Let us go to Brighton then," said my aunt.

"Weymouth is to be honoured by the Royal Family and Court, this season," continued I.

"Let the horses be ordered for Weymouth then," said my aunt.

"Ramsgate is in the Isle of Thanet," said I, "there are an infinite number of delightful walks and rides, and there will neither be the Court nor the Prince."

"Then let us go to Ramsgate," said my aunt.

"Thus it is," said I laughing; "you are driven about like a feather before the wind. Without any principle of choice, merely led by fancy or caprice."

We then got into the coach, and ordered the coachman, who seemed as much at a loss as ourselves, though the carriage was packed for a journey somewhere, to take the Ramsgate road.

[To be continued.]

## LIFE OF A LOUNGER.

[Continued from page 99.]

BEING soon wearied of my agricultural mania, I next became a manufacturer. A summer tour into one of our principal manufacturing counties gave me this idea. I pursued it with the characteristic ardour which always impelled me forwards in a new project. I built the most extensive fabrics, and collected all the unemployed poor throughout the county, that I might avoid myself of their labours in my new establishment. The happiest hours in life are those which pass in the commencement of a new project; the mind is then on the alert, it flies forwards, and makes consequences for itself. How happy would be the lot of man, if reality did not so frequently dispel all the delusions of hope. But imagination is one thing, and nature another; the former, according to the poet, flies on the wings of the morning, and loses herself in the gay creation. "The other is bound down by an iron necessity. There are certain laws, which she must obey, and certain limits, beyond which she cannot pass. My manufacturing scheme, which was for manufacturing wool from the down of thistles, answered as little as any of my former speculations. I sunk an immense sum of money on it, and after so much dead loss both of money and labour, was compelled to abandon it. Thus, I believe, is almost invariably the case, when gentlemen, who have not been educated in other habits, endeavour at any thing like trade. The profits of trade are the profits of experience and supervision in the expenditure and return of a large capital. A gentleman is unsuited for both of these requisite duties; he is totally without the one, and is very unfitted for the other. He makes the worst overseer in the world, because the most indulgent. Another quality of the profits of trade is, that it is made up of small reckonings, of things which are themselves very unimportant, but which become of consequence in the aggregate. A gentleman trader is totally unsuited to anything of this nature; all his habits tend to inculcate a contempt

of small savings. He looks with indifference or scorn on that one-tenth or one-fifteenth, the multitude of which tenths or which fifteenths, however, constitute the sum of his profit. Never, therefore, would I advise a gentleman to become a trader. I think from experience, and by the term gentleman, I mean no other distinction than that of those who are educated in the habits of business and those who are not.

My manufacturing efforts, however, had one good effect; like all my other projects they kept me awake; and though I did not succeed to the utmost, I succeeded so far as to find an interesting occupation while it lasted. No one was more happy than myself whilst I was busied with my workmen; every morning I arose with new expectations, and I retired so weary to my bed that I had no time for thought. It is my real and sincere opinion, that the happiest life is that which is thus veering from project to project. The fate of man, according to Pope, who understood nature as well as he wrote verses, that "he never is, but always *to be blest*."—What happiness, therefore, is equal to that of the man who passes all his days in the midst of hope, who flies from the gloomy certainty of nature, and only plays so much of every game as promises him at least an interesting event. I can assure you, that for many years my decided principle was never become so wearied of any thing as to leave any interval for disgust or satiety, but from the very moment that one thing had satisfied me to hasten to another, to hunt freshness and novelty wheresoever I found it, and to continue the pursuit as long only as it was fresh and new.

I next became a mechanist. Happening one day to fall upon Locke upon Education, I read an observation of that great man, which very forcibly impressed me. "It is my advice," said he, "that every one, be his rank in life what it may, should learn a mechanical art; it is the best refuge in those hours of indolence and inactivity to which the strongest minds will

occasionally be subject; it is an useful amusement and a profitable pleasure. The Turks always follow this rule; the Grand Signor is invariably a shoemaker, a taylor, or a carpenter. It is incredible how much vicious gratification might be avoided if this rule were adopted. And as to the difficulty of attaining any of these arts, there is not one mechanical trade but what a mind improved by the habit of attention to superior things, would master by two hours daily employment in it for a single year."

This observation struck me so very strongly, that I resolved to practise it in my own person. In pursuit of this project, I immediately converted one room of my house into a carpenter's shop, and hired two or three carpenters for my instruction. My ardent attention was soon rewarded by the attainment of some dexterity, and I have no hesitation to assent in the observation, that the difficulty of our mechanical arts is considerably overrated, and that under this false estimation they are much overpaid. Whilst the daily labourer earns with difficulty from twelve to fourteen shillings per week, the labouring mechanic gains double the sum, and sometimes treble. The mechanic should certainly be paid for the time and attention expended in learning his art, but the question is, whether he should be paid in this extravagant proportion. Should there not be due limits to every thing? The point in agitation is, not merely the comparative condition of two classes of labourers, but the comfort of society, which is proportionately impaired when the price of the arts and comforts of life are thus unnecessarily aggravated. The wages of the workmen certainly enter into the price of the commodity, and we undoubtedly pay too extravagantly for many commodities, for no other reason than because we over-

rate the difficulty of the labour and work which is employed about them.

The laws of apprenticeship have been supposed to be founded on this basis, but the supposition is false. The laws of apprenticeship have clearly a very different basis. There is a certain period of life in which youth should certainly not be left to itself; this is the period between puerility and manhood, between fourteen and twenty. The laws, therefore, have very properly adopted it as a principle, that in this dangerous period of life youth should not be entrusted to their own discretion. It provides, therefore, the discipline and authority of the master to succeed that of the parent: and it assigns such a portion of time to the servitude, as actually elapses between the period of boyhood and the maturity of the understanding. Seven years is thus allotted, not because seven years is necessary to the bare acquisition of a mechanical art, but because it is necessary for the boy to be under subjection to some one during that time, and the servitude to the master is the most natural and immediate.

No time passed more happily than that which I consumed in my workshop; I daily and hourly learned something, and the absolute and undeniable proof that I had so learned, fully satisfied me with myself. The necessary exercises, moreover, was very salutary to my animal spirits, and I have no hesitation to recommend those who seek a pleasing occupation, to have a workshop as well as study.

The novelty, however, of this occupation, likewise wore off, and though it never ceased to delight me, and delight me even to this hour, yet the high relish of freshness and novelty was necessarily gone, and it was no longer sufficient for a sole and single occupation.

[To be continued.]

#### ORIGINAL LETTER.

MR. EDITOR,

Ramsgate, Oct. 10.

BEING an ardent admirer of the fair sex, and having proved it by becoming a married man, I am induced to give them

the following advice through the medium of your Magazine:—

In the list of the monthly mortality for the month of September, I have observed

a more than common proportion of deaths in consumptive cases, and I have moreover observed, that the greater part of these cases are those of females between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight.—These observations have led me to consider the probable causes of this mortality, and the general nature of the English disease termed a consumption; I say English disease, Sir, for if every disease were to be denominated after that region to which it seemed most naturally to belong, the consumption would be as much an English disease, as St. Vitus's dance is a French one.

One of these causes is undoubtedly in the variousness of our climate, which is certainly the most changeable in the world; summer rains and winter heats are notoriously most dangerous to the human system, and when the vegetable world suffers by a blight, it is a most certain inference that the human race will be afflicted by fevers. Now I believe it very seldom happens that either a winter or a summer ever passes in this country without those unseasonable heats and damps. Have you never, Sir, been walking in a winter day, I mean in a winter month, and found your body covered with a kind of mucky perspiration, and at the same time perceived a kind of sulphureous smell in the air; such a day as that is the death of thousands. In summer, in the same manner, after several days of successive rains, the sun will break out with dog day heat; such a day as that is an incessant plague; whatever you do keep within your house, and avoid the internal air as you would an infected hospital. I allow, therefore, that the peculiarities of our climate may in part account for the number of deaths by consumption, but unless these causes were assisted by others they would not be so fatal. The evils of nature are beyond our power to prevent, we cannot command the weather, or direct the course of the winds; but there are few things which do not admit, in some degree, of the operation of human reason, if we cannot prevent we may elude,—if we cannot altogether elude we may at least diminish their malignity.

Now, Sir, have the goodness to inform me what you think must necessarily be the

effect of the present fashionable method of dress in these seasons of the year. The wind for this week past has set in most bitterly cold; yet in my walks on the high ground in the Isle of Thanet, I daily and hourly meet parties of young ladies habited entirely in their summer dress, thin silk pelisses, or perhaps merely tippets, strawbonnets, and their other clothing evidently not superabundant. How is such a dress as this suited to the bitterness of the season? Have the goodness, Sir, to inform these ladies that it is the decided opinion of an old physician, though given without a fee, that four out of five of those will not exceed the age of twenty-five, and that they have received into the pores of their limbs a deadly enemy, who may sleep for the present, but whom they will feel, and from whom they will suffer. That period of the year when the summer is gradually verging towards the winter, is of all seasons the most dangerous; and for this reason, because the colds and damps of winter are met and fronted in the light armour of summer. Half the diseases of this country and climate may be imputed to our imperfect preparations against them; let the ladies wear more clothing; let us have no naked arms or kid gloves; let not October and November be confounded with June and July, and you will find very shortly a wide difference in our bills of mortality.

I have nothing more, Sir, to add for the present, except to entreat you to recommend to your readers to give some attention to the climate they live in, and not to consider that the only precaution required to guard against winter is the commencement of fires in their parlours and chambers. Warm clothing, warm clothing, Sir, flannel shirts or wrappers round the body (excuse an old man for speaking plainly), flannel waistcoats opening behind, next the skin, for men and women; recommend these precautions and you will annually diminish and gradually entirely take away the list of consumptions.—I am,

Sir,

A friend to long life,

MEDICUS.

## THE HISTORY OF THE OLDCASTLE FAMILY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

[Continued from Page 102.]

It may be collected from what has been said, that Ben and his master, or rather companion, having imbibed in early life that spirit of travelling and seeing distant countries, which is naturally excited in the inhabitants of the sea-coast, had eloped from their homes, or in the common phrase, run away. Having journeyed on to Plymouth, they had entered on board a man of war, but as they were soon weary of sailing up and down the Channel, and required more variety, they availed themselves of the first opportunity, and again eloped, or in the more harsh language of the articles of war, deserted. They next entered on board a vessel bound for Antigua, and after a variety of voyages and adventures, and a long residence in the West Indies, they returned weather-beaten to their own country; the Captain with little less than an hundred thousand pounds, and honest Ben with an ample competence.

They were now descending the hill which looked down upon the beautiful village of Lewisham. On a sudden the Captain stopped. "Ben," said he, pointing to some chimneys rising above the wood about three parts of a mile upon one side of the road, "there is my father's house."

"Ay, your honour," replied Ben, "there is indeed the old hall. There are the walnut-trees which form the great road up to the house. I remember when we were boys we used to climb up their highest branches after the crow's nest. There is the orchard gate and the great beech tree, under which fat Molly used to milk the Justice's cows. Body of me, Master George, Captain I mean, I wonder how the old Justice is now. How rejoiced will he be to see us!"

"Let us hasten to the hall," said the Captain; "I am eager to see my father and my brother."

"Ah, Master Geoffry," said Ben, "I wonder what's come of him? He was at Westminster when we left the country. Every one spoke well of him as a very promising lad; and though he was your elder brother,

and therefore must run away with every thing.—"

"God bless him," said the Captain, emphatically.

"And so say I, master," added Ben; "for we have got enough to spare Master Geoffry the hall."

The two travellers had now walked so anxiously that they had reached the avenue leading to the house. The Captain's heart beat high with expectation and apprehension; a reflection crossed his mind and filled him with terror. He remembered that he had been absent five-and-thirty years. What changes may not have happened in that time. This thought deprived him of all strength.—He supported himself against a tree.

"Come, come, Captain," said Ben, who from his own feelings readily conjectured those of his master; "let us fear nothing. The old Justice was hearty when we left him. And though to be sure life is a stormy ocean, where many must founder by the wind, and sooner or later all perish by the tide, yet let us be prepared for every thing. If the old Justice is dead——"

"Dead!" repeated the Captain with emotion.

"If he is dead," said Ben, "God be with him. If he is living, so much the better. We have been absent, your honour, five-and-thirty years. The old Justice was but little short of sixty when we departed."

This conversation brought them to the hall door by the back of the house. The lands appeared somewhat neglected, but the house was evidently still inhabited. The Captain put his hand upon the door; his emotion was great.—Ben saw it, and abruptly pushing the door, it flew open. "Ho! ho!" exclaimed Ben, "who's within?" No answer was returned. Ben continued to proceed, followed by his master, still they entered the kitchen. They were immediately surrounded by servants. "Is my father," said the venerable Captain—

"Is old Justice Oldcastle at home?"

S

said Ben." The greater part of the servants laughed, an elderly woman replied with more civility. "You must be strangers in these parts, friends, or you would know that the old Justice has been dead these fifteen years."

"Dead! my father is dead then," said the Captain, stepping aside into the housekeeper's room. The furrowed cheeks of the venerable seaman was in a moment steeped in tears. "God rest his soul," said Ben, the tear of honesty in his eye. "God rest his soul," repeated he; "he was the poor man's friend, and the widow's sure refuge. Never did the hungry leave his door unfed. Never did he pound his neighbour's cow nor inclose the commons. His cellar was as open as the church doors to all corners. He killed an ox at Christmas, and made the whole country welcome; he visited the sick, comforted the melancholy, and clothed the naked. God rest his soul."

The eloquence of Ben was exactly suited to his hearers; they no longer laughed, they listened, they began to love him. Their countenances seemed to express their wish that he should proceed.

"The old Justice," continued he, "will not soon have his equal, except it is in my master, Master George, the Captain I mean, his son. His heart is as open and as good as his father's, and God never formed better, than both of them. We have been absent five-and-thirty years, we ran away from this parish five-and thirty years come next Lewisham fair, and we have only returned here to-day."

"And is that the Captain, your master?" said the elderly woman, pointing to the Captain, who was leaning his face on his arm in the housekeeper's room.

"Yes," replied Ben; "that is his honour, the old Justice's son. Five-and-thirty years have we laboured together, man and boy, and now we return to home and find everything changed. Old Jenkins, at the *Three Mowers*, is dead as well as his honour the old Justice. Well, God be with them, for two as honest souls as ever weathered the ocean of life. But where is the young Squire, Squire Geoffry?"

"He is dead too," replied their first informer. "He died in Italy, I think they call it, about two years after the old Jus-

tice. • They say he died of a broken heart for his Lady who died in child-bed."

It may be imagined that this information renewed the grief of the Captain as well as that of honest Ben. The latter struck the lid of his tobacco box with his usual energy, and walked in an hurried step to the other end of the kitchen.

"To whom then does the hall now belong?" demanded Ben.

"To Squire Larkins, a lawyer, who is now absent at the assizes in Exeter. Upon Squire Geoffry's death there was no heir they said, and Squire Larkins took the estate, because he had lent money on it on mortgage, as they call it. Squire Larkins was a mighty man with Squire Geoffry, he was abroad with him when he died, Squire Geoffry sent for him in a great hurry. And we saw no more of Squire Larkins till he returned to take possession of the estate, with the lady's maid of Squire Geoffry's lady for his wife."

Reflection had now somewhat appeased the grief of the venerable Captain for the loss of his brother and father, and he listened attentively to this history of his family. Ben paced the room, now and then looking earnestly in the face of his master.

"Ben," said the Captain at length, "this is no home for us; not at present at least."

"Is the old schoolmaster of the village, old Hairbrain, living?" said Ben.

"Yes," replied his informer.

"And is one Susan Playgrove living?" said Ben, somewhat revived by this last intelligence.

"Susan Playgrove is dead," repeated the woman.

"Dead!" said Ben. "Well, well we must all die, old Jenkins is gone, the old Justice is gone, and Susan Playgrove is no more. God rest her soul for as gentle a spirit as ever descended from Eve. Death is the harbour to which we all bear. We sport about awhile, catch the wind of fortune, and sail before the prosperous gale, but the night comes, the tempest of death rises, and we all founder. But there is another world, another dock to which we return for repair, and commence the voyage of eternity. Captain, let us bear up against the worst of tempests, that of grief for lost friends."

Saying this he took his master's arm and

pulled him away. "This house," said he as he left the kitchen, "is Squire Larkin's, as you say my friends, though for my part I cannot understand how, seeing that Squire Larkins was no relation to the old Justice. And as to Squire Geoffry's borrowing money, it is what I cannot believe, as I know the Squire had the character of being one of the most steady lads in the country. But be this as it may, I suppose we have only to pay the money, and Master George, the Captain I mean, may have his own. But come along Captain; old Hairbrain still lives." With these words the two friends departed much disappointed in their hopes. We will leave them here, and introduce other personages of our history. Let it suffice to say, that their reception at old Hairbrain's, the schoolmaster, was such as they could have wished. The Captain began to breathe again, and the heart of honest Ben became lighter. They partook of a plentiful supper with an hearty appetite, and retired to their repose with a peace of mind unknown except to the virtuous.

The Grove, so was called the seat of the family of the Oldcastles, was not only one of the most ancient, but both with respect to natural advantages, and the improvements of art, one of the most romantic and beautiful seats in the southern part of England. It was built between two hills on the east and west, its front looked out upon the broad expanse of the sea, it was defended from the north winds by a third hill almost equally high with the two former rising in the back of the venerable structure. Each hill was thickly planted to its summit. The grounds had been laid out, and improved, not so much by the taste, as according to the common sense of its several possessors.

After a long line of descent the inheritance had fallen to the father of Captain Oldcastle. The character of this worthy representative of an ancient family has been already described by the humble eloquence of Ben; suffice it here to add, that he well merited this eulogy in every part, being one of that old stock of English gentlemen whose species, thanks to commerce and its consequences, are now almost extinct. He had received no education but that of a free grammar school in

his immediate neighbourhood. He had neither the learning nor the vices of a public education. In a word, a good father, a good husband, a good landlord, a good justice of peace, and a better sportsman.

His wife had died before the elopement of the Captain, leaving him two children, Geoffry the elder, and the Captain the younger.

It has been already mentioned, that at the time of the Captain's departure, Geoffry, his elder brother, was at college. This collegiate education was not according to the taste of his father, but as the son of an intimate friend accompanied him, the Justice was persuaded to consent rather than to divide them.

The estates of the Justice were managed by a land steward of the name of Larkins. This fellow either unintentionally merely to provide for his son, or with some presentiment of what might follow, had introduced his son into the family of the Justice, as his clerk. The Young man had served his time to one of those law attorneys which unhappily too much abound, and being himself of a natural aptitude to roguery, the habits of his practice in the office of his master had so much improved his natural talents, as to render him at the age of one and twenty as perfect a rogue, as in the eye of the law he was a man.

His first care after his introduction into the family of the Justice was to insinuate himself into his favour. This he effected by petty arts which could never have entered the imagination of a less complete knave. He was never weary with listening or applauding the same tale. He broke the dogs, and learnt in his leisure hours the trade of a gun-maker, in order to keep the Justice's guns in repair. He watched the plantations, and when at the family were in bed, would steal around the inclosures, and not unfrequently fall upon some unwary poacher, whom he would seize at the most imminent risk of his life. He discovered, or pretended to discover, a new method of making fishing-hooks from the iron of hobnails, and proved to the Justice that it was strictly legal to set man-traps and spring-guns for the security of his grounds from nightly trespassers.

These arts had now succeeded to the extent of his wishes; he was now neces-



rary to the Justice, and was permitted to take his seat at the table, and at his side even on gala days. The Justice considered him as an oracle, and used to express his surprise that so thick-headed a fellow as Larkins could beget so clever a son.

The younger Larkins began to reap the fruit of his efforts; if a lease was near its expiration he would wait upon the tenant and request him to leave his lands in good order, as he intended them for a friend of his to whom he was under great obligations. The tenant took the hint, a good premium was given for the renewal, and the younger Larkins forgot his friend and his great obligation.

Though these advantages were great they only whetted his appetite for greater things; fortune, says the Greek proverb, favours the brave; the Italian proverb says better, fortune favours the knave. The vigour with which knavery pursues its purpose is almost invariably its means of success. An opportunity now presented which opened brighter prospects for the younger Larkins.

Though the estates of the Justice were very ample, from habits of early economy, and a country life, he had contracted ideas of expence which but ill suited the changing circumstances of the times. His elder son Geoffry being introduced into a society at college suited to his rank and fortune, was compelled very far to exceed the scanty allowance made him by his father. He was compelled continually to write to the old gentleman for new remittances. These were at first granted cheerfully, but full of the ideas of his early life, and making no allowance for the different value of money, and the different manner in which his son and himself had been educated, the father became discontented at the extravagance of his son; and at length, after doubling his yearly allowance, commanded him to consider that stipend as all that he was to have, and forbidding him to make further applications.

But the yearly allowance, though thus doubled, was still insufficient. The expences of living even decently, and still more of living in a style which suited the rank and fortune of Geoffry, were such as exceeded four times the annual stipend

proportioned according to the circumstances of other times. What was to be done? Geoffry was no less prudent than liberal. None of his expences were such as could be avoided, without sinking into another sphere, a thing easy to a philosopher perhaps, but somewhat more difficult to the vanity of a youth. In this difficulty he was relieved by a very unexpected accident.

The letters of Geoffry requesting remittances of his father, happened to meet the eye of the younger Larkins, who seeing them in the escutoire of the Justice, had no reluctance to read them as willingly and as fully as if they had been addressed to himself. The heir of an estate like that of the Oldcastle's in want of money—of fifty pounds—what a discovery for a monied knave. The double advantage that he might derive from assisting him arose in his imagination.—Cent. per cent. for his money, and the security of his future influence in the family, becoming thus as necessary to the son as he had already rendered himself to the father.

In a letter as humble as could be written by a criminal to one who had the power of pardoning him, the younger Larkins implored Geoffry to consider his purse as his own, and as an earnest of his sincerity inclosed a bill for an hundred pounds. In the situation of Geoffry it must not be a matter of any surprise that he accepted this assistance; and having once accepted it, it must be a matter of still less surprise that he had recourse to it as often as his necessities required.

In this manner did the younger Larkins contrive effectually to insinuate himself into the good graces of the heir; a brighter prospect at length opened to him.

It was at this period that the Captain, or Squire George, as he was familiarly called, eloped from his father's house. This incident aggravated the constitutional gout of the old gentleman. He became daily, moreover, more discontented with Geoffry; scandal had brought to his ear some anecdotes of his expence, which rendered him still more impatient; he vented his complaints. The younger Larkins saw his opportunity; the old Justice was fast approaching his grave; it was a great pity that every thing should pass to the

young Squire; his assiduous services had merited a reward.

All his efforts were now directed to this end of securing himself a good legacy. To this purpose it was necessary to render the Justice less pleased with his son. Nothing was neglected to accomplish this. Whilst the younger Larkins continued underhand to supply the purse of the young Squire, he was equally careful that the knowledge of his style of living should reach the ear of his father. He dropped a letter, as if by accident, in the study of the Justice; this was picked up, as intended, by the Justice. The letter was from Geoffry to the younger Larkins, and requested that he would lend him one hundred pounds; and, fortunately for the designs of Larkins, without any reference to any loan that he had before given. It may be imagined that this letter had its effect upon the Justice. The younger Larkins easily excused himself for having received such a letter, and procured the promise of the Justice that he would not mention the affair of his having found the letter to his son, as it might call down upon him the indignation of Squire Geoffry. He then acknowledged that he had received many other letters of the same kind from Geoffry, and alledged as an excuse for complying with their demands, that he was ignorant of the liberal allowance of his father, and was unwilling that the son of his master should need money. He here produced such of the letters of Geoffry as best suited his purpose. By this means he so well managed that whilst the father was indignant at the extravagance of his son, he considered the younger Larkins as the friend of his family. He immediately presented him with the amount of the sums advanced; and retiring to his closet, added a codicil to his will by which he bequeathed him a legacy of six thousand pounds.

The old Justice died within a short period after this event, and Squire Geoffry succeeded. The character of this young man had been strangely misrepresented by the younger Larkins. His education at a public school and university had indeed removed the characteristic roughness of the country gentleman, but with the polish of modern manners he still retained the virtues of his ancestors—sincerity and be-

nevolence of heart. Education had added a polish without touching the ground of his mind; in the midst of enjoyments suited to his rank and period of life, he had attained a good bottom, both of classical and other learning. In a word, besides being as honest a man as any of his forefathers, he was by far a more accomplished gentleman.

With this character amongst all who knew him, he took possession of his paternal estate. The younger Larkins had so effectually deceived him that he still maintained his interest and residence in the family mansion.

Within a short period after the death of his father, Mr Geoffry Oldcastle suffered himself to be persuaded by his friends to make the tour of the Continent. The French Revolution was at this period commencing; Mr. Geoffry was so fortunate as to release almost from the hands of the executioner one of the illustrious family of Tremonille. The daughter of this nobleman, one of the most beautiful women in France, became his wife. His happiness, however, was of short duration, his lady dying of child-birth within a year after their union.

The gentle spirit of Geoffry did not long survive a wound like this, his grief terminated in a consumption. The younger Larkins was still the steward of his estates in England. Mr. Geoffry dispatched an express to hasten him to Verona; and the younger Larkins, as we have mentioned before, was no more seen in England till he returned to take possession of the estates of his patron, not as steward, but as master.

The younger Larkins had now reached the point of his hopes, and instead of imitating those who, having reached their wish, kick down the scaffold, he imputed his rise to the knowledge of the law, and entered himself without delay in one of the Inns of court.

The possession of an estate like that of the Oldcastles secured him weight and reputation in the county; every one was indeed surprised, no one could conjecture by what title he had obtained one of the best estates in the county; but it was certain that he did possess it, and that no other claimant appeared. This was enough for people who considered it a point of

conscience to regard no business but their own.

There were others, however, of a more inquisitive nature, who talked and thought in a very different manner; they remembered the origin of Larkins, his father a mere land steward, his grandfather a day-labourer in the family of the Oideastles; they remembered that the late Squire Geoffry had indeed considered him as a useful man, and as one attached to his family, but they found it more difficult to believe that he had esteemed him enough to bequeath him his family estate. They thought it still more improbable that, in the course of the few years of his life, that Squire Geoffry had borrowed money of the younger Larkins to the amount of fifty thousand pounds. In the first place, they could not conjecture by what means the younger Larkins could have become possessed of so immense a sum; they well knew that the only source of his income was in the liberality of his two late patrons. They found it as difficult to imagine in what Mr. Geoffry had expended this sum, as his expences were regular, and his style of living by no means superior to his estate.

These were contradictions which they in vain endeavoured to reconcile.

It must be confessed, on the other hand, that Squire Larkins, for he had now become an Esquire and a Justice of the Peace, spared no efforts to arrive at the source of this scandal, and menaced a prosecution to the utmost severity of the law. No discoveries, however, were made, and no prosecution commenced.

The reputation of Squire Larkins, now Counsellor Larkins, increased; his activity rendered him one of the most considerable men in the county. He had already been Sheriff, and upon the next parliament intended to canvass the shire; his former origin was gradually forgotten in his present condition, and even his enemies, and those who doubted his honesty, (such is the force of external circumstances) honoured him almost involuntarily with the homage due to his present rank.

Such was the situation of affairs when, after an absence of thirty-five years, the Captain arrived at the seat of his ancestors.

[To be continued.]

## ANECDOTES OF DEPRAVITY FROM 1700 TO 1800.

**H**UMANITY may be universally divided into two classes, the honest and dishonest. That those distinctions have existed from the very remotest periods no one will deny; therefore it is perfectly natural to suppose, that depraved and idle wretches, who would rather steal the effects of another than labour to acquire property for themselves, have infested London in all ages. Whatever may have been the other intentions of the idle to obtain bread, that of begging in all its ramifications was the most ancient; the fraternity of mendicants have resisted every attempt to dissolve their body, nor will they vanish till the last day shall remove every living creature from the face of the earth. After the establishment of Christianity flocks of Christians determined to devote themselves to the service of the Lord in their way, and work no more; such were the pilgrims and friars mendicants!

In the mayoralty of Sir Francis Child, 1733,

503 persons were indicted at the Old Bailey; 70 of whom received sentence of death; 208 of transportation; eight fined, imprisoned, or pilloried; four burnt in the hand; four whipped; and 235 acquitted.

In 1723, ten pounds reward was offered by the clerk of the New River Company, for the apprehension of persons who had wantonly tapped the pipes, and others that had cut the banks and let water on their own possessions.

Guinea-dropping was practised in 1700, and it was customary for thieves to carry rocks into retired or vacant places to throw at them, in order to collect spectators, and empty their pockets.

In so populous a city as London, no place is sacred from the contrivances of sharpers. Even plate used at the Coronation feast of Queen Anne, in Westminster-hall, April 1702, was stolen, with table-linen and a great deal of pewter.

Mr. Sheridan, in the *Critic* forcibly exposed the various kinds of puffs used by tradesmen and authors; and he classes them very justly into the puff direct, indirect, &c. The first instance which occurs of a case in point, after 1700, is the following from a hair-dresser, which fraternity is notorious for extreme modesty and truth in their addresses to the public:—"Whereas a pretended hair-cutter, between the Maypole in the Strand and St. Clement's church, hath, without any provocation, maliciously abused Jenkin Cuthbertson behind his back, at several persons' houses, and at his own shop, which hath been very much to his disadvantage, by saying that he was a pitiful fellow and a blockhead, and that he did not understand how to cut hair or shave: I, therefore, the said Jenkin Cuthbertson, think myself obliged to justify myself, and to let the world know that I understand my trade so far, that I challenge the aforesaid pretended hair-cutter, or any that belongs to him, either to shave or cut hair, or any thing that belongs to the trade, for five or ten pounds, to be judged by two sufficient men of our trade, as witness my hand this 9th day of November, 1702. JENKIN CUTHBERTSON."

Fellows who pretended to calculate nativities were to be met with in several parts of London at the same period: they sold ridiculous inventions which they termed *Signs*, and the possessor of those had but to fancy they would protect themselves and property, and the object of the conjuror was accomplished. Almanack John obtained great celebrity in this art; it appears that he was a shoemaker, and resided in the Strand. This fellow, and others of his fraternity, preyed upon fools or very silly people only; their losses were therefore of very little moment, and the turpitude of Almanack John was not quite so great as that of the villains who affected illness and deformity to rob the charitable, as will appear by the following notice in 1702:—"That people may not be imposed upon by beggars who pretend to be lame, dumb, &c. which really are not so, this is to give notice, that the President and Governors for the poor of London, pitying the case of one Richard Algil, a boy of eleven years of age, who pretended himself lame of both his legs, so that he used to go shoving himself along on his breech; they ordered him to be taken into their work-house, intending to make him a taylor, upon which he confessed that his brother, a boy of seventeen years of age, about four years ago, by the advice of other beggars, contracted his legs, and turned them backwards, so that he never used them from that time to this, but

followed the trade of begging; that he usually got five shillings a day, sometimes ten shillings; that he had been all over the country, especially the west of England, where his brother carried him on a horse, and pretended he was born so, and cut out of his mother's womb. He hath also given an account that he knows of other beggars that pretend to be dumb and lame, and of some that tie their arms in their breeches, and wear a wooden stump in their sleeve. The said President and Governors have caused his legs to be set straight, and he now has the use of them and walks upright."

A shocking instance of depravity occurred in March 1713. A Quaker potter, of the name of Oades, who resided in Gravel lane, Southwark, had four sons, whom he admitted into partnership with him, and at the same time suffered them to carry on business on their own account. This method of proceeding naturally led to jealousies and envy on both sides, which increased to such a degree of rancour that the father and sons appear to have acted towards each other as if no connection subsisted between them. The immediate cause of the horrid event that renders the tale odious, was the arrest of Oades by his sons, for the violation of the peace, which they had bound him in a penalty to observe, and the consequent expulsion of their mother from her dwelling. This agitated the notice of the populace, who seldom fail to adopt the right side of a question of justice, and as usual they began to execute summary vengeance on the house. The sons, an attorney, and another person, secured themselves within it, whence they read the riot act, and fired immediately after; a bullet entered the head of a woman, who fell dead; the assault then became more furious, and persons were sent for Mr. Love, a Justice, that gentleman bailed the father, and commanded the sons to submit in vain; he therefore found it necessary to send for a guard of soldiers, who arrived and commenced a regular siege, but the fortress was not stormed till two o'clock in the morning, then a courageous fellow scaled a pallisade on the back part of the house, and admitted his party, who rushed in, and secured the garrison. The son of Oades, who shot the woman, was tried for the murder, found guilty, but pardoned on his father's intercession, provided he banished himself.

An extraordinary escape was accomplished in 1716, by a highwayman named Goodman, who had been apprehended with great exertion and difficulty, and brought to trial at the Old Bailey, where the jury pronounced him guilty;

but at the instant the verdict was given, he sprang over the enclosure, and eluded every endeavour to arrest his progress. Such was the daring folly of this man, that he frequently appeared in public, and presuming on his supposed security, actually went to Mackenel's Quaker coffee house, in Bartlett's-buildings, for the purpose of procuring the arrest of a carrier, to whom he had intrusted 10l. to be conveyed to his wife in the country, and who, supposing Goodman would be hanged, had converted it to his own use: there he met an attorney by appointment, and stationed four desperadoes at the door armed with pistols, in order to repel any attempt at seizing him. The attorney, aware of his precaution, listened to the case of the carrier, and studiously avoided betraying him; but the instant Goodman departed, he declared who his client was, upon which several persons watched the wretch to his place of concealment, where they attacked him, and he them, with the utmost resolution; after a severe conflict, in which the assailants were compelled to bruise him dreadfully, he was secured; but, throwing himself down in the streets, they were at last compelled to bind and carry him in a cart to prison: he was hanged not long after.

The mistress of Child's coffee-house, was defrauded of a considerable sum, in September 1716, by an artful stratagem. She received a note by the penny-post, which appeared to come from Dr. Mead, who frequented her house; saying, that a parcel would be sent there for him from Bristol, containing choice drugs, and begging her to pay the sum of 6l. 11s. to the bearer. The reader will probably anticipate the *denouement*; the bundle was brought, the money paid; the Doctor declared his ignorance of the transaction, the parcel was opened, and the contents found to be—rags.

It is not often that thefts can be narrated which are calculated to produce a smile; and yet we are much mistaken if the reader doth not relax his risible faculties, when he is informed of a singular method of stealing wigs, practised in 1717. This we present him *verbatim*, from the Weekly Journal of March 30—"The thieves have got such a villainous way now of robbing gentlemen, that they cut holes through the backs of hackney coaches, and take away their wigs, or fine head dresses of gentlewomen; so a gentleman was served last Sunday in Tooley-street, and another but last Tuesday in Fenchurch-street; wherefore this may serve for a caution to gentlemen or gentlewomen that ride single in the night-time, to sit in

the fore seat, which will prevent that way of robbing."

Immediately after the disclosure of the shocking villany practised by stock-jobbers and the South Sea Directors, another impostor was exposed to public view, and the charity that had voluntarily flown into his pocket turned to more worthy channels. If it true, the fellow was a little villain, but his arts may serve as a beacon to the unwary. The wretch pretended to be subject to epileptic fits, and would fall purposely into some dirty pool, whence he never failed to be conveyed to a dry place, or to receive handsome donations; sometimes he terrified the spectators with frightful gestures and convulsive motions, as if he would beat his head and limbs to pieces, and, gradually recovering, receive the rewards of his performance; but the frequency of the exploit at length attracted the notice of the police, by whom he was conveyed in a dreadful fit to the Lord Mayor, in whose presence the fit continued with the utmost violence; that respectable magistrate, undertaking the office of physician, prescribed the Compter, and finally the workhouse, where he had no sooner arrived, than, finding it useless to counterfeit, he began to amend, and beat his hemp with double cheerfulness.

A brother in iniquity went to as many as twenty taverns in one afternoon, the landlords of which were ordered by him to prepare a supper for three officers of the guards, and to pay him a shilling for his trouble, and to charge it to the officers.

The year 1733, introduced a new and dreadful trait in the customs of thieves and other villains, which seems to have originated in the lazy constitutions of some predatory wretches in Bristol; where they sent a letter to a ship's carpenter, threatening destruction to himself and property, if he did not deposit a certain sum in a place pointed out by them. As that unfortunate person neglected to do so, his house was burnt in defiance of every precaution; and the practice was immediately adopted throughout the kingdom, to the constant terror of the opulent. London had a threefold share of incendiaries; indeed, the letters inserted in the newspapers, received by various persons, are disgraceful even to the most abandoned character. The King was at length induced to issue a proclamation, forbidding any person to comply with demands for money, and offering 300l. reward for the apprehension of such as had, for four months previous to the date of the proclamation, sent incendiary letters, or maimed or injured his subjects for non-compliance.

A female, of tolerable appearance, and between thirty and forty years of age, was the cause of much alarm in 1741, by pretending to hang herself in different parts of the town. Her method was thus: she found a convenient situation for the experiment, and suspended herself; an accomplice, always at hand for the purpose, immediately released her from the rope, and after rousing the neighbourhood absconded. Humanity induced the spectators so take her into houses, and always to relieve her, who were told, *when sufficiently recovered to articulate*, that she had possessed 1500*l.*; but marrying an Irish Captain, he robbed her of every penny, and fled, which produced despair, and a determination to commit suicide.

Three different sets of sharpers infested the metropolis in the following winter, who went from house to house with counterfeited letters of request from the magistrates and rectors of Tid St. Mary's, Lincolnshire, and Ontwell and Terrington, Norfolk; representing, that dreadful fires had almost desolated those places; when, in truth, no such event had happened.

The *Weekly Register* of December 8, 1733, declares: "Those honest city tradesmen and others, who so lovingly carry their wives and mistresses to the neighbouring villages to regale them on a Sunday, are seldom sensible of the great inconveniences and dangers they are exposed to; for besides the common accidents on the road, there are a set of regular rogues kept constantly in pay to inconvenience them in their passage, and these are the drivers of what are called waiting jobs, and other hackney travelling coaches, with sets of horses, who are commissioned by their masters to annoy, sick, and destroy all the double and single horse chaises they can conveniently meet with, or overturn in their way, without regard to the lives or limbs of the persons who travel in them. What havoc these industrious sons of blood and wounds have made within twenty miles of London, in the compass of a summer's season, is best known by the articles of accidents in the newspapers; the miserable shrieks of women and children not being sufficient to deter the villains from doing what they call their duty to their masters; for, besides their daily or weekly wages, they have an extraordinary stated allowance for every chaise they can reverse, or *bring by the road*, as the term or phrase is.

"I heard a fellow, who drove a hired coach and four horses, give a long detail of a hard chase he gave last summer to a two-horse chaise, which was going with a gentleman and three ladies to Windsor. He said he first

came in view of the chaise at Knightsbridge, and there put on hard after it to Kensington; but that being drawn by a pair of good cattle, and the gentleman in the seat pretty expert at driving, they made the town before him; and there stopped at a tavern-door to take a glass of wine, he halted also; but the chaise not yet coming on, he affected another delay, by pretending that one of his horses had taken up a stone, and so dismounted, as if to search, lay by till the enemy had passed him; and then they kept a trot on together to Tulse-hill-green, when the people suspecting his design, again put on; that he then whipped after them for *dear blood*, thinking to have done their business between that place and Brentford. But here he was again disappointed, for the two horses still kept their courage, till they came between Longford and Colbrook, where he plainly perceived them begin to droop or *knock-up*, and found he had a sure game of it. He went on leisurely after them, till both parties came into a narrow road, where there was no possibility of an escape, when he gave his horses a sudden jerk, and came with such violence upon the people, that he pulled their machine quite over. He said, that the cries of the women were so loud, that the *b——s* might be heard to his Majesty's garden, Piccadilly; that, there being nobody near to assist the people, he got clear off with two or three blind old women his passengers, some miles beyond Maidenhead, safe both from pursuit and evidence.

"Those hackney gentlemen who drive about the city and suburbs of London, have by their overgrown insolence obliged the Government to take notice of them, and to make laws for their regulation; and as there are Commissioners for receiving the tax they pay to the public, so those Commissioners have power to hear and determine between the drivers and their passengers upon any abuse that happens: and yet these ordinary coachmen abate very little of their abusive conduct; but not only impose a price upon those that hire them, but refuse to go this or that way as they are called; whereas the law obliges them to go wherever they are legally required, and at reasonable hours. This treatment, and the particular saucy impudent behaviour of the coachmen, in demanding the other *twelve* or *tester* above their fare, has been the occasion of innumerable quarrels, fighting, and abuse; affronting gentlemen, frightening and insulting women, and such rudeness, that no civil government will, or, indeed, ought to suffer; and above all, has been the occasion of killing several coachmen, by gentlemen that have been

provoked by the villanous tongues of those fellows beyond the extent of their patience. Their intolerable behaviour has rendered them so contemptible and odious in the eyes of all degrees of people whatever, that there is more joy seen for one hackney coachman's going to the gallows, than for a dozen highwaymen and street-robbers.

"The driver of a hackney-coach having the misfortune to break a leg and an arm by a fall from his box, was rendered incapable of following that business any longer; and therefore posted himself at the corner of one of the principal avenues leading to Covent-garden, with his limbs bound up to the most advantageous manner to move passengers to commiseration. He told his deplorable case to all, but all passed without pity; and the man must have inevitably perished, had it not come into his head to shift the scene and his situation. The transition was easy; he whipped on a leather apron, and from a coachman became a poor joiner, with a wife and four children, that had broke his limbs by a fall from the top of a house. Showers of pence poured daily into his hat, and in a few years he became able to purchase many figures as well as horses; and he is now master of one of the most considerable stables in London.

"The next are the watermen; and indeed the insolence of these, though they are under some limitations too, is yet such at this time, that it stands in greater need than any other of severe laws, and those laws being put in speedy execution. A few months ago, one of these very people being steersman of a passage-boat between Queenhithe and Windsor, drowned fifteen people at one time; and when many of them begged of him to put them on shore, or take down his sails, he impudently mocked them, asked some of the poor frightened women if they were afraid of going to the devil, and bid them say their prayers; then used a vulgar water phrase, which such fellows have in their mouths, 'Blow devil, the more wind the better boat.' A man of a very considerable substance perishing with the rest of the unfortunate passengers, this villain, who had saved himself by swimming, had the surprising impudence to go the next morning to his widow, who lived at Kingston-upon-Thames. The poor woman, surrounded by a number of sorrowful friends, was astonished to think what could be the occasion of the fellow's coming to her; but thinking he was come to give some account of her husband's body being found, at last she consented to see him. After a

scarcy scrape or two, the monster very modestly, 'hoped his good mistress would give him half-a-crown to drink her health, by way of satisfaction for a pair of oars and a sail he had lost the night before, when her husband was drowned.'

"I have many times passed between London and Gravesend with these fellows; when I have seen them, in spite of the shriek and cries of the women, and the persuasions of the men-passengers, and indeed, as if they were the more bold by how much the passengers were the more afraid; I have seen them run needless hazards, and go as it were within an inch of death, when they have been under no necessity of it; and if not in contempt of the passengers, it has been in mere laziness, to avoid their rowing. And I have been sometimes obliged, especially when there have been more men in the boat of the same mind, so that we have been strong enough for them, to threaten to cut their throats, to make them hand their sails, to keep under shore, not to fright as well as hazard the lives of the passengers, when there was no need of it. But I am satisfied, that the less frightened and timorous their passengers are, the more cautious and careful the watermen are, and the least apt to run into danger. Whereas, if their passengers appear frightened, then the watermen grow saucy and audacious, show themselves venturous, and contemn the dangers they are really exposed to."

A vile impostor was detected January 1757, and committed to Bridewell by John Fielding, Esq. This wretch had a practice of lying on his back in some court or narrow passage, and feigning insensibility; and at other times he would appear in the habit of a countryman just arrived in London, where he knew no person, and would declare that, being destitute of money, he had not eaten for four days: another trick represented him an old worn-out and penniless soldier, just arrived from Jamaica; but the repetition of the first performance proved fatal to his finesse. A physician found him in the fainting scene, conveyed him to a comfortable bed and gave him money; but meeting Master Anthony Needham a second time, to all appearance breathing his last, he adopted a new prescription, which procured the healthful exercise of Bridewell. Cash and provision were found in his pockets, when he arrived at the Police-office, though he had just declared he had fasted four days.

[To be continued.]

## MR. KETT'S NEW NOVEL, "EMILY."

THE great name of Mr. Kett, as a moral and amusing author, will be sufficient apology for us in giving a long extract from the present work. We shall plunge immediately into the story, which in truth is not much encumbered by fable or incident. The hero and the heroine will appear distinctly prominent in this extract; the reader will enter sufficiently into their characters and the design of the story of the present novel without any preface on our part.

"WHILE Emily was thus recovering her spirits, Edward (*the hero of the story*), the subject of her most tender thoughts, was pursuing his voyage and travels with well-directed curiosity.

"The coasts near the Levant presented no objects in his opinion so deserving notice as Judea, on account of its intimate connection with the Holy Scriptures. With a Bible in his hand he surveyed many spots described by the inspired writers. Influenced by feelings of veneration, similar to those formerly experienced by the pious pilgrims, he explored the city of Jerusalem, and ascended Mount Calvary, where the Saviour of the world suffered for the sins of mankind. Upon the hallowed spot now stands the church of the Holy Sepulchre, respected even by the most zealous followers of Mahomet. Nor did he neglect to repair to the Mount of Olives, from whence our Lord pronounced the memorable prophecy fulfilled in the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, and in the dispersion of the Jews among all nations—and from whence his disciples afterwards beheld his ascension into Heaven.

"Captain Wallis afterwards sailed to Ptolemais, or St. Jean D'Acre, whose mouldering towers are washed by the billows of the sea. As Edward exulted in every instance of the martial glory of his countrymen, gratifying was the remembrance, that the valour of Britons had been repeatedly displayed in this place. Upon these walls Richard the First, King of England, named for his courage *Cœur de Lion*, planted the banner of the Cross during the second Crusade; and here the gallant Sir Sidney Smith, with a small party of marines and sailors, checked the progress of a French army, and compelled the ambitious Bonaparte to abandon his darling project of the conquest of Syria.

"They passed the islands of Cyprus and Candia, both subject to the Turks, sailed up the Archipelago, saw various Greek islands, and reached the Hellespont. The opposite shores of Sestos and Abydos reminded them of the unhappy loves of Hero and Leander, described in the pathetic strains of Musæus. The view of the plain of Troy recalled many of the glowing descriptions of Homer in the Iliad; the beautiful Helen pointing out the Chiefs of the Grecian army, from the walls of Troy; the mournful parting of Hector and Andromache, and the stern Achilles, relenting at the sight of the venerable Priam prostrate at his feet, and supplicating him to restore the body of his son Hector.

"Edward was convinced that poetry may take some of her noblest flights from the ground of truth; as he observed many objects corresponding, even at this remote distance of time, with the geographical sketches of the Grecian bard. 'Yonder,' said he, to his friend Captain Wallis, who enjoyed such a prospect as much as himself, 'is Mount Ida, commanding from its lofty summits a wide view of the subject plains, and the azure and broad Hellespont; down the sides of this classic mountain flowed the Simois and Scamander, now reduced to scanty streams, and probably beneath the lofty mounds of earth we see before us, many of the illustrious chiefs of Greece and Troy were buried.'

"How do these scenes remind me of my obligations to that most original, and most sublime of all poets, the great Mæonian bard, for his beautiful views of nature, his nice discriminations of character, his vivid descriptions of the passions, all conveyed in the most expressive and harmonious language that ever flowed from mortal lips. How gladly, now I am in this part of the world, would I repair

'To Argos fam'd for steeds, for beau-~~more~~,' or to any other of the rival cities either in Europe or Asia, that contended for the honour of his birth; if I could ascertain which of them had the best claim to that distinction. But vain is my search—antiquity has buried the subject in the darkest oblivion; we must therefore consider the works of Homer, as we did the waters of the Nile in Egypt; while pursuing its majestic course, it fertilizes the soil, and flowers and fruits in abundance spring up under its prolific influence; but its source



is unknown and obscure,—perhaps is undiscoverable.’

“They passed the rocky islands of Marmora, through the narrow sea of that name. The waves were dark, over which the ship glided with a swift and steady course, while the ragged summits of the rocks were brightened by the mild radiance of the moon.

“Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the varied prospects, as they sailed up the Hellespont, or sea of the Dardanelles, and viewed on one side the cultivated shores of Europe, and on the other the wild and desolate plains of Asia. Olympus topped with snow, famed by the poets as the residence of the heathen gods, appeared elevated far above the long range of the Asiatic mountains. They approached the castle of the Seven Towers, which seemed to rise out of the water with an air of antique grandeur. Carrying an easy sail, they passed near the gardens of the seraglio, where the fair females of Georgia and Circassia are confined within lofty walls, dependant on the despotic will and caprice of the Grand Signor; and where the captive Fatima, closely watched by his devoted slaves, in vain looks through the grated window of her apartment, with a sigh for that sweet freedom, which she sees the songsters of the surrounding groves enjoy.

“The prospect of Constantinople began to open fully to the view. This city is, by way of eminence, very properly called the *Port*, as it possesses advantages for navigation and commerce superior to any other harbour in the world. It rises from the sea to the lofty summits of seven hills covered with buildings, and the whole place appears one grand assemblage of splendid objects, extending over a space of about twelve miles, and diversified by towers, palaces, mosques, baths, and caravanserais, interspersed with gardens and groves.

“As they were approaching within full prospect of this magnificent city, the sun, obscured at its first rising, gradually broke through the clouds, and poured its brightness around: its beams illumined the minarets and gilded domes of the mosques; the breeze gently swelled the sails, and curled the verdant waves; and the soft and balmy air was perfumed with the mingled fragrance of oranges, pomegranates, and aromatic shrubs that grew on the sloping banks close to the margin of the sea.

“This mild climate, and these luxurious scenes,” said Edward, ‘delightful as they are in themselves, lose more than half their charms, as their possessors are subject to the miseries and the restraints of a most despotic government. The instant the Grand Signor

gives the signal, the fatal bow-string is applied to the neck of any one of his subjects, whether innocent or guilty. The prince is a tyrant, and his people are not only slaves, but fanatics; and their religious enthusiasm prompts them to oppression, and to cruelty. What though the banner of Mahomet bears the bright and glittering crescent, this is no emblem of the light of knowledge, or of virtue in its supporters.

“Dark are the minds of the Mussulmen, and jealous and ferocious are their tempers: else why do they immure so many women in hopeless confinement, and place so heavy a yoke upon the necks of the Christian Greeks? Alas! their triumph over our holy religion is too evident in every object we behold: observe with what haste the votaries of the false prophet of Arabia are crowding into the mosque of St. Sophia, resplendent with its golden cupola. It was once a Christian temple, distinguished by the sacred symbol of the cross, and its walls once re-echoed the praises of the Redeemer of Mankind.’

“I suppose,” said Captain Wallis, ‘we may trace in the vices, divisions, and contests of the Christians of the reign of Constantine the Great, the principal causes that led the way to the success of Mahomet in the propagation of his religion.’

“You are right,” replied Edward; ‘and we cannot be much surprized at the wide extent of this delusion, when we consider how compulsory a method was used to spread it, and how artfully its precepts were adapted to the customs of the eastern people.’

“What would you think, my dear Captain, of a ship which made its way, and reached a distant port in opposition to wind and tide and adverse storms. Such obstacles did the Christian religion surmount; it must therefore be of divine origin. Our blessed Saviour commanded his disciples to preach it; and wonderful to observe! ignorant, illiterate, and humble as they were, for some were fishermen, and others tent-makers, they planted it in a very short time in the cities of Europe and Asia, when most enlightened by learning and philosophy; and this purpose they effected in opposition to the prejudices of the vulgar, the arguments of the wise, and the power of kings.’

“Had Mahomet such formidable enemies to contend with? No, indeed; and so far was he from opposing the tide of popular prejudices, that he swam with it. So far from depending on divine assistance, he had recourse to the most obvious and summary human methods to ensure success to his projects. He

took his Koran in one hand, and brandished his scimitar with the other; and those converts whom he could not gain by persuasion, he secured by arms. Had he not employed force to effect his purpose, his name would never have been known beyond the confines of Medina, the place of his birth; nor should we ever have heard of the prophet of Arabia, or his pretended mission.

"They explored the shores of Greece, now called Romelia, and hastened to Athens. From the rocky steep of the Acropolis or Citadel, they viewed the temples and other ancient public buildings, magnificent even in ruins. The prospect recalled to their remembrance the brightest periods of Grecian glory. The mean houses of the modern Greeks, supported by the lofty colonnades, and sculptured pillars of ancient temples, are melancholy emblems of degeneracy of character and the decline of the nation.

"If I did not give full credit," said the Captain to Edward, as they were walking through the streets of Athens, "to the accounts recorded in history, I could not believe the mean and slavish wretches whom we here see submitting like beasts of burden to the blows of the Turks, to be the descendants of these high-spirited and martial people, the ancient Greeks."

"Add to the evidence of history," said Edward, "two other proofs, which may contribute to settle the point. You may trace in their conversation, corrupt as it is, much of the language of the old Athenians, and you may see in their fine and intelligent faces a striking resemblance of the ancient coins, medals, and statues."

"What a happy privilege have we lately enjoyed," said Edward to Captain Walls, "when we trod the classic ground once inhabited by the noblest people in the world! How did these ancient Greeks soar above the rest of their species! they were alike distinguished by genius, valour, and an enthusiastic love of liberty. They excelled in every effort of the human mind. The epic, lyric, tragic, and pastoral Muses were equally favourable to the fancy of their poets: their orators pleaded with all the persuasion that eloquence could inspire: their painters and sculptors represented the perfect images of strength, of beauty, and of passion on the glowing canvas and the parian marble: their philosophers taught the sublime truths of science and morality, and their historians have perpetuated some of the best human exploits, by recording the magnanimous exertions of their

countrymen in the service of freedom and independence, and their triumphs over the tyrants of the east who attempted to enslave them.

"But these ancient Greeks appear in the most engaging light, and merit the fullest measure of our praise, when considered as the instructors of the western world. We endeavour to catch the spirit of their poets, we collect examples of virtue from their historians, and we learn the lessons of wisdom from their sages. Ancient Greece has imparted to us the true principles of taste, not only in literature, but in various arts, whether useful or ornamental. Their architecture is our model, when we erect buildings in the purest style—no dress of the fair is thought so graceful as the Grecian costume, and no decorations so elegant as those borrowed from Grecian designs.

"In the character and manners," continued Edward, "of these noble people, is it our national vanity, or is it truth itself, that causes us to see a resemblance to the natives of Great Britain? We pursue similar paths of science and philosophy, and endeavour to excel in all their elegant arts: we aspire to that urbanity and refinement of manners, which arose out of their general intercourse with mankind. Like them we increase our luxuries by extensive commerce, and enlarge our dominions by the valour of our sailors. We seem to have reached that pitch of prosperity, from which they began to decline into degeneracy: let us take care to preserve our position; and how can this position be better maintained, than by the uniform practice of every religious and moral duty; by guarding our incorruptible constitution, with unremitting vigilance, against the assaults of all enemies; and by the great setting the best examples to their inferiors—by the instructors of youth teaching this lesson to the rising generation—'*that the path of virtue alone leads to happiness.*' If these methods be not carefully pursued, the son of British glory will set; and when we have resembled ancient Greece, or not in our progress to glory, we shall certainly be like it in our decline and decay—and we shall lose, irrecoverably, our birth, our pre-eminence, and rank among the nations of Europe; for whatever shallow reasoners may argue to the contrary, the political power of a country, in order to be durable, must be inseparably connected with religious and moral excellence."

"Such were the remarks made by Edward to Captain Walls, as they continued their course in the Mediterranean. The island of Sicily appeared gradually to rise out of the sea, and

Mount Etna towered majestic above all the varied prospects of land and ocean. Light clouds floated in the air far below its summit, while the volumes of blue smoke, issuing from its crater, slowly ascended, and seemed to connect the earth with the heavens.

"Wherever Edward arrived in the course of this interesting voyage, with whatever society he mixed, however gay the face of nature, or beautiful the works of art, still the love of his father, his Emily, and his native country, was so far from being undiminished, that in proportion to his distance from the shores of Great Britain, the greater proved their influence, the more powerful their attractions. Thus the needle, once touched with the lodestone, may be directed to any quarter of the compass, but let to itself it inclines to one point, and hies invariably there.

"He often lamented that he possessed so few tokens of Emily's love. A bunch of lavender, tied by her own hands with a narrow blue ribbon, a glove, and a drawing, were all the presents he had. He frequently looked at the drawing with fond attention—the subject was the *Fair Maid of Genoa*; and it brought to his mind the pleasing remembrance of his sitting by Emily's side in the hermitage one beautiful evening in the summer, when she copied this drawing from one of his own. He often stole away from his companions to his cabin, to enjoy the sight of these treasures, and then locked them up with as much vigilance, and more heartfelt pleasure, than the miser secures his bags of hoarded gold.

"They soon came within sight of Malta. Its first appearance is singular and striking; the whole island seems to consist of white rows of fortifications, rising one above the other. A nearer view presented the grand towers and spires of Malta and Valetta, and those lines of formidable batteries which set at defiance every open attack of an enemy. As they were sailing into the harbour the sun was setting, the western parts of the heavens were coloured with a golden glow, so well represented in the pictures of Claude Lorraine; the whole eastern quarter of the sky, for some time after the sun had sunk below the horizon, blushed with deep crimson, and the sea, for a great extent, was tinted with the same rich and beautiful colour. The waves, impelled by the effects of a storm that had recently happened, were still high, and rolled in large and regular billows. The gentle breezes, dying away at the approach of night, were favourable to the course of the ship, and the farther they proceeded in the harbour the more was their attention caught by the Mal-

tese and Sicilian sailors chanting their evening hymns to the Virgin Mary.

"Their strains were simple and solemn, in perfect harmony with the grand prospect around; they beat exact time with their oars, and sang in excellent tune. Captain Wallis and Edward Manning, as well as many of the Officers, declared they never were more pleased at an Opera, or an Oratorio. The following is a specimen of one of their hymns; the subject arose out of local circumstances, and it is curious to observe, that by an ingenious transition, not uncommon in many instances in Catholic countries, the Maltese refer to the mother of our blessed Saviour that influence over the ocean which their Pagan ancestors attributed to Venus, the goddess of Beauty.

#### HYMN OF THE MALTESE MARINERS.

"Queen of the sea, ordain'd to prove,  
 "Our dear Redeemer's filial love,  
 "Bend from thy stary throne above,  
 "O beata Virgine!"  
 "Where'er the beating tempest roars,  
 "O give fresh vigour to our oars,  
 "That we secure may reach our shores,  
 "O beata Virgine!"  
 "Where'er the rolling billows sleep,  
 "And zephyrs fan the level deep,  
 "Chant we, while all due measure keep,  
 "O beata Virgine!"  
 "Ye White cross Knights, the sacred train,  
 "Look from your towers that shade the main,  
 "Repeat—repeat our choral strain.  
 "O beata Virgine!"

"There was one kind of employment to which Emily devoted many of her leisure hours. In the village was a small school for the cottage children kept by Mrs. Affleck, a very respectable widow, who had been well educated, and had seen better days. Hither Emily had been accustomed to repair, and to take a part in the instruction of the children. She often heard them say their lessons, repeat their Catechism, and rehearse the Psalms they were to sing in the church on the following Sunday. Nor had her residence in London relaxed her zeal, or destroyed her relish by any vain conceit or modish refinement, for such an occupation.

"Under her present circumstances, it was a pleasing refuge from her thoughts to assist her humble friend two or three times in the course of the week. Whenever Emily appeared, joy sparkled in the eyes of her little group of

scholars; and if she came when they were playing on the green, in front of the school-house, they left off to run to her; if she appeared during the time of study, when she entered the school they all rose up, nor did their mistress wish to restrain the innocent ardour of their respect.

"The school was regulated with great judgment by Mrs. Affleck, and its discipline was adapted much more to the hopes than the fears of the scholars. On a shelf were displayed, as incentives to diligence in study and general good behaviour, balls, whips, knives, and paper kites for the deserving boys, and dolls, scissors, and ribbons for the girls. These articles cost little, and spared the necessity of many a correction. When they were distributed, Emily was generally present, and the countenances of the young group of the order of merit beamed with delight around her.

"Emily often brought little presents of cakes and books for the most deserving; and they in their turn, gathered primroses, cowslips, and other wild flowers, and contended who should first present them to her. One little boy, as he was reading this passage in the Psalms to her, *who maketh his Angels spirits* turned suddenly and said, looking her full in the face, "Are you not an Angel, Miss Lorton?" "Why do you think so?" said she. "Because," said the boy, "you look so kind, and talk so sweetly." If this was flattery, it was surely the flattery of nature.

"The merit of beneficence is not complete unless it be occasionally exercised at the expense of some privation of our own particular comfort or luxury. Her father had given Emily some money, in addition to her usual allowance, as he wished to see her appear in a new dress on her birth-day. When the day came, she made her appearance at dinner, dressed indeed, as she uniformly was, with taste and simplicity, but not in the manner he expected. 'You know, my dear,' said he, expressing in his looks some surprise, 'I am always happy to see you grace this happy occasion in an appropriate manner; why then do you disappoint me? Have your mantua-maker and your milliner both forgot you; or have you forgot yourself?'

"Emily blushed and looked a little confused, recovering herself, however, 'dear father,' said she, 'if you wish to know the reason of my being dressed as I usually am, I will tell you; and I hope my confession will not excite your displeasure. Poor Mrs. Affleck was reduced to such distress, because some of her scholars are greatly in arrears, and she cannot receive any of their money before her

vest, that I lent—that is—gave her the money I received of you; and delighted, as you know I always am, with a new dress, no one ever gave me half the pleasure I enjoyed when I put my purse into her grateful hands. To you, dearest father, I make this confession without reserve, but I should be sorry any other person in the village should be made acquainted with poor Mrs. Affleck's wants.'

"'Generous girl!' exclaimed the Colonel, 'banish every thought of my displeasure: for your conduct charms me as an excellence, and stimulates me as an example. How often do your looks, and still more your actions, remind me of your mother! surely her angelic spirit hovers over you and prompts you to such acts of benevolence. May your virtues, the exercise of which constitute my happiness, and are the subjects of my admiration, meet with their full recompense from the Father of all mercies!'

"The only letter Edward received from Emily in the course of his absence, he found at Malta. It was an answer to one of his, written in such a manner as 'to do honour to her understanding and candour. She hinted more than once at her regard for him, and although he might fairly conclude from her expressions, that she preferred him to all her other admirers, she avowed her fixed determination never to marry without the full consent of her father. Of the Knight, and the unkind behaviour of Mrs. Wilson, she said not a word from motives of delicacy; but she told him she highly approved his conduct in leaving England from motives of filial duty, and concluded her letter with some allusions to her own declining health. This last circumstance awakened the most anxious concern in the mind of Edward, and he returned an immediate answer, replete with expressions of the most ardent affection and unalterable love. This was the letter which led to the detection of Sir Lionel Wager's forgery.

"At the time Edward arrived at Malta, a few of the Knights still remained in the island, in consequence of the kind treatment they experienced from the English. Among them was the Baron Bellichi, a German nobleman, of amiable disposition, considerable attainments, and elegant manners. Edward had heard a very favourable character of the Baron, which his conversation and behaviour to him fully justified. Their attentions to each other soon ripened into intimacy and mutual attachment. He was delighted with Edward for his ingenuous disposition and amiable qualities, for the goodness of his heart and the sound-

ness of his understanding. Edward sympathised with the Baron for his sufferings, and honoured him for his bravery; for he had received wounds from the hands of assassins, who had attempted his life; and when the French attacked Malta, as he was defending one of the outposts, a bullet had penetrated his leg, and he could not move without assistance.

"An accident occurred which gave Edward an opportunity of rendering an important service to his noble friend the Baron. While he was at supper in a distant part of Valetta, news was brought that the hotel in which he lodged was in flames. He had there, in addition to his clothes and baggage, some favourite books, the journal of his travels, and the letters he had received from his friends; he inquired impatiently, if the flames had reached the next house, this was the Baron's palace, and he was told it was all in a blaze. Away he flew like lightning, regardless of himself or his property; his only concern was to save the Baron, who had been for some days confined to his apartment, in consequence of one of his wounds becoming worse. This was the crisis for an ardent effort of friendship. 'Alas!' exclaimed Edward, as he entered the hall, & the staircase already smokes, and his apartment is at the further end, how shall I reach it? The Baron is helpless, and perhaps alone, for the servants are flying in all directions; what if he be left to perish—what if, he expects my assistance, and is now calling upon his Marriot?"

"He rushed forward, regardless of danger, and bursting open the door, seized his friend; his intrepidity gave him redoubled strength, so that with the assistance of one domestic, the trusty Rinaldo, the Baron was conveyed to a house on the opposite side of the street.

"It may be observed that his own valuables in the hotel were all preserved; a circumstance very unimportant in Edward's opinion as the Baron had, by his exertions, been enabled to escape the ravages of the fire.

"When he afterwards reflected upon this incident, his heart exulted with conscious satisfaction; its gratulations were as ardent as they were just. What felicity could exceed his own—he had formerly saved the life of Emily, his heart's dearest treasure; he had now preserved Belfield, his honoured friend.

"Those who are qualified by observation and experience, to make a just estimate of the gratifications which human life can give, will not hesitate a moment to pronounce, that in none of the pursuits of the sordid, the ambitious, or the voluptuous, are any pleasures

to be found comparable to such as spring from the exercise of resolution and courage exerted in the service of those who have gained, because they merited, our affection."

"And whither, Sir," said Edward to the Baron, "do you propose to go as soon as your wounds will suffer you to quit Malta?" "The place," replied the Baron, "of my destination, although it has cost me some struggles of mind to determine the point, is fixed: I have been so long absent from Germany, my native country, that all my near relations are dead; my property there is considerable, and the state of things is insecure from the continual incursions of the French; and indeed their conduct in Malta has been so dishonourable, that I can neither relish their society, nor endure their domination! I will therefore convert my lands into money, and with it I will retire into the country where only life and property are perfectly secure."

"Britain! thou art the asylum, where amidst the degeneracy, the venality, and the servile state of the nations of the Continent, liberty and independence are alone to be found.—Thou art the parent of magnanimity, honour, and benevolence; the nurse of genius, industry, and virtuous enterprise: upon thy hospitable shores will I seek a refuge—there I shall find a people loyal, magnanimous and free, sprung from the same lineage as myself; over them reigns a monarch descended from a race of German heroes, the flag of whose sovereignty is wafted by his invincible fleet to the confines of the globe, and whose paternal solicitude for the happiness of his people is equally celebrated as his power. Under his fostering protection I shall enjoy the blessings of security and toleration: my property is sufficiently ample, not only to support the dignity of my rank, and the respectability of my character, but to supply the wants of the distressed, in conformity to the precepts of my religion, and the rules of my order."

"I am delighted," replied Edward, "with your plan: permit me, I entreat you, to assist in its execution: our ship is under sailing orders; the Captain, my intimate friend, will, at my request, receive with joy a passenger so distinguished as yourself. And should we be so happy as to reach my beloved native shore, you may be assured of my father's best attentions: he will unite with me in fixing you in such a residence as you desire, and from the prepossessions which you have formed, it will not, I flatter myself, be very difficult to convince you, that England,

and not Mall whatever their strong prejudices in favour of their native rock may induce the inhabitants to say, is the *Fiore del Mondo*, the 'Flower of the World.'

"I have another inducement," continued the Baron, 'to visit England:—as often as the pains of my wounds remind me of the danger of losing my life, when the Bravos assaulted me at Naples, it reminds me likewise of my preserver from their swords. The people to whose care I was left, assured me, that the Officer who interfered and saved my life was an Englishman. As nothing would make me so happy as to find him out, and give proofs of my gratitude, for this purpose I would travel through the world."

"At Edward's earnest request, Captain Wallis received the Baron and his domestics on board as passengers to England. They had a quick and favourable voyage to Plymouth. After performing a very short quarantine, they were allowed to land; and they travelled as fast as the Baron's wounds would admit, towards the north.

"On their arrival at the town of Keswick, Edward left his companion, with promises to return to him in a short time. Great was his pleasure when the blue mountains of Cumberland, which, by comparison with those he had seen abroad, seemed smaller than they formerly were, first appeared; the Lake of Keswick gleamed upon his delighted eyes, and, on his nearer approach to its banks, he recognized the scenes and objects familiar to him in his boyish and younger days—the tower of his father's church, the tall syca-mores, the hedge-rows, and the houses of his native village. The recollection of the delights of former years, excited by the appearance of these dear objects, rushed upon his mind, and, in the words of Guarini, his favourite Italian poet, he exclaimed—

"Dear solitary hills, and silent woods,

"Sweet verdant vales, and gently murmuring floods!

"With anguish once I bade your scenes adieu:

"O with what rapture I return to you!"

"He entered his native village at the close of the day; he had been so long without hearing from Emily, or obtaining any information concerning her, that he conjectured she might be married, or have fallen a prey to her indisposition, and be no longer an inhabitant of the earth. These were such distressing considerations, that he thought to know even the worst, would be a lighter evil than to remain in the torture of suspense.

"With wild palpitation of heart he reached—  
No. LI.—Vol. VII.

ed the confines of Lorton House. The trees and shrubs were grown so high and luxuriant, as to encompass the lawn in a thick and verdant grove. He saw the smoke ascending in wreaths in the calm of a beautiful evening. He approached the gate leading to the lawn, and found it open; and advancing found the hall door open likewise. He stopped and listened, but could hear no sound. Twice did he knock loud and impatiently, but no person appeared. He stood in suspense and agitation, and his mind presented some misfortune. He advanced into the hall, but on finding no one there, he ventured into the adjoining parlour. In the well-known corner stood Emily's forte-piano, and upon it lay her music-books. Here he stood as if entranced; he imagined he heard her playing, and her lovely form gleamed in bright vision before his fancy.

"For some time he indulged this pleasing reverie, and at last starting, as if from a dream, he advanced into the kitchen, where he found the old housekeeper deaf and dumb; but she recollected him perfectly well. On his eagerly inquiring after the family—'On must know,' said she, 'that no longer ago than yesterday morning, the Colonel, Mrs. Mapleton, and Miss Emily set off for London; for what particular reason they are gone, I cannot tell; but my master seemed troubled in mind, he walked about the parlour in a hurried manner all the afternoon, and got little or no sleep, as he said, for the last night he was at home: as for Emily, she did nothing but cry, poor girl, till her eyes were so swelled she could scarcely see.'

"This account seemed very mysterious to Edward, and the absence of the family was a very severe disappointment; he consoled himself, however, with thinking that his father could explain every circumstance to him.

"When he reached the Rectory house, he found his father reposing in an arbour in his garden, to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the evening. His eyes were grown dim, and it was with difficulty he could discern any object whatever. A little boy, the son of a cottager was reading to him the Psalms and lessons of the following Sunday, preparatory to the duty of the day, as, with the assistance of his clerk, he could go through the rest of the service. The old man rose, on hearing the footsteps of a stranger: as soon as Edward spoke, he instantly recognized his voice, but could not distinguish his features.

"Thanks to gracious Providence," said he, embracing Edward, 'I again welcome you, my long-lost son!—to see you would be too great

a blessing—after enjoying this delight of your return, I shall die contented!—Are you in sound health, or have you suffered by change of climate?—What news of our good friend, Captain Wallis?—Are he and his brave crew safe and sound, and is the flag of the British navy in every sea triumphant? Thus, with a curiosity quickened by affection and patriotism, he asked a hundred questions, without giving his son time to answer them.

"The prospect from the garden was fine; the sun was gilding the tops of the mountains with his departing beams; the western clouds were tinged with gold and crimson; the landscape was mellowed by a soft aerial tint, at that point of time when the twilight was approaching, and the lake, smooth and shadowy, was lovely to the sight.

"To the venerable Dr. Marriot this fair face of nature was grown a blank. His eyes, which had beheld the surrounding beauties of nature with delight for many years, were now nearly sightless, the pleasures arising from such external objects were flown; his enjoyments were now of another kind, contemplative and intellectual, springing from the pure sources of cheerfulness and resignation; his mind was lulled with the best tranquillity, and illumined with the brightest hope that can lessen the infirmities of old age—with tranquillity arising from self gratulation on having passed a blameless and a useful life; and with hope of embracing his darling son, of hearing him praised for the virtues he had fostered in his breast—and of partaking with him their recompense in a world to come.

"Edward, seated by his side, made a full acknowledgment of his attachment to Emily, requesting his approbation of his choice, and proved how deserving he was of it by the sacrifice he had made of love to duty, by quitting England at his request. He like

wise informed him of having gained a handsome share of prize-money, and of his intimacy with Baron Belield, who had given him repeated assurances that he would make him independent for life.

"Dearest father," he added, "this prospect, however, flattering, cannot equal the transport I shall feel when alleviating the burthen of your declining age by every means in my power; truly happy I can only be, if I share with you all the good fortune I now possess, and that which Providence may hereafter bestow."

"Dr. Marriot could give his son little information as to the reasons for Colonel Lortog's sudden departure from home; but he told him some particulars that had lately occurred to make a material and most unpleasant change in his circumstances. A merchant to whom the Colonel sold a large quantity of corn had failed in his debt, and he had been obliged to pay a considerable sum for a neighbouring farmer, for whom he had given security. Dr. Marriot conjectured, from some particulars the Colonel had told him, that he had set off for London, in consequence of letters received from Mrs. Wilson. Anxious to secure his company, he advised Edward to wait the return of the Colonel; but as he was never less inclined to yield to his father's suggestions than at this time, he left him, with assurances of a speedy return: he then hastened back to the Baron, and informed him of the urgency of the case, and the Baron, always inclined to please Edward, was the more ready to comply with his present request, as by going to London he had an opportunity to treat personally with the agents for the sale of his German estates."

*(To be continued.)*

## ORIGINAL LETTERS DESCRIPTIVE OF IRELAND.

*[Continued from Page 112.]*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is the general opinion that the English leave their country with a strange, awkward opinion against the natives of other countries they are going to visit; they are perfectly well acquainted with their characters before-hand.—A Frenchman is a puppy, an Italian a cheat, a German a pedant, a Dutchman a brute, and an Irishman a savage; for this reason they chuse to keep their own company, to be attended by their own servants, to

journey in their own carriages, and to return almost as wise as they set out. For my part, I like to mix with the inhabitants; to eat with them, to drink with them, to travel with them, to converse with them as freely as I may be allowed without offence, and even to go to church with them, let their religion be what it will. It is men and manners that I am chiefly in search of; I was sensible that there were houses, trees, and rivers in all countries.

But if I recollect right, I promised in my last to give you some anecdotes of the life of Carolan the much celebrated Irish bard.

Carolan was born in Ireland in the year 1670, in the village of Nobber, in the county of Westmeath, on the lands of Carolan's town, which were wrested from his ancestors by the family of the Nugents, on their arrival in this kingdom with Henry the Second. His father was a poor farmer, the humble proprietor of a few acres, which yielded him a scanty subsistence; his mother, the blooming daughter of a neighbouring peasant; in choosing whom his father was directed rather by nature than prudence.

The bard must have been deprived of sight at a very early period of his life, for he remembered no impression of colours. Thus was "knowledge at one entrance shut out" before he had taken even a cursory view of the creation. From this misfortune he felt no uneasiness: "my eyes," he used to exclaim, "are transplanted into my ears."

His musical genius was soon discovered, and his friends determined to cultivate it. About the age of twelve, a master was engaged to instruct him in the practice of the harp; but though fond of the instrument, he never struck it with a masterly hand. Genius and diligence are seldom united; and it is practice alone can make us perfect in any art. Yet his harp was rarely unstrung; but in general he only used it to assist him in composition. His fingers wandered among the strings in quest of the sweets of melody.

Carolan became enamoured of Miss Bridget Cune, several years after he had lost his sight. His harp, now like the lute of Anacreon, would only sound of love. Though this lady did not give him her hand, it is imagined he did not deny him her heart; but, like Apollo, when he caught at the nymph, "he filled his arms with bays." The song which bears her name is his *chef-d'œuvre*; it came warm from his heart while his genius was in full vigour. He went once on a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island in Lough Deary, in the county of Donegal, of which more wonders are told than even of the Cave of Trophimus. On his return to shore, he found several pilgrims waiting the arrival of the boat which had conveyed him to the object of his devotion. In assisting some of those devout travellers to get on board, he chanced to take a lady's hand, and instantly exclaimed "*Dar faiba na Chardais Chroí t,*" (that is by the hand of my gossip) "this is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" His sense of feeling did not deceive him, it was the hand of her whom he once adored.

Our bard solicited hands for the lute and Miss Cune, in the arms of Miss McGuire, a young lady of good family in the county of Fermanagh. Miss McGuire proved a proud and exorbitant dancer, but she was the vine of his choice, he loved her tenderly, and lived harmoniously with her. On his marriage he fixed his residence on a small farm near Mosshill in the county of Leitrim: here he built a neat little house, in which he gave his friends—

"If not a sumptuous welcome, yet a kind"

Hospitality consumed the produce of his little farm; he ate, drank, and was merry, and improvidently left no money to provide for himself. This sometimes occasioned embarrassments in his domestic affairs; but he had no need to remind him, "that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and idleness long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

At what period of his life Carolan commenced an itinerant musician is not known, nor is it confidently told whether, like Arnauld Daniel, he was *about duette Apollon que Bessir*; or whether his fondness for music induced him to betake himself to that profession; Doctor Campbell seems to attribute his choice of it to his early disappointment in love.

It was during his peregrinations that Carolan composed all those charming airs which are still the delight of his country, and some of which are now published. He thought the tribute of a song due to every house in which he was entertained, and he never failed to pay it; choosing for his subject either the head of the family, or the least of its branches. At an early part of his life he contracted a fondness for spirituous liquors, which he retained even to the last stage of life. But inordinate gratifications carry their punishment along with them; nor was Carolan exempt from this general imposition. His physician assured him that unless he corrected this vicious habit, a *convulsy*, which was the consequence of his intemperance, would soon put an end to his musical career. He obeyed with reluctance, and peremptorily resolved to never taste that forbidden (though to him so delicious) cup.

The town of Boyle in the county of Roscommon, was at that time his principal place of residence; there, while under so severe a regimen, he walked or rather wandered about like a *vacateur*; his usual gaiety forsok him, no sallies of a lively imagination escaped him; every moment was marked with a dejection of spirits approaching to the deepest melancholy; and



his harp, his favourite harp, lay in some obscure corner of his habitation neglected and unstrung. Passing one day by a grocer's shop, our Irish Orpheus, after a six weeks' quarantine, was tempted to step in, undetermined whether he should abide by his late resolution or whether he should yield to the impulse felt at the moment. "Well, my dear friend," cried he to the young man behind the counter, "you see I am a man of constancy; for six long weeks I have refrained from whiskey, was there ever so great an instance of self-denial? but a thought strikes me, and surely you will not be cruel enough to refuse one gratification which I shall earnestly solicit; bring hither a measure of my favourite liquor, which I shall smell to, but indeed will not taste." The lad indulged him on that condition; and no sooner did the fumes ascend to his brain than every latent spark within him was re-kindled; his countenance glowed with an unusual brightness, and the sobriety which he repeated over the cup was the effusion of a heart newly animated, and the ramblings of a genius which a sterner would have pursued with raptures of delight. At length, to the great peril of his health, and contrary to the advice of his medical friends, he once more quaffed the forbidden draught, and renewed the hummer until his spirits were sufficiently exhilarated, and until his mind had fully resumed its former tone. He immediately set about composing that much admired song which goes by the name of *Carolán's Receipt*; for sprightliness of sentiment, and harmony of numbers, it stands unrivalled in the list of our best modern drinking songs, as our nicest critics will allow. He commenced the words, and began to modulate the air in the evening at Boyle, and before the following morning he sung and played this noble offspring of his imagination in Mr. Stafford's parlour at Elfin.

"Carolán's inordinate fondness for Irish wine (as Pierre le Grand used to call whiskey), will not admit of an excuse; it was a vice of habit, and might therefore have been corrected; to refuse him this gratification was a certain mode of rousing his satire. Residing some time in the house of a rather parsimonious lady, he happened one day, as he was playing on his harp, to hear O'Flinn, the butler, unlocking the cellar door, he instantly arose, and, following the man, requested a glass of his favourite beverage; but the fellow thrust him rudely out, declaring he would give him nothing unless by orders of his mistress. The insulted and indignant bard instantly uttered the following bitter epigram:—

"What a pity bell gates are not kept by O'Flinn,

"So snugly a dog would get nobody in."

But something may be said in extenuation; he seldom drank to excess; besides, he seemed to think, nay was convinced from experience, that the spirit of whiskey was grateful to his muse, and for that reason offered it when he intended to invoke her. Nor was Carolán the only bard who drew inspiration from the bottle; there have been several planets in the poetical hemisphere that seldom shone but when illuminated by the ray of rosy wine. Cunningham wrote his best pastorals after he had made a moderate sacrifice to Bacchus. It is said that the amiable Addison's wit sparkled most when his pulse beat quick,

*Ecce ade calices quem non fecere desertum.*

And the goblet always "flows with wine unmixed" for Demodocus, in whose person Homer represents himself before he touts his vocal lay.

Music was in some measure identified with Carolán; it was an active principle interwoven in his nature, which gave such life and energy to all his own production, and which enabled him to discover the merit of others in the same line, with such wonderful accuracy of judgment. It was from a full conviction of his great powers that the Italians have dignified him with the name of Carolonus; and it is a fact well ascertained, that the fame of Carolán having reached the ears of the celebrated Geminiani when he was in Dublin, he put his abilities to a severe test, and the result of the trial convinced Geminiani how well founded every thing had been which was advanced in favour of the Irish bard. The method he made use of was as follows: he singled out a most difficult and excellent piece of music, and highly in the style of the country which gave him birth; here and there he either altered or mutilated the piece, but in such a manner as that no one but a real judge could make a discovery. Carolán bestowed the deepest attention upon the performer while he played it, not knowing however that it was intended as a trial of his skill and judgment, and that the critical moment was at hand which was to determine his reputation for ever. He declared it was an admirable piece of music; but to the astonishment of all present said, very humourously, in his own language, "*ta se air chois air baeagh*;" that is, "here and there it limps and stumbles." He was prayed to rectify the errors, which he accordingly did. In this state it was sent from

Connaught to Dublin; and the Italian no sooner saw the amendments than he pronounced Carolan to be a true musical genius.

In the beginning of the present century the then Lord Mayo brood out from Dublin a celebrated Italian performer, to spend some time with him at his seat in the country. Carolan, who was at that time on a visit at his Lordship's, found himself greatly neglected, and complained of it one day in the presence of the foreigner. "When you play in as masterly a manner as he does," replied his Lordship, "you shall not be overlooked." Carolan was pestered with the musician, that though he was almost a total stranger to Italian music, yet he would follow him in any piece he played; and that he himself would afterwards play voluntarily, in which the Italian should not follow him. The proposal was acceded to, and Carolan was victorious.

It was well known, and several respectable persons have avouched for the truth of the fact, that he often heard the *Æneid* of Virgil read with uncommon delight, though he did not understand a word of Latin,—so true it is that one genius will catch the fire from another by a sort of sympathy! nay, his admiration of the Roman poet induced him to imitate Latin words; which, though mere sounds, he shaped into lofty hexameters, according to

the strict rules of prosody. His muse was not always employed in deifying the great, in praising beauty, or in heightening the mirth of the convivial hour; sometimes it was devoted to the service of his God: he frequently assisted with his voice and his harp at the elevation of the host; and composed several pieces of church-music then deemed excellent, and at this day are both played and chanted.

Carolan did not continue long to survive the departure of his beloved wife, to whose memory he composed a beautiful monody; he died on the month of March 1738, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was interred in the parish church of Kilmoran, in the diocese of Ardagh, but "not a stone tells where he lies."

But, however the exquisite original music of the Irish bard has been long and justly celebrated, yet the honour of an institution for commemorating his extraordinary talents as a poet, a composer, and a performer, was reserved for the present Harp Society of Dublin. On Wednesday, September 20th, 1809, the first commemoration took place at the Music Hall, or private Theatre, in Fishamble street, when several pieces of Irish music were played and sung with the most enthusiastic applause.

11

## THE LIFE OF WILLIAM COBBET;

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(From a Pamphlet just published.)

THE public have seldom been presented with a more remarkable piece of biography than the life of Mr. Cobbet, written by himself; it is at once vigorous and pleasing, and characterized by that natural eloquence and nervous humour which distinguishes Mr. Cobbet above all the writers of the day. It is with great satisfaction we make the following extract.—

"By the commencement of that good luck which has hitherto attended me through all the situations in which fortune has placed me, I was preserved from ruin. A gentleman, who was one of the passengers in the stage, fell into conversation with me at dinner, and he soon learnt that I was going, I knew not whither, nor for what. This gentleman was a hop-merchant in the Borough of Southwark, and, upon closer inquiry, it appeared that he had often dealt with my father at Wey-bill.

He knew the danger I was in; he was himself a father, and he felt for my parents. His house became my home; he wrote to my father, and endeavoured to prevail on me to obey his orders, which were to return immediately home. I was ashamed to say that I was disobedient. It was the first time I had ever been so, and I have repented of it from that moment to this. Willingly would I have returned, but pride would not suffer me to do it. I feared the scoffs of my acquaintances more than the real evils that threatened me.

My generous preserver finding my obstinacy not to be overcome, began to look out for an employment for me. He was preparing an advertisement for the newspaper, when an acquaintance of his, an attorney, called in to see him. He related my adventure to this gentleman, whose name was Holland, and who, happening to want an understrapping quill,

driver, did me the honour to take me into his service, and the next day saw me perched upon a great high stool, in an obscure chamber in Gray's Inn, endeavouring to decypher the crabbed draughts of my employer.

"I could write a good plain hand, but I could not read the pot-hooks and hangers of Mr. Holloyd. He was a month in learning me to copy without almost continual assistance, and even then I was of but little use to him; for, besides that I wrote a snail's pace, my want of knowledge in orthography gave him infinite trouble; so that for the first two months I was a dead weight upon his hands. Time, however, rendered me useful; and Mr. Holland was pleased to tell me, that he was very well satisfied with me, just at the very moment when I began to grow extremely dissatisfied with him."

"No part of my life has been totally unattended with pleasure, except the eight or nine months I passed in Gray's Inn. The office (for so the dungeon where I wrote was called) was so dark, that on cloudy days we were obliged to burn candles. I worked like a galley-slave from five in the morning till eight or nine at night, and sometimes all night long. How many quarrels have I assented to foment and perpetuate between those poor impudent fellows, John Doe and Richard Roe! How many times (God forgive me!) have I set them to assault each other with guns, swords, staves, and pitchforks, and then brought them to answer for their misdeeds before our Sovereign Lord the King, seated in his court of Westminster! When I think of the *sauces* and *spintols*, and the counts of tartology that I scribbled over; when I think of these sheets of seventy-two words, and those three two inches apart, my brain turns. Gracious Heaven! if I am doomed to be wretched, bury me beneath Iceland snows, and let the feed on blubber; stretch me under the burning line, and deny me thy propitious dew: nay, if it be thy will, suffocate me with the matted and festulent air of a democratic club-room: but save me from the deck of an attorney!"

"Mr. Holland was but little in the chambers himself. He always went out to dinner, while I was left to be provided for by the *landress*, as he called her. Those gentlemen of the law, who have resided in the inn of court in London, know very well what a *landress* means. Ours was, I believe, the oldest and ugliest of the sisterhood. She had age and experience enough to be Lady Abbess of all the nuns in all the convents of Irish town. It would be wronging the Witch of

Endor, to compare her to this hag, who was the only creature that deigned to enter into conversation with me. All except the name, I was in prison, and this sister was my keeper. Our chambers were, to me, what the subterraneous cavern was to Gil Blas; his description of the Dame Leonarda, exactly suited my landress; nor were the profession, or rather the practice of our masters altogether dissimilar."

"I never quitted this gloomy recess, except on Sundays, when I usually took a walk to St James's Park, to feast my eyes with the sight of the trees, the grass, and the water. In one of these walks I happened to cast my eye on an advertisement, inviting all loyal young men, who had a mind to gain riches and glory, to repair to a certain rendezvous, where they might enter into his Majesty's marine service, and have the peculiar happiness and honour of being enrolled in the Chatham division. I was not ignorant enough to be the dupe of this noise of military bombast; but a change was what I wanted. Besides, I knew that marines went to sea, and my desire to be on that element had rather increased than diminished by my long sojourn in London. In short, I resolved to join this glorious corps; and to avoid all possibility of being discovered by my friends, I went down to Chatham, and enlisted into the marines, as I thought, but the next morning I found myself before a Captain of a marching regiment. There was no retreating. I had taken a sailing to drink his Majesty's health, and his father's bounty was ready for my reception."

"When I told the Captain (who was an Irishman, and who has since been an excellent friend to me) that I thought myself engaged in a romance, 'By Jussus! my lord,' said he, 'and you have had a narrow escape.' He told me, that the Regiment into which I had been so happy as to enlist, was one of the oldest and boldest in the whole army, and that it was at that moment serving in that fine, flourishing, and plentiful country, Nova Scotia. He dwelt long on the beauties and riches of this terrestrial paradise, and dismissed me, perfectly enchanted with the prospect of a voyage thither."

"I enlisted early in 1784, and, as peace had then taken place, no great haste was made to send recruits off to their regiments. I remained upwards of a year at Chatham, during which time I was employed in learning my exercise, and taking my tour in the duty of the garrison. My leisure time, which was a very considerable portion of the twenty four

hours, was spent, not in the dissipations common to such a way of life, but in reading and study. In the course of this year I learnt much more than I had ever done before. I subscribed to a circulating library at Bromp-ton, the greatest part of the books in which I read more than once over. The library was not very considerable, it is true, nor in my reading was I directed by any degree of taste or choice. Novels, plays, history, poetry, all were read, and nearly with equal avidity.

Such a course of reading could be attended with but little profit: it was skimming over the surface of every thing. One branch of learning, however, I went to the bottom with, and that the most essential branch too, the grammar of my mother tongue. I had experienced the want of a knowledge of grammar during my stay with Mr. Holland; but it is very probable that I never should have thought of encountering the study of it, had not accident placed me under a man whose friendship extended beyond his interest. Writing a fair hand procured me the honour of being copyist to Colonel Deberg, the commandant of the garrison. I transcribed the famous correspondence between him and the Duke of Richmond, which ended in the good and gallant old Colonel being stripped of the reward bestowed on him for his long and meritorious servitude.

"Being totally ignorant of the rules of grammar, I necessarily made many mistakes in copying, because no one can copy letter by letter, nor even word by word. The Colonel saw my deficiency, and strongly recommended study. He enforced his advice with a sort of injunction, and with a promise of reward in case of success.

"I procured me a Louth's grammar, and applied myself to the study of it with unceasing assiduity, and not without some profit; ... though it was a considerable time before I fully comprehended all that I read, still I read and studied with such unremitting attention, that, at last, I could write without failing into any very gross errors. The pains I took can not be described: I wrote the whole grammar out two or three times; I got it by heart; I repeated it every morning and every evening, and when on guard, I imposed on myself the task of saying it all over once every time I was posted sentinel. To this exercise of my memory I ascribe the retentiveness of which I

have since found it capable, and to the success with which it was attended, I ascribe the perseverance that has led to the acquirement of the little learning of which I am master.

"This study was, too, attended with another advantage; it kept me out of mischief. I was always sober, and regular in my attendance; and not being a clumsy fellow, I met with none of these reproofs which disgust so many young men with the service.

"There is no situation where merit is so sure to meet with reward as in a well-disciplined army. Those who command are obliged to reward it for their own ease and credit. I was soon raised to the rank of corporal; a rank, which, however contemptible it may appear in some people's eyes, brought me in a clear two-pence *per diem*, and put a very clever worsted knot up in my shoulder too. Don't you laugh now, Mr. Samwick; a worsted knot is a much more honourable mark of distinction than a *custon-louse badge*; though, I confess, the King must have such people as tick-waiters as well as corporals.

"As promotion began to dawn, I grew impatient to get to my regiment, where I expected soon to bask under the rays of royal favour. The happiness of departure at last came; we set sail from Gravesend, and, after a short and pleasant passage, arrived at Halifax in Nova Scotia. When I first beheld the barren, not to say hideous, rocks at the entrance of the harbour, I began to fear that the master of the vessel had mistaken his way; nor I could perceive nothing of that fertility that my good recruiting Captain had dwelt on with so much delight.

"Nova Scotia had no other charm for me than that of novelty. Every thing I saw was new: bogs, rocks, and stumps, musquitoses and bull-frogs; thousands of captains and colonels without soldiers, and of squires without stockings or shoes. In England, I had never thought of approaching a squire without a most respectful bow; but in this new world, though I was but a corporal, I once ordered a squire to bring me a glass of grog, and even to take care of my knapsack.

"We staid but a few weeks in Nova Scotia, being ordered to St. John's, in the province of New Brunswick. Here, and at other places in the same province, we remained till the month of September 1791, when the regiment was relieved and sent home."

## CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

EXTRACTED FROM A VERY OLD WORK.

*On John Rogers, who departed this life August 5,  
1570.*

No living creature lives so long but once must  
needs give place,

When doleful death, that champion strong,  
arrests him with his mace?

Example take of me which did my life enjoy,  
The space of sixty years, lack three, which  
death did then destroy,

Like thee I was some time, but now am turn'd  
to dust,

As thou at length (O earth and slime!) return  
to ashes must.

Of the company of Clothworkers a brother I  
became,

A long time in the livery I lived of the same.  
Then death that deadly stroke did give which  
now my joys doth frame,

In Christ I died by Christ to live, John Rogers  
was my name.

My loving wife and children two my place be-  
hind supply,

God grant them living so to do that they in  
him may die.

This sorrowful verse, I silly son, my father's  
grave did give,

That it might speak, now he is dead, as though  
he stul'd have.

A friend to virtue, a lover of learning,

A foe to vice, a vehement corrector,

A prudent person, all truth supporting,

A citizen sage, and worthy councillor,

A lover of wisdom, of justice a furtherer;

Lo, here his corpse lieth, Sir Rowland Hill by  
name,

Of London Gate Lord Mayor and Alderman of  
fame.

A Doreas child, a Mary full of grace,

A virgin chaste, and of rare education,

Entomb'd lieth here underneath this plate,

Whose life and name deserved commendation.

But in the blooming month of pleasant May,

Untimely death hath stolen her life away,

Yet spite of death, her virtue still remaineth,

And in the heaven a better life she gaineth:

Upon whose tomb I consecrate this verse  
Instead of flow'rs to deck her funeral hearse.

*To the memory of Sir John Cheshier, or Shere-  
worth, Knight, mercer, and Lord Mayor of  
London, who was buried in the church in which  
he was entered a vestry, a house for the pastor  
to dwell in, and a church-yard to the parishoners  
wherein to bury their dead. He died the 7th  
May, Anno Domini 1401.*

Here lieth a man, that faith and works did  
even,

Like fiery chariots, mount him up to heaven:  
He did adorn this church. When words are  
weak,

And men forget, the living stones will speak.  
He left us land; this little earth him keeps,

These black words mourners, and the marble  
weeps.

## On Robert Balthorp.

Here Robert Balthorp lies entomb'd,

To Elizabeth our Queen,

Who serjeant of Chirurgeons sworne,

Near thirty years last been.

He died at sixty-nine of years,

December month the day,

The year of grace eight hundred twice,

Deducting nine away.

Let him his rotten bones repose,

Till Angels trumpet sound.

To warn the world of present change,

And raise the dead from ground.

## On Edward Cordell.

Here Edward Cordell, Squire, lies;

Who when he life possess'd,

Had place among the lean'd and wise,

And credit with the best.

Abigail Hemmings, his wife,

This monument prepared,

For love to him, who to his life,

To love her well declared.

God hath his soul, this earth his earth,

Her heart his love still keeps;

The odds 'twixt you and him his breath,

Which gone, all flesh thus sleeps.

A vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second system. The vocal line is on a treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a bass staff. The lyrics are "ream, glide swift a - - long, throu".

ream, glide swift a - - long, throu

A vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the third system. The vocal line is on a treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a bass staff. The lyrics are "ng, thy mur - - murs sooth my".

ng, thy mur - - murs sooth my

A vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the fourth system. The vocal line is on a treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a bass staff. The lyrics are "e the bu - - - sy Throng to".

e the bu - - - sy Throng to



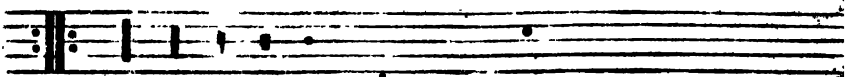
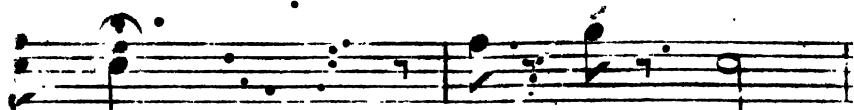
for love for love and Emma, and



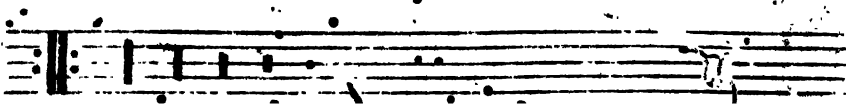
*Espressivo*



for love - - - for love and Emma.



FINE.



Oh sweet Bird your gladdning lays,  
Sweetest Minstrels to my ear;  
Oh sweet Bird your gladdning lays,  
Or I your wild noted love to hear:  
Oh sweet Bird your gladdning lays  
They tell to me of former days,  
Pleasure's blossom soon decays,  
Sigh for love and Emma.



*Engraved for La Pl. it. Alom. it. n. 51.*









*Ball at the Ball, Southampton, some Strada, expressly for La Belle Assemblée.*

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

## FASHIONS For NOVEMBER 1809.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

#### ENGLISH COSTUME.

##### A GARDEN PROMENADE DRESS.

A Pamela robe of fine white cambric, made to sit close to the shape, confined down the front, and marked off to the bust with a trimming of coloured chenille and buttons forming a diamond; the bottom of the dress brought off in an easy slope, finished with three small rucks, worn over a slip made to correspond; long sleeves with lace or cambric ruffles. A Witch's hat, in white chip, ornamented with a demi-wreath of fancy marigolds. A shawl mantlet in purple silk, trimmed with a rich silk amber coloured fringe, fastened on the bosom with a pebble brooch. Amber hoop earrings. Shoes of white Morocco; gloves of York tan; Parasol purple shot, and lined with amber.

The figure in the back ground represents a lady with a Nunn's hood brown carelessly round the head, and falling in graceful negligence over the shoulders. A high dress of muslin, let in round the neck in van-dyke points. Coral necklace and earrings; Parasol, pink shot with brown.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

##### FASHION AND DRESS.

ALTHOUGH fashion has not yet decidedly entered on her gay career for the ensuing winter, yet has her way been marked out and made known to a select few of her favourite votaries and chosen servants. The capricious goddess, ambitious of universal sway, has however forbidden the production of her several novelties until our favourite watering places, and other summer retreats, shall have delivered

up their fair visitants, and the influx of rank and fashion have become greater, that her range may be wider and more diffusive.

For the out door costume, pelisses have taken place of every other species of covering. Velvet is the favourite article used in their construction. They are made for the most part in the wrap form, of a walking length, fitting with such minute exactness to the shape as to require the hand of a very skilful milliner; with high plain collars variously wrought in gold, silver, and coloured chenille, confined to the waist with a band of gyp net and small square steel buckle. Gold and silver borderings ought only to be seen on those who have the convenience of a carriage; light edgings in chenille may be worn with propriety by such as more frequently indulge in the pleasure of walking; but the simple swans-down trimming we are assured will be of more elegant and lasting adoption. The swans-down tippet will also be considered by our fashionables as an almost indispensable appendage to the promenade dress. The Roman mantle, in orange, scarlet, or blue Georgian cloth, edged with a narrow gold tape, is a very graceful and convenient defence against the night air.

The Theresa handkerchief, in fine sprigged muslin trimmed with lace, or of white satin ornamented with swansdown, cut round behind, with a small collar meeting before, sloped off from the shoulder, and falling in long ends about twelve inches below the waist, forms a graceful finish to the evening dress.

Morning and walking gowns are still made high in the neck without collars, but with long sleeves, finished with a plain hem, and worn with large coral necklaces and bracelets. We have observed several in the corded cambric, in imitation of the corded saraset, confined in at the waist with a correspondent

ribbon. The straw striped muslin is likewise a favourite article in this style of dress. In the afternoon, or intermediate rank of dress, the bosoms of gowns are either cut low and square, in the Egyptian manner, or made high, after the costume of the Romans, with a plain falling collar of antique lace; the sleeves are worn long and not transparent. Imperial and coloured bombazeens, with broad satin striped sarsnets, are well adapted to this class of attire; with this dress is very appropriately worn the Roman mantle, or swansdown tippet.

In full or evening dress the bosoms of the gowns are made low and square, the backs high and wide, laced up behind, the sleeves moderately short and plain, if in sarsnet they are much trimmed with swansdown; the newest and most becoming front has two stars of Gothic lace let in on the bosom: we have observed but few trains. The bottoms of the dresses are much ornamented by an embroidery in natural flowers, wrought with lambswool; the geranium pattern, and the holly berries, has a very pleasing effect.

The Jubilee uniform is garter-blue net, worn over white satin, ornamented with gold. We must here remark, that this dress will be considered by no means elegant after the joyous event it is meant to celebrate, and will be entirely laid aside by our fashionable fair. The embroidered ceatuu, and gyp net band, with diamond buckles, are the most approved ornaments for the waist; the satin sash has tassels attached to the ends.

A lady justly celebrated not less for her taste than rank and beauty, very lately appeared in a dress which we think we never saw equalled for its elegant simplicity. It was composed of beautiful shell lace, wreathed round the figure, without cutting, slightly confined together, forming the petticoat, giving the effect of a hoop without its grotesque and unnatural appearance; the body and sleeves were of the same material, with a small intermixture of frosted satin; it was worn over a very pale pink satin slip. White did Grecian sandals, embroidered in silver, adorned her feet. Her gloves were of white kid, very short, and in her hand she held a silver tiffany fan. But the style of her hair was more peculiarly adapted to the charming air and turn of her features; it was combed back in a light wave, *à-la-Sappho*, closely turned up behind, and confined by a diamond comb in the form of a shell; two diamond bodkins were placed transverse through her hair; her necklace was of brilliants, and in her ears she wore small brilliant snaps, with

pearl drops. Another lady we observed richly dressed in oriental silk, her ornaments were pearl and ruby.

Within the last few days we have observed a few variegated straw hats with long headed ostrich feathers. The intermixture of satin and lace in caps and hats is now become too general to meet with fashionable approbation. The Spanish hat and Turkish cap have now a decided preference; they are mostly made in velvet, or rich eastern silk, worn up on the left side, ornamented with two or three small undressed ostrich feathers, if for the promenade, of the same colour as the hat. The Brunswick mob and hive cap, with small bunches of geranium, or fancy flowers, are becoming head dresses for the morning.

The fascinating simplicity in the mode of wearing the hair still prevails. In full dress few curls are to be seen, it is combed lightly back in front, and closely twisted up behind, or, banded round the head after the Grecian manner. The diamond bodkin is the newest and most esteemed ornament for the hair; it is a gold post, with a head about an inch long studded with diamonds or other jewels, and is much used for confining the lace veil and Turkish handkerchief to the head; small bunches of foil flowers of the ruby or emerald colour, are just introduced, placed over the left side, and worn with a very pleasing effect.

No variety has taken place in the shoes since our last. The Grecian sandal is very generally worn by our elegantes, it is mostly embroidered in silver, coloured bugle, and foil; rose-ties are often seen to adorn the slipper.

Jewellery is far more worn than during the last month. Necklaces in ruby, emerald, garnet, and coral, seem to have the preference. Pearls and diamonds are much intermixed. The diamond snap, with pearl clasp, is the prevailing ornament for the ear. Buckles are sometimes seen on the shoes, we hope it will gain ground, as it is certainly a very elegant addition to the foot.

The prevailing colours are garter blue, amaranthus, amber, and geranium. The most fashionable mixture Spanish-green, amaranthus shot with white, red, and brown.

## LETTER ON DRESS.

MY DEAR MARIA, London, Oct. 29,

How is it possible you can be such a novice, so ignorant of the laws of good style in dress, as to let your imagination run upon the Jubilee? Are you yet to learn, that pre-

vailing colours, and particular days, are no standard for true taste and elegance? Have you not received the garter-blue net I sent you, to be worn over your white satin slip? No doubt you must, and have worn it on the day. Now then, let it quietly rest in your drawer, till the colour be entirely changed, or the event wholly forgotten. Be assured it is a species of dress now devolved upon another class; to continue to wear it would be converting a compliment into a convenience; either give it to your maid to figure away in at the lower rooms, or set fire to it, to prove how entirely it was meant for this whole, sole, and separate joyful event. If you are not yet content with my opinion, put on your pattens and trip over to the nearest market town, there enquire at the first milliner's you come to, and your curiosity will be amply satisfied.

Be sure to provide yourself with a garter-blue ribband, with the usual insignia to tie round your pretty straw hat; and the first person you meet shall hail you with, "*O say pretty maid.*"

As I purpose spending a sober winter in town, I intend procuring for you the post of head secretary to the fanciful goddess, to forward her communications from Bath, where I conclude you intend wintering. As in this charming city they have learnt to combine splendour with taste; it is true they made through a disgusting load of finery before they arrive at it, and not all are so happy as to hit the right mark; there are therefore some very grotesque figures, for finery, whether well or ill displayed, is here indispensable.

*Apropos* of Bath, leave your manners behind you, or you will lose them, and even your

modesty you may find inconvenient to you. Mind I am only speaking of public places, the inhabitants are all highly polished. You will be much disgusted by the confident strut and stare of the ladies; the attendance of gentlemen being here in some measure dispensed with, they are obliged themselves to stand on the defensive.

I must tell you that I dreamt last night I saw that mischievous Mrs. B., standing at the door of an intimate friend of ours, which is a certain sign that envy and scandal will find its way to that quarter: and rely on it, my interpretation will prove true.

I think you will be able to squeeze gall enough out of this letter to brighten up your geranium-coloured chape, which you may now wear with great propriety. You will strictly receive your amber satin dress, to be worn with silver ornaments; and a foil wreath for the head to be placed *à-la-Bacchante*. I have ordered it to be laced behind with a silver cord; to be cut square in the neck, falling very much off the shoulders; the back not so high as your other dresses; and a silver net and buckle confines the waist.

Your gloves and shoes must, of course, be white kid; your fan tiffany, spangled with silver. Be sure to wear the diamond bangles I sent you, with your diamond snaps. Your pearl necklace will do, but I think you had better borrow Louisa's brilliants.

Oh for some sea monster to frighten you back once more to town! with this charitable wish I conclude. — Dear Maria,

Yours,

## THOUGHTS ON AFFECTATION IN THE FEMALE SEX.

### CLEANLINESS.

CLEANLINESS in our persons and in our houses is so universally liked and wished for, that it is astonishing how often it happens that we discover it to be only appearance, and that the elegant apartment decorated with every ornament of taste for the reception of company is on a day when none is expected covered with dust, and less desirable to live in than many a cottage, where there is no room reserved for show. This shewy delicacy is certainly mere affectation, and almost as disagreeable as the troublesome cleanliness of our great grandmothers, who were in constant

misery lest an unclean shoe should accidentally defile their parlour carpet, or lest the brightness of their table should be tarnished by an unfortunate drop of tea! This fastidious neatness, this having things too clean and too good to be used, is not however much the failing of the present day, when total want of care is far more the fashion; and when it is more a proof of elegance to call a dirty dog upon a splendid sofa, and to be diverted at the marks made by its wet paws, than to object to an uncleanness which gives the poor animal no real pleasure, and which destroys an expensive piece of furniture. Scrupulous

precision is as unnecessary as it is tiresome, but true delicacy of taste improves cleanliness into elegance, and shews itself in a variety of trifles, which nevertheless add to our innocent gratifications in almost every possible circumstance. How often does a table set out with neatness create an appetite, which possibly might have sickened at the sight of the very same food, if awkwardly prepared or presented. A dress, put on with perfect cleanliness, gives elegance to the plainest materials, whose simplicity is frequently more becoming than the gaudy load of dirty finery which we too often find exhibited by mistaken people, who fancy themselves magnificent.

Though cleanliness is constantly to be practised, the affectation of it is nearly as forbidding as undisguised neatness is engaging, since it regularly awakes suspicions that all is not right; and we must be allowed to affirm, that it is certainly only affected when (what is by no means uncommon) the nice white muslin dress conceals an under garment by no means resembling the upper one in purity!

That cleanliness does not deserve to be ranked as a virtue is a fact; but as the strictest attention to it is essentially necessary to the preservation of our health, the neglect of it may be safely termed a serious failing; and as there is no beauty however great which is not improved by it, and none which is not rendered disgusting by the want of it, it may certainly be admitted to the respect due to an agreeable, if not a positively amiable quality, which it is truly wonderful how often we are mortified by finding practised more as an ornament than for personal comfort. And we cannot restrain our astonishment, when we reflect how strangely it is in many parts of the world totally disregarded, to a degree indeed highly offensive to every English person; who, observing the filth and nastiness prevalent in some foreign countries, feels not a little pleased with the consciousness that English cleanliness is almost proverbial amongst our neighbours.

As no person then can be too clean for the advantages of health or beauty, it is much to

be wished that habits of delicacy were more real than affected; that is, that all people were clean for themselves, and not only for their company.

#### SLOVENELINESS.

This is certainly in itself a very common, though very odious failing, and requires the utmost care and pains to correct every the most trifling approach to it, from its being so natural a defect that nothing but the attention of education can completely eradicate propensities which are more general than one quite likes to acknowledge.

The vanity of slovenly habits and apparel is as much affected by those strange people sometimes to be found, who pride themselves in a threadbare coat or unwashed hands, and is certainly as great a foppery as that displayed by the wearers of the most elegant or fashionable (and they are very different) dresses at the most costly entertainments. But though one has heard of such eccentric beings, and perhaps now and then met with one or two in the course of one's life, yet it must be acknowledged that the *learned lady*, who is ridiculed in old books for her inattention to all neatness or decorum, and for her ignorance of every reigning mode, is by no means a common character in this age; and that when it is thought worth while to affect slovenly and disagreeable customs, in order to make a shew of more abstraction from the world than is really felt by the silly actors of nastiness, this sort of fame is seldom coveted, except by those whose retired line of life first led them into indulgences and habits that have crept upon them by almost imperceptible degrees, till being grown accustomed to the laugh which their odd ways sometimes expose them to, they at length mistake the notice which their singularity excites for a sort of compliment; and growing proud of observation, however obtained, continue from affectation to do what affords them no real pleasure, and what a very little attention would at first totally have checked.

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE;

OR,

Bell's

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1809.

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An Elegant PORTRAIT of LADY MANNERS
2. TWO WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON, COLOURED.
3. An ORIGINAL SONG set to Music for the Harp and Piano-Forte, composed exclusively for this Work, by Mr. HOOK
4. Two elegant and new PATTERNS for NEEDLE-WORK.

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES

Lady Manners ..... 167

### ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Authorities touching the actual existence of Mermaids .....	168
Hymenæa in search of a Husband .....	168
Original letter—City fashions .....	174
History of Don Lewis de Baïbaran ....	175
History of the Oldcastle family .....	177
Anecdotes of depravity in London from 1700 to 1800 .....	182
Extracts from Mr. Kell's new novel entitled "Emily" .....	185
Some Observations made in a five weeks' recent excursion from London to Edinburgh .....	190
Essay on Novelty .....	198

### BEAUTIES OF THE BRITISH POETS.

#### BEAUTIES OF MOORE.

Fables for the Female Sex.

Fable XV The Female Seducers (continued) 23

— XVI. The love of Vanity ..... 26

#### BEAUTIES OF BURNS.

Despondency; an ode .....	32
To a Mouse, on turning her up in her nest with the plough .....	36
To a Mountain Daisy, on turning one down with the plough .....	40

### LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

Explanation of the Prints of Fashion....	201
Parisian Fashions .....	26
General Observations on the most approved Fashions for the Season .....	46
Thoughts on affectation in the female sex	908
Supplementary Advertisements for the Month.	



THE HALF YEARLY  
SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER.

---

ON the first of January 1810, with the next succeeding Number of *La Belle Assemblée*, will be published No. LIV. being the regular SUPPLEMENTAL Number, which concludes the Seventh Volume of this Work, with the termination of the year.—Containing

YOUNG'S  
NIGHT-THOUGHTS, COMPLETE;

With INDEX and TITLE-PAGE as usual.

Together with

A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF YOUNG,

Of the same Size and excellence of Engraving with the Portrait of POPE, given in No. 40, of this Work.

The SUPPLEMENT is charged Half-a-crown; and Subscribers are requested to give immediate orders for it to their several Booksellers, that they may procure fine impressions and complete their Volume.

---

WE think it necessary, in justice to an excellent Work, "*Malcolm's History of London*," to acknowledge ourselves indebted to three extracts from it, one of which is entitled "*Anecdotes of Depravity in London*." This Work is no less agreeable to the antiquary than to the admirers of *Belle Lettres*.

**COURT AND FASHIONABLE**

**MAGAZINE,**

*For NOVEMBER, 1809.*

**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES**

**OF  
INDUSTRIOUS LADIES.**

*The Fifty-second Number.*

**LADY MANNERS.**

THIS elegant and fascinating woman, whose Portrait, from a beautiful miniature by Mr. Cosway, R. A. embellishes the present Number of *La Belle Assemblée*, is descended from an Irish family of great worth and respectability. She was married very early in life to the present Sir William Manners, Bart. by whom she has a numerous family.

The character of Lady Manners, whether viewed in private or public life, combines as many excellencies as can well meet together in the virtuous and accomplished female. She unites the useful duties, and the honourable economy, of domestic life, with the charms of elegant literature, and the refinements of polished pursuits. She has a mind both enlarged and softened by the cultivation of the *belle lettres*, a

heart wedded to domestic duties, and cultivating seclusion and privacy for the sake of educating a numerous and blooming offspring under the maternal eye.

It is many years since Lady Manners first distinguished herself in a poetical publication of considerable repute. She was deemed by many as no unworthy competitor with Mrs. Robinson, the legitimate successor of the lyre of Sappho; and it must be confessed, that if the former excelled her in sentiment and passion, she was perhaps inferior to her in fancy and polished versification.

It is not our purpose to compare their respective merits. It will be sufficient to conclude this article, by recommending Lady Manners to the female sex as a distinguished ornament and example.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

## PROOFS OF THE EXISTENCE OF MERMAIDS.

To the late well-authenticated accounts of the existence and appearance of Mermaids, given by Miss Mackay, of Reay, and the Thurso schoolmaster, in letters which after their appearance particularly excited the attention of the Glasgow Philosophical Society, may be added the following ancient authorities, touching the actual existence of those extraordinary creatures:—

Alexander ab Alexandro affirms, that he has known a Mermaid steal a woman; he adds, "*causa concubitus*:" Ferdinand Alvarez, secretary to the store house of the Indians, says, he saw a young Mermaid come out of the water, and steal fish left to dry on the shore by the fishermen. In the year 1187, a Mermaid was fished up on the coast of St. Ffolk, and kept for six months by the Governor: this is related in many of our early English Chronicles, the writers of which add, that it bore so near a conformity with man, that nothing seemed wanting to it besides speech. It took an opportunity of making its escape, and plunging into the sea, and was never more heard of. In 1560, near the island of Manar, on the western coast of the island of Ceylon, some fishermen brought up at one draught of the net, seven Mermen and Maids, of which several Jesuits (and among the rest F. Hen. Henriques, and Ditar Bosquer, physician to the Vicerey of Goa) were witnesses. The physician, who examined them with much care, and made many dissections from them, asserts, that all their parts, both internal and external, were found perfectly conformable to those of men. (See *Hist. de la Campagne de Jesus*, Tom. iv. No. 276, where the relation is given at length.) We have another account, well attested, of a Mermaid seen near the Diamond Rock, on the coast of Martinico: the persons who viewed it gave in a precise description of it before a notary. A creature of the same species was caught in the Baltic in the year 1581, and sent as a present to Sigismund, King of Poland, with whom it lived three days;

and was seen by all the court. But the most authentic and particular relation we meet with, is in the *History of the Netherlands*, and the same occurrence is noticed, with some slight variations, in the *Dellices d' Hollande*. In 1430, after a violent tempest, which broke down the dykes in Holland, and made way for the sea into the meadows, some milk-women who were crossing the Mere in a boat, saw a human head above water, and upon a nearer examination, discovered a Mermaid embarrassed in the mud. After some resistance on the creature's part, they succeeded in securing her; and by gentle usage, prevailed on her in a few days, to eat and drink milk and bread, and fish. The Magistrates of Naarlam, in whose jurisdiction the Mere was, hearing of the circumstance, commanded her to be sent to them; and on her arrival, she was put into the Town-house, and a woman was assigned to take care of, and endeavour to instruct her. In a short time she learned to spin, and would signify by signs that she understood the meaning of the gestures she saw, and the commands she received, but all attempts to make her speak were entirely fruitless. After living among them for sixteen years, during which time thousands of persons saw her, she died, and was permitted to receive the rites of burial in a church. It is related that she was always desirous of having her lower part in water, in which she was indulged, and that she made two or three attempts to escape to the sea. Her picture was in existence in the year 1706, and hung in the Town-house of Naarlam; it represents her with very long black hair, a face perfectly human, as were her breasts and stomach, and the lower extremities resembling a very strong fish tail. Besides the particulars above related, Parrival affirms, that it had even received some notions of a deity, but this consisted merely in making its reverences to a crucifix, which it doubtless executed merely in imitation of its companions.

## HYMENEÆ IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

[Continued from Page 133.]

NOTHING could be more pleasing than the road from London to Ramsgate; no county in England can equal Kent for its richness and variety of prospect. Kent, according to our early historians, was in the earliest ages the most cultivated part of Great Britain, and it certainly maintains this reputation to the present day every mile has some novelty of landscape or prospect; every village has some mansion or gentleman's seat. The vicinity of the metropolis may, and certainly does, detract much from the idea of rural retreat, but I cannot hesitate to say, that if I were compelled to make choice of any country residence, I should fix on Kent beyond any county in England. Canterbury is highly distinguished for the beauty of the country in which it is situated, and for the elegance of the society in the town and neighbourhood. I have frequently had occasion to make the observation, that the best, by which I mean the most pleasing society in England, is to be found in the cathedral towns. The families of the resident clergy are at once pleasing for their manners and their moral qualities. If fortune would grant me my wish, it is, that in my decline of life I may pass it in the tranquil enjoyment of such society as this.

A few miles on this side of ———, we passed a house which had every appearance of being perfectly deserted, but which was so delightfully and so romantically situated as evidently to deserve a better fate.

"To whom may that house belong?" demanded I; "and why is it deserted?"

"The house belongs to Mr. ———, a gentleman of an immense fortune, and it is deserted because it was the scene of those tragedies in real life which render the life of some persons an afflicting romance. The story is long, but if you wish to hear it I will relate it to you. We have just reached the end of our present stage, our next will be a long and uninteresting one, and the narrative will be less tedious."

"You will infinitely oblige me," said

I. "But here is another deserted house, I hope that there is not the same tragedy appended to this; why is that noble house thus left in ruins, or at least in such a state as proves it to be inhabited by a farming tenant rather than by the owner and landlord?"

"The desertion of this house," replied my aunt, "is a case of pure extravagance, a case of common ruin and common folly, which every day throws before our eyes. The proprietor of it, if so he may be called, is the younger son of a very noble family; and himself, I believe, has received half a dozen fortunes from the deaths and legacies of numerous relations. That house, moreover, is connected with an estate of considerable value; yet has this man, without the incumbrance of wife and children (of late years I believe he has married), contrived so completely to run out this plentiful fortune, that the best years of his life have been passed within the rules of the King's Bench; and by all the accounts which have reached me, I fear that he will end his life there; enough only remains of his fortune to support him in fashionable decency in his prison."

"Fashionable decency!" said I; "is it possible that the laws of the country can be such as thus to allow a man to live at the cost of his creditors; surely where a man owes to the amount of his substance, the law will demand the surrender of it to his creditors."

"No," replied my aunt; "that would be hard indeed; if the law could in the first instance seize the person of the debtor, and afterwards his property. It would be reasonable, indeed, that the debtor should be compelled to deliver up the whole of his property, and that his person should be restrained in order to compel such cession; but it is the cruel principle of the debtor laws of England, that the person itself is considered as one of the satisfactions of the creditor, and that where the creditor cannot have the property, that is to say, where there is none to have, he may come on the

body and bones, and take his debt in personal revenge."

"The cruelty of the law on the one part," said I, "seems to originate in its indulgence on another. By the first principles of the law, landed property cannot be seized. In order to compel the creditor, therefore, to this cession, the imprisonment of his person is perhaps allowed. But why is this imprisonment extended beyond the reason of the case. Why is the body still held after the property is given up, or why is the same rule extended alike to every one,—confounding those who have property, and those who have not property, and holding the persons of all in the same imprisonment?"

"The gentleman who owns that house, began life with every prospect of happiness before him,—with a good fortune, a good family, and with some reputation for abilities and character. Unfortunately he fell into that society which has become the ruin of thousands. Without any love for horses, he became the completest jockey of the day,—without any taste or knowledge of gaming, he became the completest gamster; his days were spent in the stable, on the turf; or in mad exhibitions in Hyde Park; his nights were passed at the gaming-table; his house and table were open only to the most dissolute part of the community; he was the ready refuge of every actor, singer, Italian dancer, or imported courtesan. The fortune of an Eastern Nabob could not support such an extravagant course. He had, therefore, the usual fate of all the meteors of fashion. He merely dashed across the heavens, then passed between the clouds, and was lost for ever. Yet really, to do him justice, as far as I have heard, he is a man of very agreeable parts, infinitely gay and good-natured, and more an enemy to himself than to any others."

"I am sorry to say," observed I, "that this is the too general character of all your ruined young men of fashion. They are universally men of infinite gaiety and unusual good humour. Their ruin, perhaps, is to be imputed to these qualities, thus termed. Their gaiety is but a most perfect thoughtlessness; their good humour but the most imprudent indifference to themselves, and to others. They have

had good humour enough to suffer themselves to be the quiet pillage of all their acquaintance."

This conversation brought us to Sittingbourne, where a most provoking incident occurred, and of a nature which should be publicly stated. Having left our own horses at the first stage, we had come forwards with post-horses; and the coachman being taken with a prudent turn, had taken them from one of those inns which advertise in the Papers to post for fifteen-pence the mile, a price, we think, at which they can very well afford to do it. This arrangement subjected us to the most troublesome conduct, and mortifications throughout the whole way; but when we had reached Sittingbourne, the inn-keeper absolutely refused to forward us. Having previously taken care to get us into his house, and to dismiss the horses that brought us, he entered the room to inform us, that he was extremely sorry that he had no horses, and that we should be under the necessity of remaining in his house for the night.

"What is it you want?" demanded my aunt.—"Is it possible that you have no horses?"

"None, whatever, madam," replied the fellow with an insolent *nonchalance*. "The fleet arrived in the Downs last night, and all our horses have been out, and there are none to be procured in the town."

"And so we are to stay in this inn the whole of the day," said my aunt.

"We are at great expences, madam," continued he; "and it is but reasonable that we should have some returns—it is not reasonable that ladies should come and require post-horses, and hurry on without dinner."

"Without dinner!" said my aunt,—"why, does that man think that we can eat dinner at two o'clock, and are we to be kept here to dinner whether we will or no?"

"You may do as you please, madam," continued the fellow; "but if you have no dinner, you shall have no horses; I cannot afford the one without the other."

"Leave the room, Sir," said my aunt.

"With all my heart, madam," continued he, with a low bow; "but you do not leave my inn without a dinner."

"What is now to be done?" said my

aunt. "I would sooner dine under an hedge than remain in this inn; let usally forth, and see what is to be done."

We accordingly issued forth into the town, when, to our surprise we found that our post-boy had brought us to the most pitiful inn in the town, to an inn scarcely above the most common pot-house, when there was a tavern immediately before us, not inferior to any in the kingdom. For the sake of all future travellers by this road, I would advise them to avoid the *Bull* at Sittingbourne, and to give instructions to their post-boys accordingly. Certain houses at one stage are connected with certain houses at the next stage, and if the post-boys are left to themselves they will invariably drive to these houses. When ladies travel by themselves they should be previously informed of the best inns in each town, which they may learn by any common road-book. The insolence and dirt of the inferior inns are execrable, and should be avoided as pests.

Having resumed our road I requested my aunt to enter upon the narrative connected with the deserted house; and she had the kindness immediately to comply.

"It very seldom happens, my dear, what a more melancholy occurrence, or chain of occurrences, takes place in real life than what I am about to relate to you. It is one of those narratives which have the air of fiction, and which, under the pen of an able novelist, would bid fair to rival the most interesting volumes of the day. I shall content myself with relating it briefly, and leave the ornament of it to any of the romancers who may chuse to adopt it as the ground-work of a detailed narrative; a long story is as tedious to me as a long journey.

"If ever any man began the career of life with fair expectations and reasonable hopes, if ever any man seemed at once the favourite of fortune and of nature, it was the owner of that deserted mansion, Sir William ——. His birth was amongst the first in the county of Kent; his father died whilst his son was in his minority, and therefore left him a large estate, to which were to be added his accumulations previously to his attaining his majority. His person and countenance were manly; his mind corresponded with them; and he had

scarcely attained the age of eighteen before he gave evidences that he was a young man of no ordinary talents.

"His father, being seized with a sudden indisposition, an inflammation in the bowels caught from a cold in hunting, was compelled to make his will on the sudden, and being at a loss for other executors, had appointed the rector of the parish, Dr. Heartwell, sole executor to his will, and guardian to his son. Sir William was an only son, and his mother had unfortunately left the world as he entered it. Sir William, therefore, immediately on the death of his father passed into the family of his guardian. At this point of time he had attained the seventeenth year of his age. The former part of his education had been at Westminster School, under that able and learned man Dr. —; a man strangely neglected, inasmuch as under his immediate instructions half the existing race of nobility have been educated; whence is it that this claim of gratitude is never remembered or acknowledged? Surely if we are indebted to any one more particularly than to another, it is to him who has formed our earlier years, and who for an inconsiderable stipend, compared with the actual labour, has devoted the best part of his life in order to form us to the duties of our station, and to the minds and understandings which suit our rational nature. Yet, extraordinary as it may appear, this claim is almost invariably forgotten; no one remembers the instructor of their youth except so far as to send their children to him from whom themselves have received such benefits. If there had been any gratitude amongst them this learned man, and most industrious preceptor, would not have to finish his life in a deanery. If learning merit the distinction of the Episcopal bench, Dr. — should have been one of the first on the list of bishops.

"To return, however, to young Sir William. — He was at Westminster School when his father died; in the following vacation he went to the house of Dr. Heartwell. The Doctor, though a most worthy and learned man, had conceived some very unjust prejudices against a public education; he considered it as a system more injurious to morals than it was even profitable in the point of learning. In the

multitude of a public school, in the mob of boys and of tutors and masters, no one has the necessary leisure or attention to apply to the supervision of morals; every master and every boy has a certain set task, a certain routine of duty, and every master as well as every boy thinks that he has done enough when he has concluded it. Learning is the main business, the immediate object of occupation or attention; morals are a supererogatory consideration, and therefore are dismissed by all parties as not within the duties or regular business of any.

Under these impressions Dr. Heartwell resolved to take upon himself the exclusive instruction of Sir William; and if any one had learning and abilities sufficient to render a private education tantamount to a public school, it was the learned Doctor. Having a strong mind, and an abundance of leisure from his rectorial duties, he had applied ardently and incessantly to the study of classic and miscellaneous literature; and his ardour and perseverance had reaped their sure effect, he had become at once profoundly learned, and his learning was at the same time tempered by a pure taste. The Doctor, therefore, was in every respect qualified to indemnify Sir William for his prejudice against public schools; and from my own experience, my dear Hymenæa, I will take upon me to say, that were all private tutors and instructors like the Doctor, or were there any chance that the majority would be such, a private education would be incomparably superior to a public school. But, unfortunately, the truth lies on the reverse; the majority of the heads of private schools are so sparingly, not to say ignorantly and tastelessly learned, that the chance in preferring a private school to a public school is, that you send your son to some inane ill-mannered ignoramus, one who will render him at best a tasteless pedant, and perhaps a half philosopher, with the most wild and crude notions of men and things.

"Behold, therefore, the young Sir William settled at the house of the Doctor, and both of them engaged in hard study, whilst a figure as lovely as an angel was sitting in the same apartment, and where the instructions were of a nature to suit the understanding or accomplishment of

women participating in them. This lively young woman, who was of the same age with Sir William, was the niece of Dr. Heartwell. Her person, as I have heard it described by those who had seen and known her, was comely in the extreme, and the intelligence of her mind was not behind the symmetry of her person; they seemed to be strictly worthy of each other, the jewel and the casket were fairly matched. It would have been an injury of nature to have given such an understanding without annexing to it a person worthy of it; and it would have been an equal wrong to the beauty of her person if it had not been set off to due advantage by a mind of equal excellence.

"The Doctor, however, had another pupil besides Sir William. This young gentleman I shall distinguish by the name of Worthwell, though that is not his actual name. He was the son of the Doctor's patron, who having ruined a noble fortune by his extravagance, retired, or rather fled over to the West Indies, where he contracted a yellow fever, and died, leaving an orphan son, a son of an ancient and originally most wealthy family penniless. The boy was at Eton at the time. The Doctor no sooner learned the event than he took the youth to his house, and adopted him as his son and pupil.

"Young Worthwell was precisely of the same age with Clarissa, the Doctor's niece, and the young Baronet. The characters of the two young men were very different, but each were equally amiable. The young Baronet, conscious of his immense fortune, had the vanity natural to his youth and rank; his vanity, however, had nothing repulsive, and seemed to have no other practical effect than that of exhilarating the gaiety of his spirits. No one could deny that the young Sir William was a very vain youth of uncommon genius, and that he possessed talents and spirit, which at once justified and compensated for his vanity. He was, moreover, generous even to profusion, and had such an inflexible good humour that no one ever gave him an offence which he remembered beyond the day.

"On the other hand, young Worthwell, with the same generosity of mind and equal good nature, had not the same gaiety. He

had a gravity and reserve about him which, being connected with the most valuable qualities of the understanding, rendered him in the opinion of many a man infinitely more valuable and more promising than the young Baronet. You will not be surprized that both of these young men became suitors to Clarissa, but you will feel some astonishment that Clarissa did not immediately declare herself for the young Baronet. Yet Clarissa was no coquette; she saw that both the young men were attached to her, and though neither of them had yet made any formal declaration, nature sufficiently instructed her that both of them loved her.

Things continued for some time in this manner, each of the young men endeavoured to render himself acceptable to Clarissa, and each of them were alternately jealous of each other, and neither secure. If she joined in the sports and romped with the young Baronet, she read and walked with the young Worthwell. No one, with the utmost possible penetrations, could have by any possibility divined to which of them she gave the preference. Every one, however, could see with ease that both of them loved her, and that one of them was dear to her. So far, as this the secret of her heart was visible in her eyes. She was uneasy when the absence of her young companions left her alone; but this uneasiness was converted into gaiety when either of them appeared. This, however, led to no distinct conclusion, inasmuch as from jealous anxiety of the reception of each other, the youths were almost inseparable; one was followed by the other almost in the same instant in which either of them entered any place or apartment.

Under these circumstances, Clarissa and Worthwell were one day walking together, when Worthwell, though always reserved, was now unusually silent; his air had that mystery and confusion, that indecision and fluttering, that sufficiently explained that he was about to divulge some secret which was yet labouring in his breast. Clarissa, doubtless anxious to know what he was about to say, was still so much of the woman as to rally him on his evident embarrassment.

"You seem more thoughtful than usual," said she; "whence is it, Edward, that

whilst William is always gay and noisy, you are always so grave, so dull, and so—"

"William has doubtless his reasons for gaiety; the temper follows the disposition of the heart, and where the heart is satisfied the man is gay."

"This is as much as to say that William is perhaps richer than you, but surely his wealth—"

"I do not envy him his wealth," replied Worthwell rather hastily. "Your uncle's goodness supplies to me the place of a father; but I do indeed want something."

"Tell me, Edward, what it is?" replied Clarissa. "I intreat you to conceal nothing from me."

"Will you exchange free-speaking with me?" said Worthwell, taking her hand and looking in her face with an earnestness which sufficiently discovered his meaning, and in some degree called the blushes in her face.

"Yes, Edward; I have no secret that I wish to conceal from you. I willingly, therefore, accept your bargain,—an exchange of free-speaking."

"My dear Clarissa, then," said he, pressing her hand to his lips; "my dearest Clarissa, pardon me for my presumptuous avowal, for such I think it. Yes, Clarissa, I love you, most passionately love you, and have no hopes of happiness but in the possession of your heart. You have now my secret, Clarissa; I have now to demand yours. Has my declaration offended you? Is your heart engaged to William? Dearest Clarissa, answer me this, and make me happy or miserable."

"Answer you what?" said Clarissa; "for you have put so many questions that you have confounded me."

"My dearest Clarissa," replied Worthwell, still keeping her hand which she had not withdrawn, "I know you are above coquetry; I implore, therefore, that you will answer me fairly and distinctly; your reserve may destroy my happiness for ever, may cause me to cherish a passion which absence might cure."

"What would you have me to say?" said Clarissa in some confusion.

"I would have you answer plainly and simply to an honest and simple declaration. Clarissa, I love you, most tenderly love.—Do you love another? Is your heart dis-



aged, or am I encouraging a delusion which can only terminate in the ruin of my peace for ever? By our long friendship, by the happy days we have passed together, I implore you to answer me sincerely."

"Well, I will answer you sincerely," rejoined Clarissa; "Edward, I —"

"Before Clarissa could utter another word she was interrupted by the arrival of Sir William, who was running breathlessly towards them, as if he had some purpose of importance; but when asked his errand, he seemed at a loss for an excuse. Worthwell seemed disappointed at the interruption, but said nothing; Clarissa said nothing, and by the admirable flexibility of her sex, returned immediately to her former composure.

"Where have you been all the morning, William?" said she. "Edward and myself have been expecting you for these two hours."

"Edward and you," said the young Baronet, "seemed to have done very well without me; you seem to have had a pleasant walk together."

"Most certainly," said Clarissa; "but why do you speak with so much pique, you seem as if you were displeased that we have been enabled to manage without you."

"Not at all," replied Sir William; "let every one pursue his own course, I pursue mine. I have been shooting; perhaps Miss Clarissa will do me the favour to accept of those pheasant's feathers."

"You do not deserve that I should even accept a favour of you," said Clarissa, "when you speak thus formally to me; however I will take them, but I will wish you both good morning. One is too silent for me, and the other is not as good humoured as usual."

[To be continued.]

## ORIGINAL LETTER.

### CITY FASHIONS.

SIR,—As a fashionable Magazine, and one which is read in my family, I have to state a grievance, to which you could apply an immediate remedy. There are a kind of people who are insensible to all domestic reproofs, and there is scarcely a family which consists chiefly of mother and daughters in which there is not a secret rebellion against the authority of the husband and father. The laws of the country, by an imperfect kind of provision, have constituted a kind of sovereignty in a household; and acting up to this notion, have denominated certain flagrant acts, acts of petty treason. Now, Sir, I would wish to ask why the law stopped here? why did it not extend the fiction as far as the analogy of the case? If certain flagrant acts are treason, why are not certain other faults rendered a domestic sedition? Why is not the authority of the father supported by the sanction of the state? why may not the *posse committatus* be called in to reduce a disobedient wife, or the Riot Act be read to an obstreperous household?

I am in one of those stations of life which wealth only elevates above the common

tradesman; in plain words, for I am not ashamed of it though my wife and daughters are, I have been in business in the Strand for these five-and-thirty years; and in the course of that time, by the most anxious industry and vigilant attention to my business, I have accumulated a capital which has enabled me, without self-reproach for extravagance, to have my country house at Islington, and to make the Sunday and Monday of every week two holidays for the enjoyment of country retirement in this rural villa. My wife and my daughters have strove hard to make me set up a coach, and have dexterously endeavoured to persuade me that I should save money by so doing. To this, however, I have always returned a decided negative.

But my present cause of complaint is, that every year as I grow richer, my wife and daughters seem resolved that I shall become poorer; and accordingly every year brings on their side some new folly. This last folly,—but I will relate it in detail, that you may form some judgment of the difficulties of my situation.

You must know then, Sir, that on Monday last as I was seated at my breakfast-

table in my Islington Villa, the fire blazing brightly, the kettle boiling, the rolls smoking, and every thing as comfortable as could be, that my youngest daughter was desired by my wife to read out the Paper, a task which she began with an air that discovered to me they had some secret purpose. The girl at length reached the fashionable column of this gossiping journal, and after settling herself with an air of great satisfaction, read out as follows:—

"*Bath, Nov. 15.* This delightful place is filling fast. All the beauty and fashion of the metropolis are daily exhibited in our streets, and nightly in our rooms." "Mamma," added the girl, laying down the paper, "I wish you could persuade Papa to let us go to Bath. There are the Miss Bluebells, and the Miss Rachuels, who have been there this fortnight, though Mr. Blueball and Rachael cannot afford it one-tenth so well as we can. Indeed, Papa, you should let us go to Bath. It is time we should see some life. You have heard what the Paper says."

"Read what the paper says again, my dear," said I.

"I will so, Sir"—"This place is filling fast. All the beauty and fashion of the metropolis are already here."

"Very well, my dear, and pray which part of this designation do you and sisters and your mother appropriate?"

Now, Sir, the girls you must know are really handsome, and if their good features were not spoilt by their affected demeanour, they might have married into the richest houses of the city; but they have hitherto rejected all the offers which they have received from their own condition; and I am happy to say, that I have hitherto prevented them from receiving any offers from those above them.

This query of mine immediately put fire, as it were, to the train of ill-humour which had been laid in preparation, and my family on a sudden burst forth into a general

pouting. "No one treated their family as I did mine. Where was the use in having so much money if it were not to be applied to use and enjoyment. Did any one else of my fortune live in the lugger-mugger way that I did." In short, to say all in a few words, I was fairly scolded into compliance; and yesterday morning, with the exception of myself, the elegant family of the Goldbails departed for Bath, where they intend to pass the season.

Behold me, Sir, thus deserted, and deprived of the Sunday and Monday comfort of my villa at Islington. They have taken all the servants with them, with the single exception of a dirty girl, who is left to take care of me. And she does take that care of me which I had reason to expect. When I rise in the morning, though it should be ten or eleven o'clock (for on these holidays I indulge), I find every thing as I left it the preceding evening. I am fairly compelled to go to a pot-house for my breakfast, for tavern there is none near me. And as to dinner, a scavenger could not eat a beef-steak dressed by this worse than scavenger. Sir, this may seem a pitiful complaint, but I can assure you that all my comfort is gone till the return of my family.

Have the goodness, Sir, to print this letter verbatim as you receive it, that my family may see themselves, and if possible be restored to their senses by the exhibition. Remind them, Sir, that nothing is so ungenerous as that absolute selfishness which forgets the comfort of a father or a husband, whilst the thoughtless wives and daughters are losing their senses in a whirl of dissipation; and remind them, Sir, that what has been got by small savings, may be shortly consumed by large spendings; that thrifts in trade can only collect by handfuls whilst senses of dissipation scatters by lapses. Insert this letter, and you will oblige.

Your humble and obedient servant,

ISAAC GOLDBALL.

## HISTORY OF DON LEWIS DE BARBARAN.

DON LEWIS DE BARBARAN was born at Cagliari, capital of the isle of Sardagne, one of the most illustrious and richest families of that country.

He was brought up with one of his cousin-germans; and the sympathy which was found in their humors and inclinations, was so great, that they were, more strictly

united by friendship than blood; they hid no secret from each other. And when the Marquis de Barbaran was married (which was his cousin's name) their friendship continued in the same force.

He married one of the finest women in the world, and the most accomplished; she was then not above fourteen; she was heiress to a very noble estate and family. The Marquis every day discovered new charms in the wit and person of his wife, which likewise increased every day his passion; and when any affairs obliged the Marquis to leave her, he conjured him to stay with the Marchioness, thereby to lessen the trouble of his absence. But, alas! how hard is it when one is at an age incapable of serious reflections, to see continually so fair a woman, so young and amiable, and see her with indifference! Don Lewis was already desperately in love with the Marchioness, and thought then it was only for her husband's sake. Whilst he was in this mistake, she fell dangerously sick; at which he grew so dreadful melancholy, that he then knew but late, this was caused by a passion which would prove the greatest misfortune of his whole life. Finding himself then in this condition, and having not strength to resist it, he resolved to use the utmost extremity, and to fly and avoid a place where he was in danger of dying with love, or breaking through the bonds of friendship. The most cruel death would have seemed gentler than the execution of this design. When the Marchioness grew better, he went to her to bid her adieu, and see her no more.

He found her busied in choosing, among several stones of great value, those which were the finest, which she intended to have set in a ring. Don Lewis was scarce entered the chamber, when she desired him, with that air of familiarity usual among relations, to go and fetch her other stones, such she moreover had in her cabinet. He ran thither, and by an unexpected good hap found among what he looked for, the enamelled picture of the Marchioness, small, set with diamonds, and incircled with a lock of her hair; it was so like, that he had not the power to withstand the desire he had of stealing it. "I am going to leave her," said he, "I shall see her no more; I sacrifice all my quiet to her hus-

band. Alas! is not this enough? And may I not without a crime, search in my pain a consolation so innocent as this?" He kissed several times this picture; he put it under his arm, he carefully hid it, and returning towards her with these stones, he trembling told her the resolution he had taken of travelling. She appeared much amazed at it, and changed her colour. He looked on her at this moment; he had the pleasure of perceiving it; and their eyes beaming intelligence, spake more than their words. "Alas! what can oblige you, Don Lewis," said she to him, "to leave us? Your cousin loves you so tenderly; I esteem you; we are never pleased without you; he cannot live from you. Have you not already travelled? You have, without doubt, some other reason for your departure, but at least do not hide it from me." Don Lewis, pierced through with sorrow, could not forbear uttering a deep sigh, and taking one of the delicate hands of the charming person, on which he fixed his lips; "Ah, madam, what do you ask me?" said he to her, "what can I say to you? And indeed, what can I say to you in the condition I am in?" The violence he used to conceal his sentiments, occasioned to great a weakness, that he fell half dead at her feet. She remained troubled and confused at this sight. She obliged him to sit down by her; she dared not lift up her eyes to look on him; but she let him see tears, which she could not forbear shedding, nor resolve to conceal from him.

Scarcely were they come to themselves, when the Marquis entered the chamber. He came to embrace Don Lewis with all the testimonies of a perfect friendship, and he was in the greatest trouble, when he understood he was setting out for Naples. He omitted no arguments to persuade him from it, pressed his stay with the greatest earnestness, but all in vain. He there immediately took his leave of the Marchioness, and saw her no more. The Marquis went out with him; he left him not till the moment of his departure. This was an augmentation of Don Lewis's sorrow; he would have willingly remained alone to have an entire liberty of afflicting himself.

[To be continued.]

## THE HISTORY OF THE OLDCASTLE FAMILY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL,

[Continued from Page 142.]

THE Captain and honest Ben had taken up their present residence at the village schoolmaster's, the only inhabitant of Lewisham who remembered them, and the one who had any interest in their return; their former friends and school-fellows were either dead or removed to other places. The Captain and Ben looked ruefully at each other as, in answer to their inquiries, they received only an inquiry in turn, whom they meant.

"How different," said the Captain, "Ben, is this from the home we expected!"

"Ah, your honour," replied Ben, "of all the storms that blow, there is none that can equal the storm of time. It is a monsoon that always blows the same way, and sweeps every thing before it. The most gallant vessel that ever sailed the ocean of life must perish before it. old Jenkins is dead, the old Justice is dead, and Susan Playgrove is dead; the blind fiddler who used to fiddle to us on our Whitsuntides and harvest-home, is no more; farmer Hawthorn, who lived by the church, and used to fill our hats with mulberries, is foundered. Lewisham is no longer Lewisham; where are its groves, its beeches, its wide spreading oaks, they are all gone; and what has replaced them? why, a macaroni race of firs and poplars—Whew!"

The feelings of the Captain were always in sympathy with those of honest Ben, he returned his *whew* with equal energy. This conversation was interrupted by a letter from Squire Larkins, in answer to one sent, by the Captain informing him of his arrival. The contents were as follows:—

"Sir,—It appears by your signature that your name is Oldcastle, and by the further purport of your letter that you call yourself the son of my late honoured friend—"

"Call yourself the son," said Ben,—  
"Whew!—Read on master."

"Call myself the son," repeated the Captain, brandishing his staff.

"I have only to answer, that it was the  
No. LII.—Vol. VII.

common report in the family of my patron that Mr. George Oldcastle perished at sea; and that such documents exist of this report, that it is only by the strongest living evidence that the law will be brought to admit your identity."

"What, deny, that you are Master George?" exclaimed Ben, "deny that you are his old Worship's son; why let anyone who has ever seen the old Justice look in your face—"The last time I saw the Justice was the day before we went from the country; body of me, you not Master George; why who are you then?"

"With regard to your claim to the estate of the late Geoffrey Oldcastle, Esq. I have only to inform you, that the estate is mine. The laws of this country are open to you, and you are free to appeal to them. If you can establish your identity as George Oldcastle, from gratitude to my departed friends, I am willing to advance a sum of money, by which you may be raised above want. But this you must owe to my generosity, not to your right, for I must again repeat that the family considered Mr. George Oldcastle as being long since dead, and therefore made no provision for him. Business calls me to London, whether your next letter if you have any thing farther to say to me, must be addressed, as I am this moment preparing for my departure.—Inclosed is five guineas for your present expences, and as an earnest of my future protection if your conduct shall merit.—I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PETER LARKINS."

"Put me above want!" exclaimed the Captain, tearing the letter in a thousand pieces.—"Whew!"

"Five guineas!" repeated Ben, taking up the note which had fallen from the letter, and doing it the same service as his master had done the letter.

"Ben, let us leave Lewisham," said his master.

"With all my heart, Captain; but this

lawyer must not escape in this manner. Thank Heaven we neither of us want his assistance to put us above want. There are still laws in England. But what thinks your honour of the great hall we passed, and which we were told was to be sold."

"That it will suit us," said the Captain; "and therefore let us lose no time, but depart to-morrow."

"With all my heart," said Ben; "for Lewisham is no longer Lewisham, nothing remains the same but the church. Let us leave it, let us purchase the hall, and show this upstart Squire that we do not want his help to put us above want."

The Captain and Ben accordingly departed on the following day, and retraced the same road, with far different emotions to what on the preceding days they had advanced towards their native village. Every thing borrows its colours from the state of our minds. The images were no longer the same, that is to say, they no longer produced the same impression. Neither Ben nor the Captain ventured to look out from their chaise till they had passed beyond the bounds of the parish of Lewisham.

In this manner they continued their journey along the coast till they reached the coast of Cornwall. They at length arrived without any occurrence at the place of their destination. It was one of those large spacious mansions which were the boast of earlier times, but which its distance from the capital, the scene equally of business and pleasure, renders deserted by its possessor. Under these circumstances the Captain purchased it, together with an extensive domain, at a price far below its value in any other situation.

"Here we are above want," said Ben; "in despite of the villainous lawyer, we have twice the number of acres, and by far the larger house; but he must not escape in this manner."

In effect the Captain had been but a short time settled before he consulted the celebrated Mr. E——, as his counsel. But Mr. E—— gave it as his opinion, that the long absence of the Captain rendered his brothers right of docking the entail perfect, and that it appeared that the entail had been thus docked; that Mr. Geoffrey Oldcastle had thus a right to dispose of the

lands by will; and that as Larkins produced such a will in his favour, his title was good. It was impossible to disprove the will as the witnesses were dead, and the time of limitation, during which the law of England allows a so solemn deed to be questioned, had elapsed.

This decision rendered Ben less contented than he had hitherto been with the laws of England. He could not hear the name of Larkins without an oath. He often wished that he had him on the quarter-deck of a ship in which he was commander.

The Captain himself could not reflect without impatience that the paternal lands of the Oldcastle family had fallen into the hands of a stranger, and one of the general character of Larkins. He knew however, that a contest would only involve him in expence, which would be very unequal between his adversary and himself, as whatever was the character of Larkins, his talents as an eminent lawyer were generally acknowledged.

In the mean time Larkins, who for some reason or another was not perfectly at peace, having watched the motions of the Captain, learned with some surprise, that he had purchased the estate of Lachmyre (for such was its name) at the price of sixty thousand pounds. He now found that he had returned in a condition very different to what he had imagined.

Ben and the Captain now experienced a truth which many have experienced before them, that man is so wholly the creature of habit, that after having been formed by long practise to one mode of life, it is almost impossible to have any real enjoyment in another. The citizen sighs for the retreat, the peace, the idleness of the country; let his fortune be made, and with sanguine expectations Mr. Deputy purchases an estate in some distant country; he soon becomes more weary of his estate than he had been of his shop, and returns with heightened relish to the sound of Bowbell and the dinners of the Mansion house and London Tavern. Thus was it with Ben and the Captain.

So powerful are early habits that neither Ben or his master could for sometime settle to the tranquillity of retirement. As they were sitting over the fire in the long

winter evenings, each would lament to the other the present inactivity of their lives.

One evening in particular they were engaged in conversation on their favourite subject. The honest Captain smoking his pipe removed it occasionally from his mouth either to stir the fire or to shake his head in reply to some more than ordinary sagacious observation of Ben. Ben held in his hand *Lloyd's Evening Post*; as he read over the list of ships lost or taken, his honest countenance expressed his feelings and sympathy.

"This is hard weather for the sailors, master," said Ben.

This observation of Ben was as just and obvious as his observations usually were. The night was most tempestuous. The wind drove the snow and hail against the windows with more than common violence.

"But hard as it is," continued Ben, "I wish I was at sea again. Well, your honour, what strange beings are we. When we were baffling about in doubling the Cape, how we longed for the tranquillity of the landmen, whose houses we beheld on the shore by the light of the moon. And now that we have reached our harbour, how weary have we become of our port. We appear becalmed. A plague take it; would that we were at sea again, for a sailor on land is a fish out of water."

The Captain removed the pipe from his mouth after a whiff of more than common energy, and opening the curtain and shutter of the window, looked wishfully towards the sea. Ben stirred the fire to a more cheerful blaze, and continued,

"Life's like a sea in constant motion,  
"Sometimes high and sometimes low;"

which he sung in tones somewhat less soft and according to the rules of harmony than a Billington.

"Well, your honour," continued he, after finishing a stave of his song, "I do think that nothing is worse than to be becalmed. There is some pleasure at sea even in a storm, one's spirits are kept up, and there is something to hope and to dread; rest is never so sweet as after labour, and we never know the value of safety so well as when we have escaped

from danger. But I wonder, your honour, when Master Edward will arrive; faith he'll have tight work of it if he's in this storm, as he must be, I think, your honour, we were wrong in letting the Irish Captain take him; though to be sure it is not like a sailor to refuse a friend any thing, and as the Captain took a liking to him, it was not much to let him come home in his ship instead of our own.

As this Master Edward acts a part in this history of some importance, it may be necessary here to mention that he was a youth under the protection and instruction of Captain Oldcastle, and that the honest Captain, like many others of the same profession, had insensibly advanced from benevolence to a particular and distinguishing affection, so as now to experience sentiments for this object of his protection scarcely inferior to what nature would have inspired in him for a child of his own. In their passage from Ireland he had been hailed by a Captain, between whom and himself there existed that hearty and ardent friendship which is seldom found except in the naval profession. Edward had accompanied him on board the ship of his friend. The worthy Captain was so taken with the youth, and so firmly persuaded, to use his own words, that he was a chip of the old block, in other words, a natural son of his friend Captain Oldcastle, that as the ships were going nearly the same course, he insisted that Edward should accompany him during the remainder of the voyage.

The usual topics of their conversation being exhausted, Ben and the worthy Captain were sinking into their usual nap, from which they were only halfaroused by the entrance of supper. A loud knock at the door, and a sea holla, did the business more effectually.

"It is him, by old Davy," exclaimed Ben, starting from his chair and rushing to the door. The door gave way in a minute, and Ben found his conjecture just; it was the young Edward. "My young cock-sparrow," exclaimed the tar, "how did you discover us, I was afraid we had got out of your reckoning?"

"Why, I was puzzled, Ben," said the happy Edward; "only that you had told us

to inquire for you at Lloyd's if we could find you no where else, and there we found the letters you had left for us on our arrival."

"Well, d—n thee, thou skinflint," said Ben, giving him a hearty shake of the hand, "I am as rejoiced to see thee as though thou were my own."

It is needless to say that the Captain was no less rejoiced at the arrival of his young *electé*. His presence indeed gave every thing a new appearance. Ben in playing with him, and the Captain in instructing him, found the employment which they wanted as a cure for their *ennui*.

The Captain becoming gradually more reconciled to his residence looked around him for society, and was not long before he discovered a character to his taste. As this lady (for she was a female) is one of the most important of all our *dramatis personæ*, she merits a particular account.

Within a few miles of Lachmye, in a village upon the sea-coast, is the beautiful seat called "The Firs;" the house being seated on the brow of the cliff, and embosomed as it were in a plantation of beech firs, and poplars. The aspect of the house being western, but somewhat inclined towards the south, it possessed a view in front of great extent over the Atlantic Ocean, and altogether constituted a landscape, where nature having added the sublime to what art had given of the beautiful, nothing was wanting to compose a scene worthy of the pencil of a Claude.

As its late possessors had been wealthy nothing had been omitted towards the cultivation and improvement of its natural advantages. The greater part of the surrounding grounds were wholly laid out in woods, which opened at intervals upon different prospects of the sea; the taste of a Repton was every where visible; the rustic seats, or Grecian domes, every where interspersed amongst the woods, had a propriety suited to their nature; the rustic seats were not surrounded with gilded cornices, nor the Grecian temples covered with thatched roofs. No Mercury was seen flying in lead, nor Muses playing upon the Welch harp.

The present inhabitant of this seat was Lady Priscilla Harrowby, a maiden lady somewhat past the meridian of life, and far beyond the period which it is considered

as pardonable not to have changed the single state. To speak plainly, Lady Priscilla was what is commonly called an old maid, and when the young gossips of her neighbourhood had said this, their bolt was shot, for nothing else could be produced against her.

To weigh against this charge of having preferred a single life to the cares of the holy state of matrimony, which, in compliance with the opinion of the younger part of the female world, we do not hesitate to consider as a most unpardonable crime, Lady Priscilla had so many virtues, that the young wits of the neighbourhood had no small difficulty to render her ridiculous. The gossips, in the language of Mrs. Candour, after exhausting their breath on her oddities, were compelled to allow her to be after all a very good kind of woman, only I can see no reason, my dear Mrs. Gab, why my Lady Priscilla should not do as other women."

"Nor I, my dear Mrs. Glib, for where people are resolved to appear better than their neighbours, I am apt to think, my dear Mrs. Glib, that all is not so well within side as it may appear without. Ha, ha, ha,—well my Lady Priscilla is after all a very good kind of woman, only with her great prayer-book, her old footman, and her coach-horses half as old as herself, she is about an hundred years behind her neighbours."

All this was true, and it was equally true what these good natured neighbours added, that in despite of all these oddities Lady Priscilla was a very respectable woman. The habits of her life had rendered her religious; and for some reason or another, of which we confess ourselves ignorant, her footman always attended her to church with a prayer-book somewhat beyond the common duodecimo magnitude. Her old footman had entered her service a youth, and had lived in it now nearly thirty years, having in that time once saved the life of his mistress; but though he had now become old, and therefore not so active in his business as hitherto, Lady Priscilla had the singularity still to retain him. This we acknowledge to be an oddity for which we can find no excuse.

"If she would allow him only half his wages now that he can do only half his

business, it would be a different thing, my dear Mrs. Glib, but to keep the lazy old fellow at the full wages of a young one, this is so odd, madam."

"Yes, Mrs. Gab," replied her friend. "This is not as I did the other day. You know old Hannah; she nursed me when I was a child, and has lived with me ever since for these thirty years. So, as you must needs think, she was growing an old woman; and so, ma'am, I thought it was rather a losing job to keep an old woman at the wages of a young one; and so, says I, Hannah, I am going out, I wish you would knitt this glove for me, I shall be back exactly in an hour. Well ma'am, I was as good as my word, I returned in the exact hour, and compared what she had knitted in that time with what I remembered her to have knitted thirty years ago. Hannah, says I, I see that you have done just half as much as you used to do in the same space of time thirty years ago. Yes, ma'am, says she. Therefore, says I, if you chuse to stay at half the wages, you are welcome, but I cannot afford to pay the same wages for half the work, now that bread is half-a-crown the stone, and meat eightpence a pound. And would you believe it, ma'am, the old wench began blubbering, but I soon put a stop to her sniveling, and turned her out of doors."

"Ha, ha, ha, Lady Priscilla is a very different kind of a manager. I believe old Hannah, Mrs. Glib, nursed you through all your children too."

"Yes, Mrs. Gab, she was a very good nurse, she nursed me in my last fever too, but was so careless that she caught it herself; in short, Mrs. Gab, as I told her herself, she had done so much that the best of her days were now over, and therefore she ought not to expect the same wages. But as she began to talk, I thought it the shortest way to turn her out of doors."

It must be acknowledged that both Mrs. Gab and Mrs. Glib were very superior to Lady Priscilla in this domestic economy. She had learned the old fashioned morality that servants were her fellow creatures, and did not consider that the payment of their wages discharged her from all further obligations. Her footman, old Jonathan, had not only the same but nearly double

the wages to what he had when he had first entered her service. One of her coach-horses having died of old age, instead of giving the one left a stranger for his companion, she applied an old riding horse to supply the vacancy, though it must be confessed there was some variety of colour, the one being black and the other grey.

She had likewise been guilty of many follies which had much sunk her in estimation among her prudent neighbours. The greater part of one hard winter she had supported nearly the whole poor of the village, but as she was unwilling to support them in idleness, she had employed them in mending the roads of the country. Ha, ha, ha, exclaimed the astonished overseers, she will employ them in banking against the sea next. Well, if he has a mind to bear upon her own shoulders the burthen of the parish, be it so. Our rate will be the easier.

She had likewise other singularities. Her servant Jonathan had strict orders to horse-whip every boy whom he should detect robbing the bird nests in her woods. A shipwrecked mariner demanding assistance at her door at midnight, was immediately admitted into her house by her express order, though about two or three centuries back an instance had happened, where a house-breaker obtained admission, and pillaged a house under a similar pretence. Her cold meat, instead of being served up a second day, a custom, according to Mrs. Gab, and Mrs. Glib, which the greatest families were not too proud to adopt, was regularly given away to the poor, and the hall and cellar was open to every weary traveller.

By these and other similar means, to which may be added a most bountiful hospitality, she managed to spend annually about the half of four thousand pounds an estate, which, as a co-heiress, she inherited from her father. The Earl, her father, had died somewhat early in life, leaving his estate between his two daughters, the one of them married to a Baronet, the other the Lady Priscilla Harrowby, at that time in a French convent. Being of an old Irish family he was bigotted to the Roman faith, and that his daughters might be educated in the same persuasion, he



had placed the youngest at an high boarding-school, and had accompanied the eldest, Lady Priscilla, to a French convent.

She had remained on the Continent some years after the death of her father, but was at length compelled to leave her much loved solitude by the commencement of the French Revolution.

But however fond of solitude, Lady Priscilla considered it as a different thing

from desertion, she had too much natural benevolence to withdraw herself wholly from society. Her family consisted of a niece, Miss Beachcroft, the daughter of her sister Lady Beachcroft, and a young lady of the same age, who was known by no other name than that of Agnes. This lady is the chief personage of this history, it is time to introduce her more fully to the reader.

[To be continued.]

## ANECDOTES OF DEPRAVITY FROM 1700 TO 1800.

[Continued from page 140]

### PRIVATE MAD-HOUSES.

AMONGST the mad practices of the century may be included the private mad-houses. At first view such receptacles appear useful, and in many respects preferable to public; but the avarice of the keepers, who were under no other controul than their own consciences, led them to assist in the most nefarious plans for confining sane persons, whose relations or guardians, impelled by the same motive, or private vengeance, sometimes forgot all the restraints of nature, and immersed them in the horrors of a prison, under a charge of insanity.

Turlington kept a private mad house at Chelsea; to this place Mrs. Hawley was conveyed by her mother and husband, September 5, 1762, under pretence of their going on a party of pleasure to Turnham Green. She was rescued from the coercion of this man by a writ of *habeas corpus*, obtained by Mr. La Fortune, to whom the lady was denied by Turlington and Dr. Riddle; but the latter having been fortunate enough to see her at a window, her release was accomplished. It was fully proved upon examination, that no medicines were offered to Mrs. Hawley, and that she was perfectly sane. This fact might be supported by the cases of Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Durant, &c.

“Mr. Turlington having in defence of the proceedings of this house, referred himself to Mr. King as the person trusted and employed by him, the Committee of the House of Commons thought it necessary to summon him. Mr. King said he had been in the wool trade, but for six years past he had been employed by Mr. Turlington to keep his mad-house: that he had received no written directions from Mr. Turlington; that he found several patients in the house on his being employed, and all lunatic; that since his being

employed he had admitted several for drunkenness, and for other reasons of the same sort alledged by their friends or relations bringing them, which he had always thought a sufficient authority. As to the treatment of the persons confined, he said, that they had the liberty of walking in the garden, and passing from one room to another; and as to their diet and apartments, he said, it was according to the allowance they paid, which was from 20l. to 60l. a year. He admitted that he knew Mrs. Hawley; that she was confined at the representation of a woman who called herself her mother; and that the reason alledged by her for the confinement of her daughter was drunkenness. He said, that he did not remember that she was refused pen, ink, and paper; but at the same time acknowledged it was the established order of the house, that no letter should be sent by any of the persons confined to their friends and relations.”

Dr. Battie, celebrated for his knowledge in cases of insanity, related the case “of a person whom he visited in confinement for lunacy, in Macdonald’s mad house, and who had been, as the Doctor believes, for some years in this confinement. Upon being desired by Macdonald to attend him by the order, as Macdonald pretended, of the relations of the patient, he found him chained to his bed, and without ever having had the assistance of any physician before; but some time after, upon being sent for by one of the relations to a house in the city, and then told, Macdonald had received no orders for desiring the Doctor’s attendance, the Doctor understood this to be a dismissal, and he never heard any thing more of the unhappy patient, till Macdonald told him some time after that he died of a fever, without having had any farther medical assistance; and a sum of money devolved upon his death to the person who had the care of him.”

## QUACKS.

The man who, without experience or education, undertakes to compound drugs, and, when compounded, to administer them as remedies for diseases of the human body, may justly be pronounced a dishonest adventurer, and an enemy to life and the fair proportions of his fellow-citizens. Quackery is an ancient profession in London. Henry VIII. despised them, and endeavoured to suppress their impostures by establishing Censors in Physic; but we do not profess to meddle with them before 1700.

"At the Angel and Crown, in Basing-lane, near Bow-lane, lives J. Pechey, a graduate in the University of Oxford; and of many years standing in the College of Physicians, London; where all sick people that come to him may have, for *stipence*, a faithful account of their diseases, and plain directions for diet and other things they can prepare themselves; and such as have occasion for medicines may have them of him at reasonable rates, without paying any thing for advice; and he will visit any sick person in London or the liberties thereof, in the day-time, for 2s. 6d. and any where else within the bills of mortality for 5s; and if he be called by any person as he passes by in any of these places, he will require but 1s. for his advice."

The ridiculous falsehoods of Quacks have long been detected by the sensible part of the community; but every thing that has been said and written against them avails nothing; thousands of silly people are yet duped, nay, are bigoted in their belief of the efficacy of nostrums.

Of all the inventions for the amendment and recovery of the human frame from disease and death, none equals the Dutch stiptic, seriously mentioned in the *Supplement*, printed by John Morphew, April 27, 1709; but which we suspect proceeded from the waggish pen of Mr. Bickerstaff, or some other wit, who sent their effusions to the publisher of the *Tatler*. "There is prepared by a person of quality in Holland a stiptic water; for the receipt of which, exclusive of all others, the French King has offered 150,000 pistoles; but the proprietor refused to take the same. It was tried upon a hen, before his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, on board the Peregrine galley. The feathers being all plucked from her head, a large nail was drove through her brains, gullet, tongue, &c. and fastened her head to a table, where it was left near a minute; after which, drawing out the nail, and touching the part immediately with the aforesaid stiptic, she was laid upon the deck, and in half an

hour's time recovered, and began to eat bread. Several as extraordinary experiments have been made upon dogs, cats, calves, lambs, and other animals, by cutting their guts in several places, the nut of the thigh, and other parts; and it is affirmed, that this stiptic cures any part of the body except the heart or bladder."

## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS THAT RATHER EXCITE WORTH THAN REPREHENSION.

A Weekly Paper, intitled the *Dutch Prophet*, was published at the commencement of the century. The author, in one of those, gives the outlines of each day in the week as employed by different persons; it is a filthy publication, and the following is almost the only decent part:—"Wednesday, several shopkeepers near St. Paul's will rise before six, sit upon their knees at chapel a little after; promise God Almighty to live soberly and righteously before seven; take half a pint of sack and a dash of gentian before eight; tell fifty lies behind their counters by nine; and spend the rest of the morning over tea and tobacco at Child's Coffee-house."

"Sunday, a world of women, with green aprons, sit on their pattens after eight; teach Brewer's Hall and White Hart Court by nine; are ready to burst with the spirit a minute or two after, and delivered of it by ten. Much sighing at Salter's Hall about the same hour; great frowning at St. Paul's while the service is singing, tolerable attention to the sermon, but no respect shewn at all to the sacrament, &c. &c."

These extracts inform us, that tradesmen were in the habit of attending matins, which is certainly not the case at present; that they breakfasted upon sack and the root gentian, and drank tea and chewed tobacco at the coffee house. Mark the change of 100 years; they now breakfast upon tea, and never chew tobacco, nor do many of them enter the coffee-house once in a year.

The effect of the Queen's proclamation against vice and debauchery in 1703 is thus noticed by *Observer* in his 93d number; some of the customs of the lower classes may be collected from the quotation. He says, the vintners and their wives were particularly affected by it, some of the latter of which "had the profit of the Sunday's claret, to buy them pins, and to enable them every now and then to take a turn with the wine-merchant's eldest apprentice to Cupid's garden, or on board the *Polly*. The whetters are very much obliged at this proclamation, who used on Sundays to meet on their parade at the Quaker's meeting-house, in Gracechurch-street, and adjourn

from thence through the tavern back door to take a whet of white and wormwood, and to eat a bit of the cook-maid's dumpling, and then home to their dinner with their dear spouses, and afterwards return to the tavern to take a flask or two for digestion. They tell me, all the cake-houses at Islington, Stepney, and the suburban villages, have hung their signs in mourning: every little kennel of debauchery is quite dismantled by this proclamation; and the beaux who sit at home on Sundays, and play at piquet and back-gammon, are under dreadful apprehension of a thundering prohibition of stage-playing."

The Grand Jury, impannelled July 7, 1706, renewed their presentment against the Play-houses, Bartholomew Fair, &c. and clearly demonstrated that the elasticity of vice had recovered from its temporary depression by the weight of justice. Upon this presentment, *Heraklitus Ridens* made the following observations, which will point out a new scene in the customs of the Londoners:—

"*Earnest.* But the Grand Jury tell you, in their presentment, that the toleration of these houses corrupts the City youth, makes them dissolute and immoral, and seduces them to take lewd courses.

"*Jest.* I am sorry to hear the citizens' instructions bear so little weight with them, and am apt to think they are not so exemplary in their lives and conversations as they have been supposed to be. Would their masters keep a strict hand over them, there would be no reasons for complaints; and I dare be persuaded, there is more debauchery occasioned by pretending to eat custards towards Hampstead, Islington, and Sir George Whitmore's, in a week, than is possible to be brought about by a play-house in a twelvemonth."

If an advertisement frequently published about this time may be credited, draw-drinking prevailed rather more than a sound moralist would have approved of. Mr. Baker, a bookseller at Mercer's Chapel, offered his nectar and ambrosia, "prepared from the richest spices, herbs, and flowers, and done with right French Brandy;" and declares that, when originally invented, it was designed only for ladies' closets, to entertain visitors with, and for gentlemen's private drinking, being much used that way; but, becoming more common, he then affected it in two penny dram glasses, which were sold, inclosed in gilt frames, by the gallon, quart, or two-shilling bottles.

One of the customs of the police of 1708, was the sending a constable through the streets at night, with proper assistants, to apprehend offenders of all descriptions, but particularly

idle men, who were immediately dispatched to the receptacles of this species of recruits for her Majesty's service; but it was a hazardous employment; and one of those peace officers, named Dent, lost his life in endeavouring to convey a woman to Covent-Garden watch-house, by the cuts and stabs of three soldiers, who were all seized, and committed to Newgate. The above Mr. John Dent was buried at St. Clement's Danes, March 24, 1708-9, when a sermon was pronounced by Thomas Bray, D.D. Minister of St. Botolph, Aldgate, and afterwards published under the title of "The good Fight of Faith, in the cause of God, against the Kingdom of Satan," by desire of the Justices and the Societies for the Reformation of Manners, who were present at the solemnity.

Mrs. Crackenthorpe, the *Female Tatler* of 1709, justly reprehends the practice of pew-opening for money during divine service; and thus describes "A set of gentlemen that are called sermon-tasters: They peep in at twenty different churches in a service, which gives disturbance to those united in devotion; where, instead of attention, they stare about, make some ridiculous observations, and are gone." And the same lady informs us, that the fashionable young men were quite as much at a loss how to kill time as those of the present day; they played at quitoes, nine pins, threw at cocks, wrestled, and rowed upon the Thames. Nor were ridiculous wagers unknown: they betted upon the walking Dutchman; and Mrs. C. adds, that "four worthy senators lately threw their hats into a river, laid a crown each whose hat should swim first to the mill, and ran hallooing after them; and he that won the prize was in a greater rapture than if he had carried the most dangerous point in Parliament."

To this valuable *Tatler* we are indebted for an illustration of the manners of the male shopmen of 1709; and we will consent to be accounted *ignoramus* if it can be proved that the shopmen of 1809 are not an improved race. "This afternoon some ladies, having an opinion of our fancy in clothes, desired us to accompany them to Ludgate hill, which we took to be as agreeable an amusement as a lady can pass away three or four hours in. The shops are perfect gilded theatres, the variety of wrought silks so many changes of fine scenes, and the mercers are the performers in the opera; and, instead of *viritur ingenio*, you have in gold capitals, 'No trust by retail.' They are the sweetest, fairest, nicest, dished-out creatures; and, by their elegant address and soft speeches, you would guess them to be

Italians. As people glance within their doors, they salute them with—garden-silks, ladies' Italian silks, brocades, tissues, cloth of silver, or cloth of gold, very fine mantua silks, any tight Geneva velvet, English velvet, velvet embossed. And to the meaner sort—fine thread satins both striped and plain, fine mohair silk, sattinets, burdets, Persianets, Norwich crapes, auferines, silks for hoods and scarves, hair camlets, druggets, or sugathies, gentlemen's night gowns ready made, shal-loons, durances, and right Scotch plaids.

"We went into a shop which had three partners: two of them were to flourish out their silks; and, after an obliging smile, and a pretty mouth made, Cicero-like, to expatiate on their goodness; and the other's sole business was to be gentleman usher of the shop, to stand completely dressed at the door, bow to all the coaches that pass by, and hand ladies out and in.

"We saw abundance of gay fancies, fit for Sea captains' wives, Sheriffs' feasts, and Taun-

ton-dean ladies. This, madam, is wonderfully charming. This, madam, is so diverting a silk. This, madam—my stays! how cool it looks. But this, madam—ye gods! would I had 10,000 yards of it! Then gathers up a sleeve, and places it to our shoulders. It suits your ladyship's face wonderfully well. When we had pleased ourselves, and bid him ten shillings a-yard for what he asked fifteen:—Faire, ye wists, your ladyship rallies me! Should I part with it at such a price, the weavers would rise upon the very shop. Was you at the Park last night, madam? Your ladyship shall abate me sixpence. Have you read the *Taiter* to-day? &c.

"These fellows are positively the greatest rascals in the kingdom; they have their toilettes and their fine night-gowns; their chocolate in the morning, and their green tea two hours after; Turkey pots for their dinner; and their perfumes, washes, and clean linen, equip them for the parade."

(To be continued.)

## MR. KETT'S NEW NOVEL, "EMILY."

[Concluded from Page 154.]

EMILY's physician, a man of acuteness and experience, soon discovered that her malady was in her mind, and he took every method to remove it. He had heard of her attachment to Edward, and of his return; yet, from several hints which Emily had thrown out, he found it was her fixed opinion, that some disaster had befallen him, and she should never more behold him. The Colonel trusted to the address of this judicious son of Esculapius to cure her of this deeply-rooted perversion.

"The physician began a conversation with Emily by informing her, that he had heard from a family of high rank whom he attended, an account of the unexpected return of a person from abroad, supposed by all his relations to be dead. The circumstances of the story were these:—After one of the unfortunate battles in the late expedition of the English army to the Helder Point, in Holland, the name of Captain B— of the — regiment was returned in the list of the killed. His family received the melancholy tidings under the authority of the *Gazette*, and his mother and all his relatives went into mourning for him. About six months after, his mother, who lived in London, was informed that a stranger wished

to see her; and imagine what must be her feelings of astonishment and joy to discover, when this visitor made his appearance, that he was her son! She fainted in his arms, and her frame was shook with such agitation at this most unexpected meeting, that it was a long time before she recovered any degree of her former composure.

"The truth was, Captain B— had been badly wounded, but yet had sufficient strength remaining to crawl behind a sand-hill, where he lay till a party of Dutch troops came up, and very humanely conveyed him to one of their hospitals. One of the Dutch officers recollected him. He had before the war been acquainted with his family at Amsterdam; thither he conveyed Captain B—, and took care of him, till he was sufficiently recovered to be exchanged, and returned to England.

"Now, Miss Lorton," said the physician, "if any particular friend of yours was to return, I hope you would be better prepared for his arrival, and would receive him with more firmness than the mother of Captain B— received her son."

"Alas!" replied Emily, "I fear the improbability of the return of my friend is even greater than that of Captain B—."

"You will not think so," replied the physician, "when I tell you, that a vessel lately arrived at Plymouth from Malta, and has brought several passengers—how can you tell who these passengers may be?"

"He pursued the subject no farther at that time, but on paying the next visit, he revived it, and assured her that her friend, Edward Marriot, was actually arrived in England; and finding she had sufficient firmness to bear the information, he proceeded to tell her, that he was in London, and she might see him whenever she pleased.

"Trifles light as air may be to the jealous confidations strong as proofs of holy writ;" but the heart that has long been the sport of uncertainty and the victim of disappointment is apt to create difficulties, and distrusts the foundation even of the cherished and darling hope, which it most ardently wishes to realize. Emily could only be persuaded to credit the Doctor's flattering report upon the additional evidences of her father and Mrs. Mapleton.

"Thus was her mind familiarized to the subject of Edward's return, and she was gradually prepared for an interview with him.

"At an appointed hour, which Edward anticipated by a considerable time, they met. He was in the room conversing with the Colonel and the physician, when Emily, supported by Mrs. Mapleton and Mrs. Sparks, came down stairs. Her convalescence advancing slowly towards health resembled winter still lingering on the approach, and giving the promise of spring; the delicate rose began to tinge her cheek, and the lustre of their former sweet expression was returning to her eyes.

"But the occasion was too overpowering for her weakly constitution and fluctuating spirits. The moment she was told Edward was waiting to see her, she was seized with a sudden tremor; yet endeavouring to be resolute, with faltering steps she slowly advanced into the drawing-room. He was almost as much agitated, and could hardly think what was passing a reality. She ventured to raise her eyes, and gazed upon him with an angelic benignity.

"My dear Miss Lorton," said he, hastily approaching, and taking her hand—His voice awakened all her feelings of affection. The tumult of her spirits ceased to be violent, it subsided into tenderness, and she was relieved in a flood of tears. When just relapsing into agitation, and ready to sink, she found herself in the arms of him, who possessed every claim to her affection—as her faithful friend, her brave preserver, her long lost lover.

"Amid the various occasions upon which the emotions of the human heart are excited

and displayed, can any one be found more honourable to human nature, or more interesting to the benevolent mind, than such a one as this. The meeting of a virtuous pair, for years attached to each other from considerations of the highest personal merit, after a long absence, during which the obstacles which originally impeded their union seemed to be considerably increased, was such an occurrence as, it may be presumed, propitious Heaven smiles upon with peculiar favour. Edward and Emily confessed that it was no small compensation for the sorrows of tedious absence; it seemed to comprise the felicity of years in the compass of an hour.

"Edward soon after obtained a private interview with Emily. 'Now,' said he, 'is come the crisis of my fortune, whatever painful sensations it may give me with respect to your father, it cannot fail to delight me, as it relates to you. How often have I wished, most angelic of your sex, that I could not rise to an equality with you, your fortune might sink to a level with mine. I can now give you a substantial proof, that I love you for yourself alone. Length of time, absence, variety of objects, and even the change in your circumstances, far from dissolving, have confirmed my attachment. Let me give you the most convincing proof of it, by proposing our immediate marriage; and if we cannot remove the pressure of your father's misfortunes, we shall be better able by our combined endeavours to alleviate them: surely I cannot be less dear, or less useful to him, when united by the most tender of all ties to you."

"Convinced, fully convinced," replied Emily, without hesitation, 'as I am of the ardour, and still more of the constancy of your attachment, I cannot, under the present circumstances, consent to your proposal. Wait, I conjure you, some time longer: my father's distress precludes all other considerations, even those that are truly dear to my heart. Urge me not to do what it is painful to deny. Heaven,' added she, throwing up her ardent eyes that streamed with tears, 'may still befriend those who, with incessant diligence, solicit its protection, and endeavour to sacrifice every consideration to the performance of their duty.'

"Totally ignorant of the time that had elapsed during this interview, Edward judged it better not to distress her by further solicitation, and on obtaining her permission soon to see her again, he returned to the Baron. His heart was too full for disguise or secrecy; he told his friend of all that had passed; of his unaltered love for Emily, and her father's

various embarrassments. The Baron was moved; he eagerly enquired what was the amount of the Colonel's debt to Mrs. Wilson.

"Happy shall I be," said he, "to lend, or to make him a present of the sum he wants; but I must be cautious in what manner the proposal is made, lest I offend the delicacy of his feelings, while I endeavour to relieve his distress."

"When Edward introduced the Baron to Colonel Lorton, the latter received him with distant politeness, and without noticing him in any particular manner; but the Baron surveyed the Colonel with great attention, and felt a strange agitation arising in his mind, and a great curiosity to converse freely with him, and make some minute and particular inquiries.

"Understand, Sir," said the Baron, "that your situation in the army led you to visit various places abroad: were you ever at Malta, where I have passed so many years of my life?" "No, Sir," replied the Colonel, "I was never farther up the Mediterranean than Naples; I was there with another officer of our regiment for a short time, twenty years ago."

"What regiment was yours?" asked the Baron. "It was," replied the Colonel, "the 30th, then stationed at Gibraltar, and commanded by Sir Robert Boyd, afterwards Governor of that garrison. We obtained leave of absence to make an excursion, and proceeded as far as Naples; it was, I think, in the month of September 1782."

"This is very extraordinary," exclaimed the Baron, "for in the very month of the year you mention I was there too. Did any thing remarkable happen during your stay at Naples?"

"Yes," replied the Colonel with a sigh; "the scar which you see in my cheek, and which I shall probably carry to my grave, can witness for me that something very remarkable did happen to me there. The evening before we left Naples, as I and my brother Officer were walking in the *Strada de Toledo*, we saw a Cavalier attacked by bravos: we ran up to the place, and interfered in his defence: from one of the villains I received a cut in the cheek; but I made him pay the forfeit of his life for the wound. His companions immediately fled. The Cavalier had been struck to the ground; his face was besmeared with blood, and he was badly wounded: we were happy in bearing him to a place of safety, and——"

"Let me ask you one question," said the Baron, interrupting the Colonel's narrative with eagerness; "did the Cavalier give you any memento of his gratitude?" "He did,"

replied the Colonel; "it was a beautiful antique ring of a lion set in gold, with the initials of his name cut in the back part: I value it highly, and always wear it, with my seals. See here it is," said he, taking out his watch and showing the ring.

"Surprise, doubt, and joy were alternately depicted in the Baron's expressive face. He looked by turns at the Colonel and then at the ring, which he recognised beyond a doubt to have been his own. 'Gracious Heaven!' exclaimed he, 'how mysterious are thy ways!—I am that very Cavalier whose life you saved.'"

"Saying these words he folded the Colonel, who felt equal conviction, and similar emotions of joy, in his arms.

"O my brave preserver," exclaimed the Baron; "is it you whom I embrace? For what happiness has Providence preserved me? When I was sufficiently recovered from my wounds, how anxiously did I inquire for you in Naples; but you were not to be found. I wrote repeatedly to my friends at Gibraltar, but in vain."

"Sir," said the Colonel, "the wound I received in defending you, added to one before given me in battle, had such an effect upon my health, that my quitting the army was rendered indispensably necessary. I sold my commission, returned to England, married, and settled in Cumberland: I was thus so completely cut off from all former military connections, and so secluded from the world, that I am not surprised your kind inquiries failed so completely to find me."

"That you did not take equal pains," said the Baron, "to find me out, I am not much surprised; for it is the part of the truly generous man to forget the favour he bestows. May it be the part of the obliged ever to remember it with feelings of unceasing gratitude. How ought I to venerate that country, to whose natives I have been twice indebted for my life. Here is the generous youth," pointing to Edward Marriot, "who saved me from the flames at Malta. How can I ever retort this double debt of obligation? Although I think myself obliged beyond my power to making any full or adequate return, yet there is a mode by which I can make my acknowledgments to you both; you must then, my dear Colonel, excuse a proposal I am going to make, dictated by the delight I feel upon the present occasion. I have been made fully acquainted with the cause of your journey to London, and with all your pecuniary distresses. Let me reserve on your part, deprive me of the greatest pleasure I can enjoy; but allow me to take such measures as will save you from

any inconvenience from the confidence you have reposed in the former your neighbour, and your correspondent the merchant; suffer me likewise to interpose my good offices between you and Mrs. Wilson, so far as to rescue injured integrity from the hands of oppression. Say but the word, and I will instantly cancel the obligation you are under to Mrs. Wilson. You shall cease to be her debtor, and for the future allow me the honour to call you mine.

“Edward, Emily, and Mrs. Mapleton had remained silent and amazed spectators of this interesting explanation and discovery; they cordially united with the Baron in overcoming the Colonel's objections to his proposals, and had the pleasure to be at last successful.

“The debt was paid by the Baron to Mrs. Wilson's solicitor, the bond was cancelled, and the Colonel went through the legal formality of giving the Baron his bond for the amount of the sum at legal interest. Edward and Emily attended the ceremony of signing and sealing this instrument, and the Baron, as soon as he received it thus properly executed, presented it, with a look of the most cordial benignity, to Emily.—‘Accept this, my charming young friend,’ said he; ‘I wish to present the whole sum to you, as your father, I am confident, cannot be indebted to any one who will make the obligation set lighter upon him than yourself. Should you, however, fear that the preservation of this paper will cause any uneasy sensations in his mind, I beg you will consider yourself at full liberty to dispose of it in any manner you please, and do whatever you may be assured of my approbation.’

‘Most; us of strangers,’ replied Emily, ‘your kindness can only be equalled by the delicacy which directs it. If you are so ready to set a friend at liberty from the weight of obligation, how much more desirous should a daughter be to remove the solitude of a father! Surely I do not mistake your kind suggestion—is it not thus you empower me to act?’ As she pronounced these last words she looked first at the Baron, then, with more tender significance, at Edward, who nodded assent with admiration andapture mingled in his countenance—she threw the bond into the fire, and the flames instantly consumed it.

“In a transport of joy Colonel Lorton raised his eyes and his hands to heaven, and most fervently expressed his thanks to the Almighty for such a daughter and such a friend.

“‘Well have you,’ said he, addressing himself to Emily, ‘who are the pride of my heart, repaid every obligation of duty and affection to your father. O Belfield,’ continued he to the Baron, ‘I only preserved your life; you have

done more for me—you have supplied me with the means of enjoying existence among those who are dearest to my soul; my happiness is centered in theirs: you will therefore, I trust, as you are the well tried and firm friend of us all, applaud my determination. Dear Edward, Emily shall be yours, for you are truly worthy of each other. Your marriage will give me the greatest pleasure I can enjoy on this side the grave; for I shall see you, who are so truly worthy of each other, and whose hearts are so congenial, after your long separation and great anxieties, at last united by the most endearing of all ties.’

“The morning distinguished by Edward's marriage to Emily began a new era of happiness to them and to all their friends. None of the parties concerned were influenced by any prejudices with respect to the particular day of the week most fortunate or not for the ceremony to be performed, but thought the earliest day that could conveniently be fixed the best, and most likely to be propitious to their wishes.

“The Baron gave Emily away, and she never looked more enchantingly than as a bride dressed in a robe of plain white muslin, without any ornaments whatever. The happiness of Edward and herself was too great for utterance, their hearts best could feel, and their looks best discover, that felicity of which no words can convey an adequate expression.

“Baron Belfield purchased an estate in the parish adjoining to Lorton House. His friendship for the Colonel was strengthened by constant intercourse; its flame burned with steady lustre, and enlightened and cheered the closing years of their lives. The Baron became intimate with Dr Marriot, thinking him justly entitled to his highest esteem for his exemplary conduct as a clergyman. They frequently conversed upon religious subjects, and the Knight of Malta, candid and open to conviction as he was, felt the arguments of the Protestant divine so cogent and conclusive, that he formally renounced the errors of his creed as a Papist, and regularly attended the service of the church of England.

“It was whispered in the village, that he paid his addresses to Mrs. Mapleton: when the report reached the ears of that lady she smiled, and certainly did not contradict it.

“Colonel Lorton had the satisfaction to behold in a few years the success of his various schemes for improvements in agriculture. The care and the expence he had devoted to them all answered his most ardent expectations. The trees he had planted when he first came

to reside upon his estate, now covered the summits and slopes of many of the mountains with their thick and branching foliage. The meadows on the borders of the lake, which had formerly been worse than useless, and even dangerous to cattle, were rendered safe, dry, and highly productive, by his methods of draining them; and the increase of his crops of corn was fivefold greater than it had ever been before.

"The peasants of his village blessed him for his attention to the comforts of themselves and families; for from the state of ragged residents in dirty hovels, they became well-clad inhabitants of neat and comfortable cottages, surrounded by fertile gardens. Content and cheerfulness were depicted in every face, and the mothers taught their children to hsp the prayers of *London the Good*. ••

"Pleased as the Colonel was by the prospect of success that crowning his judicious efforts of diligence and benevolence, he had still higher gratifications in view. At his earnest request Edward and Emily made his house their place of residence, and assisted him in the promotion of his agricultural plans. As the sun of his life declined from its meridian, it pursued its course unclouded by misfortune, and the evening of his old age closed in serenity and peace. Edward and Emily were happy in a family of a son and two daughters. The Colonel embraced his grandchildren with delight, observed the mind of the boy gradually expand with the good sense and virtues of his father, and the girls amiable and intelligent, reflected in their features the image of his beloved daughter.

"Edward, following the useful steps of his father, but with enlarged means of doing good, acted as a magistrate, and undertook the cure of a neighbouring church, not for the sake of emolument, but from a principle of duty; and he gladdened the hearts of the deserving poor by distributing the amount of his stipend among them.

"Influenced by a similar motive, Emily established a school for the education of the indigent girls of the parish, and visited it as often as her domestic engagements would allow her. Surrounded by these objects of her maternal care, she resembled the beautiful figure of Charity in the painted window in Oxford—such were her angelic looks, softened by maternal solicitude, and directed to the delighted children that thronged around her.

"The satisfaction of her father in owing his independence to the friend whose life he had saved, the joy of that generous friend, and even the happiness of Emily herself, appeared light and inconsiderable in comparison with the transport of Edward in possessing such a treasure as Emily, and being the object of her love.

"Edward and Emily continued to live in retirement, satisfied with the competency of their fortune, and grateful to Providence for dangers escaped, and blessings enjoyed. Three years glided away in ease and tranquillity, and seldom did their steps, or even their wishes, wander far from their native vale. Well convinced by the plan successfully pursued in the early part of their own education, that the instructors who are most beloved by their pupils will prove the best upon the whole, they secured an unequalled claim to the affection of their children, by teaching them the principles of religion and hardening themselves. They inspired their tender minds from their infancy with the firmest attachment to those grand and beautiful scenes which surrounded their dwelling, and were calculated to animate them with the love of nature, of freedom, and of independence.

"Happy are we," said Edward to his children, "to be placed by Providence in such a rural retreat as this, free as it is from all the clamour, dissipation, and unwholesomeness of cities. Here the most sublime works of God, continually present to our view, afford subjects for devout meditation and ceaseless gratitude. Here, too, the frugal diet, plain attire, and healthy appearance of the peasants of the north may teach us this important lesson—that the true relish of life is independent of situation or any outward appearance, and here we may learn that the heart felt and most sincere pleasures, those that arise from affection, from religion, from useful occupations, and useful knowledge, lie within our reach, and are attainable without the gold of the wealthy, the pomp of the powerful, or the titles of the noble. Be assured that neither extravagance nor dissipation, neither change of place nor variety of objects, are essential to our well-being; and that if we cannot find uninterrupted enjoyment in our present state, we may be confident that our best endeavours to perform our respective duties will be rewarded hereafter in a world of the purest and most lasting bliss."





has distributed so as to form a becoming decoration, and so disposed that not only the head but also the paws form principal and interesting objects. The heads of Sileni and of Bacchantes with their Thyrses disposed around on these skins, are connected and well adapted embellishments. From hence it appears probable that this vase was placed in some temple of Bacchus in the before mentioned villa. With the principal subject is likewise united the well-composed and interlaced disposition of the two great grotesque handles representing large trunks of vines, whose branches wind round the borders with their leaves, tendrils, and grapes, and gracefully terminate the whole work."

In the third and last plate:—"In this is distinctly seen the method in which the two vine trunks are intertwined to form the handles of the vase, and which, with their winding branches compose the chief ornament of that situation. Between the two trunks may be observed with what remarkable symmetry the sculptor has gathered and joined the two tiger-skins by means of their paws, and at the same time has contrived to make them an interesting ornament to the whole circumference of the vase."

There are eight heads, four representing Satyrs distinguished by the pointed upper part of the ears and the grin; three are Bacchantes, their brows covered with vine-leaves and grapes; all the seven have bushy curling hair and beards: the eighth is the head of a handsome man. The mouths of all are somewhat open, but no teeth are seen, which makes the heads appear like masks.

The form of the whole is as graceful and elegant as any of the Etruscan vases which have been preserved, and the sculpture is perfect, both as to design, execution, and polish.

The Roman Emperor Adrian died about the year of the common era 132; so that the vase may probably have been sculptured one thousand and seven hundred years.

It is placed on a plain pedestal, and is surrounded by a light iron balustrade to prevent its being damaged by feeling connoisseurs; this precaution is needless in any other part of Europe. The antique marble statues in the Tuilleries and at Versailles, were not injured during the massacre in 1792. Neither did the French main or deface any of those they found in the open air at Rome and other places, they only took them carefully away, and may now be seen perfect, nearly in their primitive state, and without any difficulty, at Paris.

To complete this invaluable collection of marbles, opposite to the door, with the vase

between, is the Apollo Belvedere, being an exact and excellent copy of the original, differing only by the marble being white with blue veins.

Over the door of this principal entrance to the orangery, in the pediment, is a *bas-relief* of a Bull; and in the insula over the door of the other entrance at one end, is another relief of the Eagle and Phoenix.

At the other end is a square recess, or rather a cube of about twelve feet, ascended by two or three steps, and entered at a large mahogany folding door, which is usually kept shut, but the panels are grated so that the inside of the apartment is visible. It is paved with black and white marble, and the walls are of the same materials. In the centre of the opposite wall is, on a cylindrical pedestal, a white marble bust of the late Mr. Fox; on his right a head of Mr. Hare, and on his left one of General Fitzpatrick. On the right wall are heads of Lord Lauderdale and Lord Robert Spencer, and on the left heads of Lord Holland and Lord Horvick, as large as life, of white marble; these are placed on brackets against the wall. The recess is called the *Temple of Liberty*; it was bequeathed by the late Duke, and finished by his brother the present Duke, in 1803. On Mr. Fox's pedestal the following verses are engraven in Roman capitals:—

"Here, midst the friends he loved, the man  
behold,  
"In truth unshaken, and in virtue bold,  
"Whose patriot zeal, and uncorrupted mind,  
"Dared to assert the freedom of mankind;  
"And whilst extending desolation far,  
"Invention spread the baneful flame of war,  
"Fearless of blame and eloquent to save,  
"Twas he, 'twas Fox the warning counsel  
gave;  
"And jarring conflicts stemmed the tide of  
blood,  
"And to the menaced world a sea-mark stood.  
"Oh! had his voice in mercy's cause  
vail'd,  
"What grateful millions had the statesman  
hailed!  
"Whose wisdom bade the broils of nations  
cease,  
"And taught the world humanity and peace;  
"But tho' he failed, succeeding ages deprecate,  
"The vain yet pious effort shall reverse,  
"Boast in the annals his illustrious name,  
"Uphold his greatness, and confirm his fame.

At Leicester is a fine house on which is inscribed *Leicester Grange*. This was built a few years ago by a London banker named

Johnson, for five families of his poor relations, to live in rent free, and who receive also weekly alms from his endowment.

The town is rapidly increasing; thirteen hundred houses have been lately built in one parish, and there is a handsome new stone bridge of three elliptical arches.

The very great Mr. Lambert was born here in 1770, and died in Stamford three months ago; he weighed 730 pounds: his height was five feet eleven inches; his body three yards and four inches in circumference; and the leg a yard and an inch.

Four miles beyond Derby is Kedleston, the magnificent seat of Lord Scarsdale, built in 1758 by Adams. Among the pictures are a small Madonna and Bambino, by Raphael; Daniel, Nebuchadnezzar, &c. figures of a foot high, by Rembrandt.

There is a canal in the park, with a beautiful stone bridge of three arches, a great number of remarkably fine trees, numerous herds of deer, and a well of which the water is of the *trée Hannon dite fleurie*, with baths which are for public use by his Lordship's permission.

In the afternoon we proceeded to Matlock, the weather was rainy, and a couple of rainbows appeared; towards evening such a storm of lightning and thunder arose, attended with such torrents of rain as I had never before experienced in England; the road was lilly and rough, so that the horses were four hours in dragging the chaise thirteen miles in the dark.

Matlock is too well known to require any farther mention, except that the whole of its beautiful scenery of rocks, wood, and water, occupies about two miles in length, and less than one in breadth; and as soon as you emerge from this fairy land all vanishes like a dream, and you return to common roads, common fields, and common heaths.

We here procured some specimens of satin gypsum, which is the bed of the ordinary gypsum, white lime or a kind of alabaster; drops and other small ornaments are made of it, but it is too friable to be used for necklaces, as the beads will not bear rubbing against each other. It is snow-white, bears an excellent polish, and varies its colour according to the light it is placed in. A small quantity of this sort has been found near Nottingham and no where else at present; it was purchased at forty shillings per ton, and manufactured here and at Derby. It was first discovered five or six years ago on the top of a coal-mine in Cumberland; the whole was immediately taken away, and the trinkets made from it were sent to the Continent.

We here met an artist who told us he had

some years ago made a vase for the Emperor of Russia, exactly like the original which was then in the greenhouse at Warwick-castle, from one block of alabaster which weighed seven tons; it was exhibited at Derby for some time, and was afterwards sent to St. Petersburg; and for this he was paid two hundred pounds.

He told us that there is in France an antique vase exactly like that at Woburn, and which likewise came from Italy. The Woburn vase, it is said, was bought at Lord Cawdon's sale for eight hundred pounds, and that both were from the *Lanti* palace at Rome. The Warwick vase is not in Piranesi's work.

Chatsworth, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, a quadrangle of 180 feet each side, contains a portrait of the late Duchess, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the garden is a fountain which spouts the water 70 feet, and another, 94 feet in height. I saw these with peculiar sensations, having seen them five and forty years before. And nine years afterwards, in the gardens of St. Idelfonso, two leagues south of Segovia, I saw a fountain which spouts water 133 feet 11 inches, French, being the exact height of the weather-cock on the church steeple.

At Sheffield is a figure of Justice over the shambles. It was suggested to me that the sword was to carve the meat, and the scales to weigh it.

Wakefield is a pretty and flourishing town. In a meeting-house in the West-gate, I saw a double-bass which is used with great propriety to regulate the voices of the vocal performers, and to keep them at the same pitch, as there is no organ. And in the subterranean vaults a number of catacombs.

Twelve miles farther we passed a considerable iron foundry, in which from a thousand to fifteen hundred men are employed. Iron and coal mines are contiguous. These works are not inferior to those of Carron, on the Forth.

Leeds is increased more than one-fourth in size within those last twenty-five years. The market was plentifully supplied and numerously attended; it is held in the principal street, which, were it not encumbered with a clumsy public building, would be one of the finest streets in England.

Eight miles farther north is Harewood, which gives title to the family of Lascelles, whose seat is contiguous. The ride to the house is for two miles through the grounds and park. The house was built by Adams, the architect, and is about 100 feet in breadth and 70 in depth. The gallery is 70 feet long, 24 broad, and 22 high, and is one of the most

pleasant and cheerful apartments to be met with. The *Sienna* and *verde antico* marbles are extremely well imitated in polished stucco, by Rebecca. It contains ten or twelve French plate looking-glasses, of 10 feet by 4, and is further decorated with much taste and elegance, and without sparing any expense. Among the plants, in pots on the table, I observed a very large camellia, with its beautiful white roses in full blow, and another of the same species, different in colour, but not so rare, being crimson.

Harrowgate did not appear to be increased in buildings for these thirty-six years, but the neighbouring grounds are now inclosed and cultivated.

In the centre of the market at Ripon, is an obelisk of 90 feet in height, erected a few years ago by one of its representatives in Parliament.

Hackfall is a beautiful pleasure-ground three miles round, with sixty or seventy small cascades, amidst rocks, wood, and water, equal to, if not surpassing even the romantic scenery at Matlock; there is no dwelling house but only a summer house for shelter. It may be recommended as one of the completest places in the empire for a landscape painter to come and study &c.; there are numerous seats; the place is retired, shady and silent. There is an inn not far off, and lodgings may be had near the entrance gate. York Minster, forty miles distant, and Rosberry top, near Stokesly, still farther off, may be seen from one of the seats in clear weather.

Richmond is a pretty, retired town, but is hill, and badly paved; with a ruined castle, and walks round it, on the edge of steep precipices, without any parapet; notwithstanding which, the inhabitants and their children being accustomed to these walks, never meet with any accident in consequence of the want of such parapet.

A gentleman who resides here, informed me that his wife was the daughter of one of the thirty-two children of a clergyman and his wife in Ireland whom I had mentioned in my tour in that island in 1775. And many years ago I saw a letter which was brought to the manager of one of the London theatres, by a young lady who wished to try the stage, saying she was one of the thirty-two children, &c.

From hence we made an excursion of sixteen miles to see a cataract of the River Tees, 60 or 70 feet high; and on our return two miles nearer home, we saw the *Wharfe* bridge. I know not that any thing of the kind is to be found in Europe, except some in Norway, of

No. LII.—1811.

which there are descriptions. Two parallel iron chains about 70 feet long, the links three inches in length, half that width, and little more than half an inch thick, are stretched across the River Tees, from rock to rock, at 50 or 60 feet above its bed. These chains are fastened with long iron staples into the ground, and on them are laid across about forty pieces of wood of two feet long, and six inches thick, on which are placed lengthwise two rows of planks, each nine inches in breadth, furnished on both sides with a hand-rail three feet and a half high. These boards are made steady by three chains, each of which goes round them and is soldered to the rock obliquely at about twenty feet below them, and the same distance down the side, and from the respective end of the bridge, two on one side, but only one on the other; a fourth chain is wanting, but the bridge is safe for foot passengers. From its pendulous situation it shakes, and towards the middle swings. About three years ago, whilst seven or eight persons were on it, one of the stays broke, and consequently the passengers were precipitated into the river, and some of them drowned. When we were there the water was very low, and several small cascades might be seen both above and below the bridge, but at the end of winter, after rains and the melting of the snows, it rises very considerably, and is rapid in its course. This hanging bridge joins the counties of York and Durham.

At Stalghop we paid a visit to the tomb of John Lee, Esq. who was Attorney-General, and died in 1791. It has a very good bust by Nollekens, with a suitable inscription. We also saw his gardens, and hot houses for raising pines, grapes, peaches, &c. which are the finest in this part of the kingdom, they were finished just before his death, and are still kept up by his widow who erected the monument and resides here in an elegant retirement. She has two good pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of Mr. Lee, which has been engraved, and one of Admiral Keppel.

Immediately adjoining this garden is Baby Castle, a seat of the Earl of Darlington, a grand old pile of building; carriages drive through the court into the hall and set down between two fire-places. The kitchen is 40 feet high.

Bishop Auckland. In the chapel of the Bishop of Durham's palace, is the monument of a prelate of that See, by Nollekens. The Gothic hall was fitted up by Wyatt, and is 63 feet by 37, and 37 high. In the dining room are thirteen very large paintings, said to repre-

B 5

sent Jacob and a dozen of his sons by one Zurbarnam; also a picture of the Cornaro family by Titian.

I did not recollect that the very little nobleman, Count Bobulowski, resided in Durham, till after I had left the place, or I should have waited on him; he is now seventy-four years old, but is no bigger than when he exhibited himself in London, about forty years ago.

Lumley Castle, belonging to the Earl of Scarborough, is dismantled, or rather, unfinished, as it contains nothing but a few pictures of little value within its walls, and is uninhabited except by a woman who has the care of it.

Almost all the pictures were sold by auction two years ago; there still remain a good whole length portrait of a Baron Lumley, 1583, in armour, and another whole length of the last Prince of Wales, father of his present Majesty.

The iron bridge at Sunderland over the Wear, made from the sea, is well known by the engravings which have been made of it: it will be sufficient here just to mention that it is of a single arch, of which the spring is 83 feet, the span 236, and the height 100. It was begun in 1793, and was finished in two years. The toll is eighteen-pence for a post-chaise; and a halfpenny for foot passengers every time the bridge is crossed; it is let for about £1500 per annum. The breadth of the bridge is 35 feet, of which 6 feet on each side are paved with flags for walkers, leaving 23 feet in width for carriages.

On the middle of the bridge, on each side, is this inscription.—*Nil desperandum Auspice Deo.*

We approached the town on a Sunday, and encountered great numbers, not to say whole groves, of the fair sex taking an airing; their lovers and husbands were probably absent.

At Newcastle is a handsome modern stone bridge over the Tyne 600 feet in length, of nine arches. In this town Stephen Keable, Esq. and Mrs. Whitlock, brother and sister of Mrs. Siddons, have fixed their residence.

Between this last town and Berwick there is nothing to note except Alnwick Castle, one of the seats of the Duke of Northumberland. The bridge at Berwick across the Tweed is of 15 arches, all different. It is above a thousand feet long.

About three miles beyond Berwick, we entered Scotland, and was delighted to revisit a country where I had passed some months thirty years before: my present stay lasted ten days, but I was nevertheless much gratified by the pleasing recollections of the days of my youth so happily spent in the place now returned to, after so long an

absence. The former inhabitants whom I was acquainted with, were not to be found, being probably gathered to their ancestors, or having emigrated.

We immediately on arriving at Edinburgh, took apartments in Princes-street. This is one of the three streets in the new town which are parallel to each other, and a mile in length. Princes street is only built with houses on one side, the old town at a considerable distance, is opposite to it with grounds between. The other outer street is called Queen-street, and is likewise built only on one side, although some new buildings are planned and are now erecting on the other side but far off. George-street is in the middle between the two others. A glance on any plan of Edinburgh, will give a clear idea of the new town with its straight streets and new squares, of which however not half the buildings are completed which are on the plans. The houses are all of stone; some of them are let "from top to bottom" which means the whole house; others by the floor, but then the staircase is in common, and sometimes rather soiled. I can compare these streets to none in England so well as to Sloane-street, Knightsbridge, which is however only three quarters of a mile in length, and the houses are of brick.

In the winter season, the new town at Edinburgh is almost uninhabitable by reason the intense cold and violent winds which then prevail. During that season, a handsome square in the old town called George-square, appears a preferable situation.

On the Calton hill is a monument lately erected to the memory of Lord Nelson, being a round Gothic tower about a hundred feet high.

On the same hill is a new Bridewell, built of stone by Adams, on the plan of a sun-dial round towards the town, and the flat side to the hill, it contains 144 cells, with each a bed and iron bedstead. The delinquents, have never yet amounted to a hundred; at that time there were hardly half the number, and those mostly women; these spin, the men pick hemp and oakum. The offenders, who are each in a separate cell, besides the featherbed, are allowed two blankets, a quilt, a towel, and a New Testament. Their food is porridge and fish: on Sundays meat. The whole building, as well as all the furniture, is kept perfectly neat and clean. The persons confined appeared to be treated with great lenity.

The Botanic Garden, contains a Banana (*Musa*) of 13 or 14 feet high. A Dragon tree of about 40 feet, besides the usual plants which are preserved in such collections. The garden is of five acres. In one corner is a

small's one pyramid ascribed to Linnaeus. It is situated on the road to Lath, which forms a beautiful walk of two miles, and is much frequented.

The High-street at Edinburgh may be compared with the grand Strada Toledo at Naples, which it resembles. I lamented to see it still remain disfigured by the Luckenbooth, an old clumsy building in the middle of it. The North, and South Bridges are well worth the attention of travellers, and form the communication between the old and new town. The new College was begun to be built by Adams, and after expending thirty thousand pounds on it, was discontinued. As much more would complete it. The old university, adjoining it, is rapidly falling to decay.

On the signs may be found some words which are not generally used in England, and others not at all, such as *Vintner*, *Vicifaller*, *Fleisher* (*butcher*), *Stabler*, *Cordiner* (*Ir. Cordoner*), *Roup*, to call (*Ropen*, *Dutch*), to be afraid (*from fendal*), presently, meaning *now*; and not soon after, &c.

The most striking circumstance to a stranger, especially to a foreigner, in the manners and customs of the natives of Scotland, is to see almost all the lower class of young females go bare-legged and bare-footed. This custom appeared to me as disgusting now as it did formerly. They go likewise without gloves, bare-armed, and without any covering on their heads, but with the hair sometimes tastefully turned behind the head in a spiral cluster, fastened with a bowknot or a comb; and they wear plain silver or gold hoop-rings in their legs.

Their being thus destitute of shoes and stockings is never regarded as a mark of poverty, because generally they are in every other respect as well dressed as their station requires. They will not accept of shoes on condition of wearing them; however most of them have a pair which, with stockings, they put on near the church, and after service take them off again. Some have stockings without shoes, others shoes without stockings, but the greater number are without both. They run over sharp stones, on ice, or in stubble, with unconcern, and yet they pretend to be ticklish on the soles of their feet! They are by this hardness freed from catching cold, and are never troubled with corns, except on the sole of the foot. Notwithstanding these young women have from their birth had the free use of their toes, they have never learned to use them as fingers, as some negroes do. This art might easily be acquired when young; witness a woman born without arms, who has frequently been exhibited in London,

whom I saw cut out watch papers with her toes, thread needles, sew, write, and draw tolerably well. This was a married lady, who appeared from the wedding-ring on her third left toe. And very lately another female born without arms, was shown here, with superior talents. Not one of the Scotch *tassies* can pick up any thing by means of her toes, not even coins which have been placed on the floor, and offered to them. The men all go shod, as do the boys after the age of eight or ten.

We saw *Readie*, *Pennyrank*, *Newbattle*, and *Dykeith*, all in one day, the aggregate distances being twenty four miles.

The chapel at the first place, well deserves being put into perfect repair, as one of the finest existing specimens of such Gothic edifices built four or five centuries ago. Near the second place is the seat of Sir John Clarke. It contains several good pictures. The ceiling of the hall is painted with part of the story of *Ossian*, by *Runciman*, whom I first met with at *Rome*, where he was learning his art, and whom I found at work on it when I was here before.

One of the best modern portrait pictures I know of, is that of Sir John and his lady, three-quarters length, and as large as the life. It was painted by a Scotch artist of the name of *Raeburn*. The lady leans her beautiful naked arm and hand on the Baronet's shoulder; and, seen with a perspective, or what is commonly called an *opera glass*, the illusion is so great from the skill with which the light and shade are managed, that one might almost fancy the persons represented were living.

The picture hangs considerably too high. I am unacquainted with any other of this painter's works, but I find in the public prints he has painted a historical picture of Mr. *Walter Scott*, for a gentleman in Edinburgh.

No lover of painting should be without a glass of this sort, made by one of our best opticians; and he might make use of it to view all kinds of pictures; the illusion is very powerful in landscapes, insides of churches, and portraits. The French are very much accustomed to use these glasses for this purpose as well as for another still more pleasing one. It is described in the following manner, taken from a French book:

"An inestimable advantage attends the use of such glasses; through their enchanting means all women appear handsome, and more so than miniatures; what an adorable illusion! They soften coarse features, they make the superannuated coquette look young again; in a word, they give to the young women that

suavity and that virginal grace which give the idea of the celestial beauty of the angels : however, notwithstanding all the delicious enjoyments which those blessed spectacles procure to amateurs, I shall nevertheless say, with the good La Fontaine,

*Il n'est rien tel pour bien voir que l'œil de l'amant.*"

To return from this digression. On our way to Newbattle we drove through the delightful park of Lord Melville, and saw the outside of the house, which is a small square building, with a round tower at each corner, with wings. The Esk winds round the grounds, and forms a small cascade, which adds to the beauty of the scene.

We then came to Newbattle, a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. the house contains, among other rare and valuable pictures, three portraits of King Charles I. by Vandyke, one of these is represented on horseback, of which there is an engraving. In the grounds may be seen the finest trees in Scotland, and perhaps equal to any in a much milder climate, and some degress more to the south. They consist of oak, elm, beech, fir, pine, sycamore, lime, ash, holly, &c. some of enormous dimensions. The house was burnt down in 1770, and was just re-built when I saw it before.

About a mile farther is the last station mentioned, and also the last of the day's work, being Dalkeith, close to which is the palace of the Duke of Buccleugh, the most beautiful place near Edinburgh in the disposition of the grounds, which are inhabited by hundreds of hares, of which five or six came to see us, and afterwards remained sitting; they

"Undisturb'd by guns in quiet sleep."

I was told that there were great numbers of partridges, but no pheasants, nor any other species of what were formerly counted game, exclusive of snipes, rabbits, &c.

It may not be improper to mention here, that we found only one siggle bird for our table in Scotland of the grouse species, and this was a red grouse, red game, gotcock, or moorcock, which is the most common in Great Britain; of other three species, namely, the wood grouse, which is larger than a turkey; the black grouse and the white grouse, or Ptarmigan, found chiefly in the Hebrides or Orkney, we saw none.

There is a stone bridge of a single arch, which was built in 1793, and is seen from the drawing-room windows, which is in the highest degree beautiful and picturesque.

Among the pictures, which form an exten-

sive and valuable collection, there is a portrait of Cajanus, the Lapland Giant, painted by Zeeman, as large as life, in 1783; he was seven feet ten inches in height. A curious view in Paris, one in Rome, and five large views in Constantinople, seven Canaletto's, being very fine views in Venice.

Besides all these objects of attention, we may reckon another of considerable weight as well as value; being a silver cistern, or vase, a yard long, 28 inches wide, 24 high, and 18 deep; it holds 35 gallons (given by Queen Anne to a former Duke, her cotemporary).

Dalkeith appears to be a fine flourishing town, with an excellent market; a long, wide, and well-paved street, and by far the best inn I have ever met with in Scotland. In the palace were musical instruments of various kinds, piano-forte, violin, base, &c.

These are not permitted to be touched in any of the noblemen's houses we visited, although the givers might be first rate performers. By this prohibition it is not very unlikely that the noble proprietors sometimes lose the pleasure of hearing our talents exercised; but they know best. Billiard-tables are seen, one in every palace or house shewn to travellers; all measuring of 12 feet by 6, some for candles, others for lamps at night, others again for light only; but all old, worn out, and, as far as I can judge from the eye, very defective, by not being exactly horizontal, and the table not having precise right-angles. The bands, or cushions, are likewise very improperly constructed notwithstanding thousands of English, Scotch, and Irish have travelled to Amsterdam and Hamburgh, and St. Petersburg, where the game is best played and understood. Moreover, the queues, or cues, are very awkwardly constructed; maces, or maces, are almost unknown on the Continent. The queues in St. Petersburg and Moscow are in many pieces, glued together, and the best are sold there at more than a guinea a piece. Billiards is a game of science, which John Bull considers as a game of chance.

On leaving Edinburgh we rode to Hopetoun-house, of which we only saw the outside, it being late in the evening. I was here in 1772, and had the singular honour of dining at the Earl of Hopetoun's table with four generations; the Countess Dowager of Leven, aged seventy-two; the Countess of Northesk, aged fifty-one, (this lady was the spouse of the Earl's eldest son); Lady Hope, aged twenty-two; and Miss Hope, aged five.

This palace is of stone, 500 feet in front, and is the most magnificent mansion I have seen

in this country: it contains many good pictures. It is situated near the river, along side of which the road forms a fine terrace.

At Linlithgow is an ancient castle, of which the ruins are very picturesque. There was an old gaol, or dungeon, in this town, which was pulled down in 1847, and a new one erected of stone, "in imitation of the ancient cross wall." It is 20 feet in height, and cost five hundred pounds; the water continually issues out of twelve points in streams as thick as goose-quills, and falls into a basin within single wide space which supplies the whole town with water.

Here the bare-footed chamber-lade warned our backs by waving the sheets in them with flagitious for want of a warning-pail.

Over the entrance of the castle at Stirling was a bas-relief with the following lines, which I copied when I was here before, it is not there now.

*Beag, Spick, with, and, Spair, nocht,  
Cawdder, tou, is, cair, nocht;  
The, want, I, stand, as, appin, hillit  
Alas, that, now, is, Robert, in, sadht.* 1844

Glasgow is a very large, neat, and regular city, the streets are mostly at right angles, and are well paved, with broad flagged foot-paths. The houses are of stone, and there is one fine stone bridge over the Clyde besides two others. The chief street is ornamented, or disfigured, with an equestrian statue of King William III. placed, not in the middle, but near the flagged path.

Of the collection of six hundred pictures by Robert and Andrew Foulis, which was exposed to the Kunst in Great Britain, after that at Houghston-hall, which I formerly saw here, not a vestige remains.

The Museum of the late Dr. Hunter is deposited in a handsome new stone building with eight Doric pillars.

A quadrangular stone obelisk, of 90 feet high, is erected to the memory of Lord Nelson.

The new Theatre is a grand stone building. At the inn where we lodged, the Temple was furnished with a comfortable fire-place, a cash window, and occasionally a newspaper.

Of Dumbarton I cannot say anything that is not already known. On the road to Luss, on the borders of Loch Lomond is a column about 50 feet in height, erected to the memory of Smollett (who died in 1771), by his brother, the inscription is greatly defaced.

The mountain of Ben Lomond, near this

place, is said to be 2200 feet above the level of the lake.

In Hamilton house, the seat of the Duke of Hamilton, are a great number of fine paintings, perhaps five hundred, especially that of Alexander the Great, by Rubens, which is known all over Europe by the engravings which have been made from it.

A whole length of an Earl of Denbigh, huge as life, in a Spanish dress, with the back ground of an Indian country; oak trees, a Cockatoo, and a Mahatta boy; with the glass the illusion was perfect; it is the best work of Vandyke, which I find recorded in my old journal, and I viewed it again with redoubled pleasure.

In a closet, papered with prints, were the engravings of portraits of the Caesars, which were exhibited about a year ago in London: there were no more than eleven, and there are no more here.

There are some articles lately brought from St. Petersburg by the Marquis of Douglas, being two small circular pedestals of brown Russian granite, 25 inches in diameter and 54 in height, highly polished; a portrait of the Empress Catherine, and another picture representing her on horseback in an army uniform.

But the greatest gem preserved here, is a most beautiful and pure white marble oval vase, with two interlaced handles, ornamented with vine leaves, grapes, and a tiger's skin. There are four heads on each side, in alto-relievo; of these eight, six are with bushy beards, one man's and one woman's head; in the midst of these heads are on one side two Thyrses, and on the other a Thyrsis and a Hecatean club. The diameter is two feet and a half by two feet; twenty one inches deep, and the height is, with the pedestal, thirty inches. The whole vase is as hard a piece of sculpture as that of Woburn, and equal to every thing but in size. It is fixed on a pivot in the pedestal, so that it can be turned round and examined on all sides. It is not in Pliney's book of vases, &c. I never saw it before, neither do I know whether any printed account of it is to be met with.

About a mile distant is Chateaufort, built by the Duke of Hamilton after the model of a castle of the same name somewhere in France. There is no other building of this kind in Great Britain; it is a nondescript, and may remain so.

[To be concluded in our next.]



## ON NOVELTY.

Of all the circumstances that raise emotions, but excepting beauty nor even greatness, (says Lord Kaimes) nothing hath the most powerful influence. A new object produces instantaneously an emotion termed *wonder*, which totally occupies the mind, and for a time excludes all other objects. Conversation among the vulgar never is more interesting than when it turns upon strange objects and extraordinary events. Men tear themselves from their native country in search of things rare and new, and novelty converts into a pleasure the fatigues and even perils of travelling. To what cause shall we ascribe these singular propensities? No curiosity undoubtedly; a principle implanted in human nature for a purpose extremely beneficial, that of acquiring knowledge; and the emotion of wonder raised by new and strange objects inflames our curiosity to know more of these objects. This emotion is different from *admiration*: novelty, wherever found, whether in a quality or action, is the cause of wonder; admiration is directed to the person who performs any thing wonderful.

In the ordinary train of perceptions where one thing introduces another, not a single object makes its appearance unexpectedly: the mind thus prepared for the reception of its objects, admits them one after another without perturbation. But when a thing breaks in unexpectedly, and without the preparation of any expectation, it raises an emotion known by the name of *surprise*. That emotion may be produced by the most familiar object, as when our unexpectedly meets a friend who was reported to be dead; or a man in high life, lately a beggar. On the other hand, a new object, however strange, will not produce the emotion if the spectator be prepared for the sight; an elephant in India will not surprise a traveller who goes to see one; and yet its novelty will raise his wonder: an Indian in Britain would be much surprised to stumble on an elephant feeding at large in the open fields; but the creature itself, to which he was accustomed, would not raise his wonder.

Surprise thus in several respects differs from wonder; unexpectedness is the cause of the former emotion, novelty is the cause of the latter. Nor differ they less in their nature and circumstances. With relation to our circumstance they perfectly agree; which is, the

shortness of their duration: the instantaneous production of these emotions may contribute to that effect, in conformity to a general law, that things soon decay which soon come to perfection.

Whether these emotions be pleasant or painful, is not a clear point. It may appear strange that our own feelings and their capital qualities should afford any matter for doubt; but when we are engrossed by any emotion there is no place for speculation: and when we are calmly calm for speculation it is not easy to recall the emotion with accuracy. New objects are sometimes terrible, sometimes delightful; the terror which a tiger inspires is greatest at first, and wears off gradually by familiarity: on the other hand, even women will acknowledge that it is novelty which pleases the most in a new fashion. It would be rash, however, to conclude that wonder is in itself neither pleasant nor painful, but that it assumes either quality according to circumstances. The first sight of a lion, for example, may at the same instant produce two opposite feelings, the pleasant emotion of wonder, and the painful passion of terror: the novelty of the object produces the former directly, and contributes to the latter indirectly.

Whether surprise be in itself pleasant or painful is a question not less intricate than the former. It is certain that surprise inflames our joy when unexpectedly we meet with an old friend; and not less our terror when we stumble upon any thing noxious. To clear that question, the first thing to be remarked is, that in some instances an unexpected object overpowers the mind, so as to produce a momentary stupefaction; where the object dangerous, or appears so, the sudden alarm it gives, without preparation, is apt totally to unbiase the mind, and for a moment to suspend all its faculties, even thought itself; in which state a man is quite helpless; and if he move at all, is as like to run upon the danger as from it. Surprise carried to such a height cannot be either pleasant or painful; because the mind, during such momentary stupefaction is in a good measure, if not totally, insensible.

If we then inquire for the character of this emotion, it must be where the unexpected object or event produceth less violent effects. And while the mind remains sensible of pleasure and pain, is it not natural to suppose, that

surprise, like wonder, should have an invariable character? It would appear, however, that surprise has no invariable character, but assumes that of the object which raises it.

What the Marechal Saxe teins to *surprise* is no other than fear excited by surprise. It is owing to that cause that an ambush is generally so destructive. Intelligence of it beforehand renders it perfectly harmless. The Marechal gives from Caesar's Commentaries two examples of what he calls *le tour de main*. At the siege of Amiens by the Gauls, Caesar came up with his army, which did not exceed 7000 men; and began to entrench himself in such a manner, that the barbarians, judging him to be afraid, attacked his entrenchments with great spirit. During the time they were filling up the ditch, he issued out with his cohorts, and by attacking them unexpectedly struck a panic that made them fly with precipitation, not a single man offering to make a stand. At the siege of Alesia, the Gauls, infinitely superior in number, attacked the Roman lines of circumvallation, in order to raise the siege. Caesar ordered a body of his men to march out silently, and to attack them on the one flank, while he with another body did the same on the other flank. The surprise of being attacked when they expected a defence only, put the Gauls into disorder, and gave an easy victory to Caesar.

A third may be added not less memorable. In the year 846, an obstinate battle was fought between Xamir King of Leon and Abdoulrahman the King of Spain. After a very long conflict, the night only prevented the Arabians from obtaining a complete victory. The King of Leon, taking advantage of the darkness, retreated to a neighbouring hill, leaving the Arabians masters of the field of battle. Next morning, perceiving that he could not maintain his place for want of provisions, nor be able to draw off his men on the face of a victorious army, he ranged his men in order of battle, and, without losing a moment, marched to attack the enemy, resolving to conquer or die. The Arabians, astonished to be attacked by those who were conquered the night before, lost all heart: fear succeeded to astonishment, the panic was universal, and they all turned their backs without almost drawing a sword.

The pleasure of novelty is easily distinguished from that of variety: to produce the latter, a plurality of objects is necessary; the former arises from a circumstance found in a single

Again, where objects, whether co-existent, or in succession, are sufficiently diversified, the pleasure of variety is complete, though every single object of the train be fa-

miliar: but the pleasure of novelty, directly opposite to familiarity, requires no diversification.

There are different degrees of novelty, and its effects are in proportion. The lowest degree is found in objects surveyed a second time after a brief interval; and that is this case an object takes on some appearance of novelty, is examined with expression, a large building of many parts variously adorned, or an extensive field embellished with trees, flocks, temples, statues, and other ornaments will appear less often than once: the memory of an object so complex is soon lost, its parts at least, or of their arrangement. But experience teaches, that, even without any decay of remembrance, absence alone will excite in air of novelty to a once found object; which is not surprising, because familiarity wears off gradually by absence: thus a person with whom we have been intimate, returning after a long interval, appears like a new acquaintance. And distance of place contributes to this appearance, not less than distance of time: a friend, for example, after a short absence in a remote country, has the same air of novelty as if he had returned after a longer interval from a place nearer home: the mind forms a connection between him and the remote country, and bestows upon him the singularity of the objects he has seen. For the same reason, when two things equally new and singular are presented, the spectator balances between them; but when told that one of them is the product of a distant quarter of the world, he no longer hesitates, but clings to it as the more singular: hence the preference given to foreign luxuries, and to foreign curiosities, which appear rare in proportion to their original distance.

The next degree of novelty, mounting upward, is found in objects of which we have some information at second hand; for description, though it contribute to familiarity, can not altogether remove the appearance of novelty when the object itself is presented: the first sight of a lion occasions some wonder, after a thorough acquaintance with the correct pictures and statues of that animal.

A new object that bears some distant resemblance to a known species, is an instance of a third degree of novelty: a strong resemblance among individuals of the same species, prevents almost entirely the effect of novelty, unless distance of place or some other circumstance concur; but where the resemblance is faint, some degree of wonder is felt, and the emotion rises in proportion to the faintness of the resemblance.

The highest degree of wonder ariseth from unknown objects that have no analogy to any species we are acquainted with. Shakespeare in a simile introduces that species of novelty:

As glorious to the sight

As if a winged messenger from heaven

“Uplift the white up-turned wondering eye

“Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him

“When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds

“And sails upon the bosom of the air.”

#### ROME AND JULIUS.

One example of that species of novelty deserves peculiar attention: and that is, when an object altogether new is seen by our persons only, and for once. Three circumstances heighten remarkably the emotion: the singularity of the spectator coöperates with the singularity of the object, to increase wonder to its highest pitch.

In explaining the effects of novelty, the place a being occupies in the scale of existence, is a circumstance that must not be omitted. Novelty to the individuals of a low class is perceived with indifference, or with a very slight emotion: thus a pebble, however singular in its appearance, scarcely moves our wonder. The emotion rises with the rank of the object; and, other circumstances being equal, is strongest in the highest order of existence; strange insect affects us more than a strange vegetable; and a strange quadruped more than a strange insect.

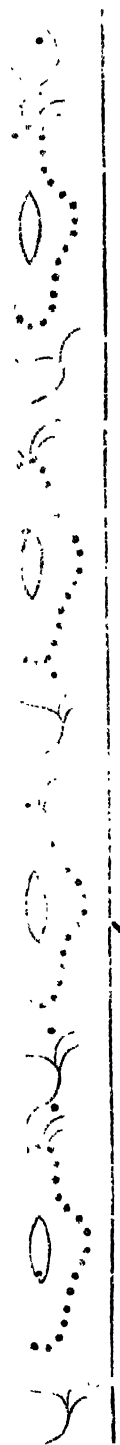
However natural novelty may be, it is a matter of experience, that those who relish it best are most careful to conceal its influence. Love of novelty, it is true, prevails in children and idlers, and in men of shallow understanding; and yet, after all, why should we be ashamed of indulging a natural propensity? distinction will afford a satisfactory answer. No man is ashamed of curiosity when it is induced to acquire knowledge. But to prefer any thing merely because it is new, shows a mean taste which one ought to be ashamed of: feint is commonly at the bottom, which leads to who are deficient in taste to prefer things odd, rare, or singular, in order to distinguish themselves from others. And in fact, not appetite, as above-mentioned, reigns only among persons of a mean taste, who are not of refined and elegant pleasures.

Our taste we have some memorable instances of the highest and the best. Lucien tells the following story

of Ptolemy I. which is as disgraceful to him as honourable to his subjects. This Prince has ravacked the world for two curiosities: one was a camel from Bactria all over black; the other a man half black half white. These he presented to the people in a public spectacle, thinking they would give them as much satisfaction as they did him; but the black monster instead of delighting them, affrighted them; and the party-coloured man raised the contempt of some and the abhorrence of others. Ptolemy, finding the Egyptians preferred symmetry and beauty to the most astonishing productions of art or nature, withdrew them, wisely removed his two enormous titles out of sight; the neglected camel died in little time; and the man he gave for nothing to the musician Theopis.

One single cause of wonder, hinted above is, that this emotion is intended to stimulate our curiosity. Another, somewhat different, is to prepare the mind for receiving deep impressions of new objects. An acquaintance with the various things that may affect us, and with their properties is essential to our well being: nor will a slight or superficial acquaintance be sufficient; they ought to be deeply engrained on the mind, as to be ready for use upon every occasion. Now, in order to a deep impression, it is wisely contrived that things should be introduced to our acquaintance with a certain pomp and solemnity productive of a vivid emotion. When the impression is once fairly made, the emotion of novelty being no longer necessary, vanisheth almost instantaneously; never to return, unless where the impression happens to be obliterated by length of time or other means; in which case the second introduction hath nearly the same solemnity with the first.

The final cause of surprise is still more evident than of novelty. Self-love makes us vigilantly attentive to self-preservation; but self-love, which operates by means of reason and reflection, and impels not the mind to any particular object or from it, is a principle too cool for a sudden emergency; an object breaking in unexpectedly, affords no time for deliberation; and in that case, the agitation of surprise comes in seasonably to rouse self-love into action: surprise gives the alarm, and if there be any appearance of danger, our whole force is instantly summoned to combat to prevent it.



• *And a small paper book, by the way, too.* •



# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

## FASHIONS

For DECEMBER, 1809.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

#### ENGLISH COSTUME.

##### No. 1.—CONCERT-ROOM FULL DRESS.

A Polonaise dress of green and yellow double twilled sarsnet; worn over a drapery of rich white lace, with long sleeves; confined at the bosom, the waist, and on the arms by topaz brooches; ornamented with silver trimming and tassels; a body and train of yellow satin. A Grecian head-dress, composed of silver spangled crape and white satin, marked off at the crown by a wreath of green foil, and finished on the left side with a silver cord and tassels, worn with two white ostrich feathers tipped with green. Topaz necklace and earrings. Shoes and gloves of pale yellow, white, or green. The hair in full short ringlet curls.

##### No. 2 —JUBILEE CLOAK AND WALKING DRESS.

A simple Village robe of white corded cambray, a walking length, with long sleeves; ornamented round the bottom with four rows of small tucks; made to sit high in the back, and over the shoulders, meeting in front with a gold brooch; trimmed round the neck with vandyked ribband, and confined at the waist by a purple velvet girdle. A Jubilee cloak, of aurora coloured Merino cloth; lined with royal purple silk, ornamented with gold braiding; tied at the throat with gold cord and tassels. A Turban hat, with a full plume of shaded down. Necklace and earrings of gold or coral. Shoes of purple Morocco. Gloves of York tan.

#### PARTSIAN FASHIONS.

The cold weather has obliged our *elegantes* to adopt their winter clothing; but the transition has been so sudden that nothing very new or remarkable has yet appeared. The winter pelisses, like those worn in summer, have one and sometimes two very full capes;

No. LII.—Vol. VII.

the sleeves of some are drawn in by six or seven runnings similar to those in an infant's cap, and in the place of an erect collar a frill is substituted. Shagred silk has taken the place of fur as a trimming for pelisses; this article is in great favour with the *modistes* as they not only use it as a trimming, but form entire hats of it. Bonnets of the newest fashion are distinguished by a species of cockade composed of leaves of an oblong form. Deep yellow, green, white, and pink, are the prevailing colours. Many white velvet bonnets are seen. A white bonnet with feathers, a gown of coloured silk made very short, with a white petticoat, and a cashmere shawl folded three or four times round the figure, is one of the most recent carriage costumes.

Some of the fashionables have covered their transparent gowns, which display the elegance of their form to the greatest advantage (similar to the ancient drapery), with an enormous cloak, as large as a hackney-coachman's great coat, the load of which recalls to our mind the dress of a capuchin; this cloak is trimmed with fur, and covers every part except the face, by which alone a pretty woman can be recognized; but the rigour of the season has compelled them to this disguise, and the Venus of the capital is become the Venus of Kamschatka.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

#### FASHION AND DRESS.

At this middle season of the year the reign of fashion may be said to be wholly at the discretion of taste and fancy, whose sway, because less absolute, is productive of greater variety, not unfrequently combining elegance with novelty; we must therefore endeavour to select such articles of attire as will appear to us to merit at a more decisive period the full stamp and approbation of fashion.

C c

For the out-door costume, mantles and pelisses are a mode of dress yet unrivalled. They are often constructed of rich double twilled sarsnet, or velvet; but Merino cloth holds a decided pre-eminence. The favourite colour royal or bishops-purple, lined with white or marigold sarsnet; they are made to fit tight to the figure, wrapping over the bosom, and buttoning down on the right side, with small raised silk buttons, confined to the waist (which is long) by a band and buckle. To give breadth over the bosom and back (now considered indispensable), the arm-hole is cut so small as nearly to exclude the cap of the shoulder; and to increase this effect, is placed a half sleeve (very shallow) over the long sleeve, trimmed the same as the pelisse. Figured bindings of velvet, in a wave pattern, are most in esteem. Gold is becoming rather too general. Embroidered borderings in chenille are chiefly confined to dress, or at most are only seen in carriages; but many of our elegant *ladies* declaim coloured edgings altogether.— Mantles are made longer and wider than last month; they have full collars confined at the throat with long bows and ends of corded ribband finished with tassels, left plain in the back, and plaited full on the shoulders, to admit of their folding over the arms and bosom. The hoods have also increased in dimensions, and now serve as a temporary defence against the night air, or sudden currents of wind. When worn in public on an evening, they are mostly composed of orange, scarlet, or marigold Merino cloth; but at our churches and on the public walks the more quiet colours seem to prevail.

French coats in scarlet, Spanish green, purple, or brown cloth, with high full collars, brooches at the throat, falling in the style of a robe, but confined to the waist behind by a silk cord or tassel, brought round to the before; the edges wrought in shaded olive brown chenille, or relieved with swansdown; worn over a high dress of the same materials, are an elegant and graceful walking-dress. The Tunic, of Turkish coat, with long full hanging sleeves lined with fur, sufficiently wide to admit both hands, thus supplying the place of a muff, is another novelty.

The long swansdown tippet has entirely taken place among our fashionables of the spotted ermine pelerinks; we have observed, likewise, a few white muffs.

Hats and bonnets are variously constructed after the Turkish, Spanish, or Grecian manner. Riding hats in black beaver, with rather a broad ribband tied in a small bow before; or in the Spanish form with two small flat ostrich

feathers, are of the newest and most fashionable adoption. Straws are a good deal worn, either variegated or embroidered in coloured chenille; we have seen several in black chip, ornamented with pink, or orange feathers, tipped with black; the form by no means absolute, but to be adapted to the figure and features of the wearer.

Morning dresses have undergone some little variation since our last communications. The French robe trimmed with a full border of India muslin in small plaits, or bound with ribband, confined to the waist behind by a corded ribband sash, finished with tassels; to be worn over a complete high dress; the robe being intended to fall back without a collar, hanging gracefully over the shoulders, is of the latest fashion. The sleeves are made to fasten at the wrist with coral or cornelian buttons. The corded cambric is the favourite article in their construction.

For dinner or afternoon dresses, nearly the same fashion prevails. The gowns are still cut square in the back, and on the bosom, rather lower as well before as behind: the shoulders something more exposed. Gimp bands and buckles confine the waist. In this class of attire, Queen's stuffs are considered the most fashionable. Lustres, poplins, imperial, and other bombazeens, are also much worn, ornamented with a very narrow gold braiding. The colours, orange, scarlet, cinnamon, marigold, and bishops-blue. White dresses of a transparent texture have a very good effect when worn with a French coat, made of either of the above materials, and supplies the place of the Roman mantle, scarf, or tippet of swansdown, which would be otherwise indispensable.

No material alteration has taken place in the formation of evening dresses since our last. The trains are worn half a yard in length; the sleeves to button at the wrist with gold, silver, garnet, pearl, or other buttons. White satin trimmed with gold; blue, ornamented with silver; fine muslins embroidered round the bottom in wreaths, bouquets, and sprigs, tastefully intermixed with lace, constitute the dresses of our most fashionable *ladies*. The Theresa handkerchief of white lace, and satin tippet edged with swansdown, are very generally worn.

In full dress, caps of white satin, ornamented with ostrich feathers, or turbans of silver or gold tissue, with rich embroidered handkerchiefs are most in esteem.

We have noticed several new devices in jewellery: harlequins, peacocks, tulips, and butterflies, in appropriate coloured gems have a

pleasingly novel effect; necklaces in ruby, garnet, emerald, topaz, diamond, and pearl; with earrings, bracelets, and brooches to correspond. Combs are mostly ornamented with pearls in the form of a shell, or studded with coloured gems.

The Grecian sandal, in the form of a half-boot, cut out on each side the lace holes, displaying the stocking, made of white kid,

bound, laced, and embroidered in silver, is a very graceful ornament for the foot and ankle. White figured silk shoes colished with purple satin, embroidered in silver, are of the newest invention.

The prevailing colours for the season are orange, marigold, scarlet, aurore, cinnamon, bishops-purple, and amber.

## THOUGHTS ON AFFECTATION IN THE FEMALE SEX.

### INDULGENCE FOR THE FAILINGS OF OTHERS.

WHOEVER feels in its full extent, and endeavours as far as possible to practice the rule delivered by Christ himself,—“Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them, for this is the law and the prophets,” will not fail to exercise the truest indulgence towards errors which must excite more of compassion than contempt in a Christian's heart, whose consciousness of infirmity more naturally inclines to friendly sorrow for a fellow-creature, than to the scorn of failings so often put on by the proud declaimer against every deviation from propriety. The Christian observance of error conceals follies which many nominally indulgent friends publish to the world, with the assumed benevolence of tender lamentation for the improper behaviour of a person they feel so much regard for, and “are as sorry for the fault as if they themselves had committed it. Such behaviour could, they suppose, proceed only from downright ignorance, nothing else can excuse it; and though it seems almost impossible for — not to know customs better, yet they really are willing to believe that that alone must be the cause of such unaccountable deviation from common rules, with which even children are acquainted; but some people do seem to live in a wood for ever, and — is the best hearted, thoughtless creature in the universe, though to be sure there is no defending this strange conduct.”— Is this Christian benevolence? Is it not rather the affectation of indulgence for a person who has acted imprudently, perhaps improperly? but who would not sink so entirely in the opinion of the world, were it not for the cruel kindness which

“Danns with faint praise, assents with civil leer,” and implies much more than is openly said; whilst proclamation is made of a friend's faults,

accompanied by quantities of fulsome excuses for what is all the time pronounced inexcusable! “Such a one is so insufferably awkward! but it is no wonder: I vow and wonder she is not worse, and I am sure allowance ought to be made, when one recollects what a low set she was in before she married.”—“It is quite tiresome to be in company with Mr. —; he is stupidity itself, and so shy! But, poor creature! he never had any education, and when he came into his fortune had not an idea beyond the farm-house he was used to; so indeed he deserves more to be pitied than blamed.”

How often is this good-natured compassion for the mistakes of their neighbours delivered as if the affected indulgence were real in those people, who, if they have any feeling at all, would have preferred perfect silence on circumstances which did not redound to the credit of their acquaintance. Introducing the failings of friends into conversation, in order to exhibit our own tenderness in their justification, is one of the common arts of affected indulgence; but it is so slight a varnish, that no one is deceived by it, and the poor imitation of that truly amiable quality never yet gained a friend, whilst the reality of it secures many for life.

Sincere indulgence for the failings of others by no means requires the blindness to the faults of those we love, which is sometimes observable in people of warm affections and not very strong understandings. But as a blind person cannot judge of objects of sight, so blind love, or silly laughing good-nature, cannot be indulgent to error of which it is in fact ignorant. To be truly indulgent, there must first be a strong perception of error. We must understand what is wrong, before we can either reprove or excuse it. Severe reproof from an affectionate heart, delivered with the friendly intention of reforming the person who is blame-worthy, is by no means inconsistent



with the most liberal indulgence, nay, I firmly believe, and hope I shall not be deemed paradoxical for affirming, that the people of most strictness are usually the most indulgent.

Indulgence with the most keen perception of evil never despairs of a cure, and, if possible, seeks for the source of the complaint in some cause which shall be less reproachful to the person in disrepute than the action itself appears to the common observer; but never endeavours, if a reasonable excuse cannot reasonably be made, certainly never endeavours to palliate one fault by obtruding another into notice. The chief symptom of genuine indulgence is private unassuming forgiveness, although the sentiments with regard to conduct in general remain severe enough to alarm those who cannot understand that virtue ever reprobates, but is ever ready to pardon repentant vice.

Our plea for forgiveness of trespasses is, as we forgive those who trespass! How can we then dare to *affect* only, instead of being *really* indulgent?

#### STRICTNESS.

It has just been observed, that those whose opinions are strict, and who are most so to their own feelings, are commonly most indulgent to those of other people; but it is likewise true, that where any extreme strictness is ostentatiously displayed, we usually suspect the violent declaimers against vice folly to be not altogether the impeccable persons they wish to be supposed, and by no means to practise all they preach.

"Judge not, lest ye be judged," (Matt.

vii. 1) ought to check many a harsh censure and decisive opinion; yet is this style so much resorted to, in the endeavour to gain a character for uprightness, by severely condemning the wickedness of the times in general, and of acquaintance in particular, that, quite regardless of the assurance, that "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," (Matt. vii. 2) a strange unaccountable strictness is too commonly affected by persons of the most lax principles and conduct. I have known a man deliver a grave rebuke to his servant for missing church, when he himself never attended his duty there; and declaim against the licentiousness of the lower ranks, whilst his own example taught nothing but what was infamous!

This is indisputably true, and it is truly melancholy to be obliged to acknowledge the justice of Dr. Young's famous line,

"And men talk only to conceal the mind."

Affected strictness used to cover vice, or to impose on the minds of the public, is hypocrisy of the deepest dye; and anxiously must one wish, that instead of labouring so hard to obtain a name, half of the trouble bestowed on the ineffectual attempt were devoted to the acquirement of some one valuable quality; which, though not so dazzling to the terrified eyes of those who tremble before false strictness, would be far more beneficial to the person who is contented with doing what is right himself, without for ever condemning his neighbour. Never affecting any thing which is not your own, dare to be what you *are*, but then be strictly careful *what* it is that you *dare* to be.

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

OR,

BELL'S

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR DECEMBER, 1809.

### EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An Elegant PORTRAIT of the RIGHT HON. LADY MELVILLE.
2. TWO WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES in the FASHIONS of the SEASON, COLOURED.
3. AN ORIGINAL SONG, set to Music for the Lute and Piano-forte; composed exclusively for this Work, by Mr. HOOK.
4. Two elegant and new PATTERNS for NEEDLE-WORK.

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

Lady Melville ..... 207

### ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

- Icelandic Witches ..... 208  
Hymenæa in search of a Husband ..... 209  
Original letters—The Power of Women;  
Marrying a Fine Woman; Female Education;  
Good Manners; Marriage Ring ..... 211  
History of the Oldeastle family ..... 217  
History of Don Lewis de Barbaian ..... 221  
Some Observations made in a five weeks' recent excursion from London to Edinburgh ..... 225  
State of the Case between the Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, and the Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians; drawn up by Sir Richard Steel, in the year 1720 ..... 229

- Anecdotes of depravity in London from 1700 to 1800 ..... 235  
A curious Arithmetical Problem ..... 236  
Remarkable History of Maria Elconora Schoning ..... 237

### BEAUTIES OF THE BRITISH POETS.

#### BEAUTIES OF BLAIR.

- The Grave ..... 41

### LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE

- Explanation of the Prints of Fashion .... 241  
General Observations on the most approved Fashions for the Season ..... ib.  
Thoughts on affectation in the female sex ..... 243  
Supplementary Advertisements for the Month.

THE HALF YEARLY  
**SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER.**

---

THIS day is published with the present Number of *La Belle Assemblée*, No. LIIV. being the regular SUPPLEMENTAL Number, which concludes the Seventh Volume of this Work, with the termination of the year.—Containing

YOUNG's  
**NIGHT-THOUGHTS, COMPLETE;**

With INDEX and TITLE-PAGE as usual.

Together with

**A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF YOUNG,**

Of the same Size and excellence of Engraving with the Portrait of POPE, given in No. 40, of this Work.

The SUPPLEMENT is charged Half-a-crown; and Subscribers are requested to give immediate orders for it to their several Booksellers, that they may procure fine impressions and complete their Volume.

Bell's

# COURT AND FASHIONABLE

# MAGAZINE,

For DECEMBER, 1809.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

### ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Fifty-third Number. :

#### THE RIGHT HONOURABLE VISCOUNTESS MELVILLE.

THE Right Honourable Lady Melville, whose Portrait embellishes the present Number of *La Belle Assemblée*, is the wife of Viscount Melville, who will be long remembered in the annals of this country, as Mr. Henry Dundas, as well as by the name of his present honours. Her Ladyship is a daughter of the late Earl of Hopetoun, and sister to the present Nobleman of that name; she was married to Lord Melville, when Secretary of State, and before he was advanced to the dignities which he now enjoys. Her Ladyship, we believe, has no family by his Lordship.

The character of Lady Melville has always been in unison with her rank and education; she is unaffected, and unpretending; not arrived to much celebrity

in the circles of Fashion, indeed scarcely distinguished in the annals of the *haut ton*.

Her Ladyship resides almost wholly in Scotland, and has such an attachment to her native country, that all the splendour and gaiety of a metropolitan Court have been unable to weaken this affection, or wean her from the early connections of her youth. It must be confessed to the credit of the Scottish Nobility, that, contrary to the example which is set them by the Irish, they confer upon their native country all the advantages of their opulence, and the numerous benefits derived from their personal residence amongst their tenants. This is a trait of national character, in which the Irish are remarkably deficient.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

## ICELANDIC WITCHES:

MR. EDITOR,

As I perceive you have admitted two communications with respect to that phenomenon the Mermaid, perhaps one of a kind almost as curious, will not be uninteresting.

Of the witches, and the estimation in which they were held among the Danes and Anglo-Saxons, we have some curious notes in *Erm's Ranga Saga*, and other Icelandic annals. One of them is thus described: "There was an old woman named Heida, famous for her skill in divination, and the arts of magic, who frequented public entertainments, predicting what kind of weather would be the year after, and telling men and women their fortunes. She was constantly attended by thirty men servants, and waited on by fifteen young maidens." These venerable hags were all old women: for age among our ancestors was always connected with an idea of wisdom; and princes and great men were desirous to invite them to their houses, to consult them about the success of their designs, the fortunes of themselves and families, and any future event which they desired to know. On these occasions, they made great preparation for their honourable reception, and entertained them in the most respectful manner. The description of the witch Thorbjorga, in *Ranga Saga*, and her interview with Earl Thorchill, are curious. She is represented as the only survivor of nine sisters, all witches or fortune-tellers, who were famous for their knowledge of futurity, and who frequented public entertainments, when invited. Earl Thorchill, in order to be informed when a sickness or famine would cease, which then raged in the country, sent for, and made proper prepara-

tions for the reception of Thorbjorga. On her arrival in the evening, she was dressed in a gown of green cloth, buttoned from top to bottom; about her neck was a string of glass beads, and her head was covered with the skin of a black lamb, lined with that of a white cat; her shoes were of calf's skin, with the hair on, tied with thongs, and fastened with brass buttons; and on her hands were a pair of gloves, of white cat's skin, with the fur inward; about her waist she wore a Hunlandic girdle, at which hung a bag, containing her magical instruments, and she supported herself on a staff, adorned with many knobs of brass. On her entrance, the whole company rose and saluted her, and Earl Thorchill advancing, took her by the hand, and conducted her to the seat prepared for her, on which was a cushion of hens' feathers. After some ceremony, and refreshment was set before her, Thorchill, humbly approaching the prophetess, requested to know what she thought of his house and family, and if she would be pleased to tell them what they desired to know? She answered, next day she would fully satisfy them; accordingly, on the morrow, having put her instruments of divination in order, she commanded Godreda, one of her maidens, to sing the magical song called *Varllokurb*, which she sung with so clear and sweet a voice as delighted the company, and in particular the prophetess, who declared that she then knew many things respecting the famine and sickness which before she was ignorant of. The famine would be of short continuance, and the sickness would abate. Each of the family then asked her what questions they pleased, and she told them every thing they desired to know.

## HYMENEA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

*[Continued from page 174.]*

• WHEN we resumed our coach my aunt thus resumed her story:—

I have already informed you that Edward was an orphan, wholly without fortune, and entirely dependant on the bounty and protection of the Doctor • Sir William, on the contrary, had a princely fortune. The fortune of Clarissa did not exceed two thousand pounds, but the advowson of a rectory, exceeding five hundred pounds per annum, was attached to it. From these circumstances you will perhaps infer the generous intentions of the worthy Doctor; which were, briefly, to unite Clarissa and Edward, and to increase the fortune of the former by the addition of two thousand pounds more which he himself had accumulated."

"But which of the young men," said I, "was in chief favour with Clarissa?"

"You shall be informed," replied my aunt, "if you have patience to wait the due course of my story. With these intentions on the part of the Doctor, you may imagine his confusion when Sir William, availing himself of a suitable moment, thus addressed him:—'My dear Sir, I have to implore you to add another augmentation to the debt which I already owe you; I love your niece; I flatter myself that I am not despised by her; her rank is not inferior to my own; you are the guardian of both. I have already informed my friends of my attachment, and have not only their consent but their decided approbation; here are letters from —, which will speak for themselves.' Saying this he put the letters into the hands of the Doctor, who found that the substance of their contents was an earnest recommendation of the subject of his wishes, and the general consent of the family of Sir William to his union with Clarissa.

"The Doctor, thus assailed, could take no part but to consult his niece; it became his duty, moreover, to advise her acceptance of an offer thus advantageous to her in every point of view.—'I must confess, however (said he), that this matter has not fallen out entirely to my wishes. There

was another for whom I had intended you; another almost as dear to me as yourself. I must endeavour, however, to compensate him for my disappointment. Sir William and you now must assist me. The same day that unites Sir William and you, gives the next presentation of your rectory to Edward. With this qualification I consent to Sir William's proposal.'

"Clarissa still maintained an obstinate silence, nor could all the intreaties of the Doctor induce her to disclose her sentiments. From that day, however, Sir William addressed her openly, and Edward, upon his part, did not relax in his efforts to obtain a preference. The country around rang of nothing but of the rival gallantry and love of the two youths. Clarissa obstinately persisted in the declaration that neither of them had yet obtained any preference in her favour.—'Let them fight it out then (said the Doctor); and let him wear her that wins her.'

"The Doctor, however, became at length impatient at the long delay, and insisted that Clarissa should make her choice. He would have insisted, however, in vain, had not a circumstance intervened which brought the affair to a conclusion sooner than was expected. This was the arrival of a nobleman in the country, an acquaintance of the father of Edward; who, hearing the unprovided state of the youth, immediately charged himself with his future fortune. The nobleman requested the permission of the Doctor that Edward might accompany him on a mission to the Court of Petersburg, whither the Earl was at that time about to depart on an embassy of an important state nature.

"The Doctor informed Edward of this advantageous offer; and took the opportunity of mentioning it, when Clarissa was in the apartment.—'You must go (said he); it is my duty to insist that you should not decline a proposal which you can never expect will be repeated. The rank and favour of your patron will ensure your fortune.'

"Clarissa, who was carving a fowl, D d

shewed manifest signs of confusion upon this intimation; the fowl was demolished into a thousand pieces; and her confusion was in no slight degree augmented by the observation that her uncle's attention was fixed upon her. As to Edward, he was himself so confounded, that the emotions of Clarissa were not perceived by him. The Doctor, sagaciously thinking that he had seen enough, withdrew from the apartment.

"My dearest Clarissa," said Edward, "my life is now at your disposal."

"Your fortune, you mean," said she, recovering her composure, and with a determination to conceal her feelings.

"Nay, my life," said he; "for I must obey my benefactor, and my obedience, in withdrawing from you, cannot have any other result than to cost me my life."

"You will not die so easily," said Clarissa. "You must not detain me now with a long face and long speech. I will take my resolution by to-morrow; do you take yours."

"Mine is already taken," said he. "If you reject me I care not what becomes of me. I will fly the country where every object must recal you to my memory. If you accept of my addresses ———"

"What a set of horrible words have you put together," said Clarissa. "Oh for some Knight of Romance to deliver me from two such persecutors! If I should decide for your services, William has sworn that the kingdom is not for him. If I decide for him ———"

"Perish the thought!" said Edward furiously.

"Well, well," replied Clarissa; "between you both you will frighten me into something. And remember that no one shall know it but the one from whom it cannot be concealed." Saying this she left the apartment.

"For several succeeding days the conduct of Edward was little short of that of a madman; and the more so because Clarissa, at her own intreaty, had gone to visit a distant family, and had departed without the knowledge of any one but the Doctor; and the place of her retreat was purposely concealed. The Doctor was confounded himself at this purpose of his niece; it did not seem very favourable to the addresses of Edward. Clarissa was not to return till

he had departed.—"I know that he loves me," said she as she took leave of her uncle; "and his love for me may render it painful to him to follow where his interest and your wishes point the way."

"And what is to be done with Sir William's letters?" said the Doctor. "Are they to be forwarded?"

"Certainly," said Clarissa; "you would not have the barbarity, my dear uncle, to keep them back; they will be as necessary to me as the Newspaper is to you. I shall expect them every morning till William returns from his aunt. By the way, uncle, he should not, I think, be absent at this time."

"I have consented," said the Doctor, "that you shall have your choice, but I must shortly insist that you will make one. Both these young men are very excellent youths, and I cannot consent that their happiness should be sported with."

"Certainly not, uncle, that would be barbarous in the extreme. Well, farewell; remember only to keep my secret. Edward goes on the Friday, I think. I shall return, therefore, on the Saturday or Sunday." Saying this she nodded to the Doctor's coachman, and the coachman drove off; leaving the Doctor in a greater puzzle than Eschylus himself had ever caused him.

"The conduct of Edward, as I have said, for the first two days, was little short of that of a furious insanity, when on a sudden, to the surprise of every one, he became tranquil; his tranquillity seemed still more extraordinary than his former violence. The day at length arrived for his departure.—"Let us see (said the Doctor to himself), how he will now conduct himself; surely this mutual dissimulation will proceed no farther."

"The Doctor, however, was still mistaken. The day arrived, and Edward with the utmost apparent composure attended the commands of his benefactor.—"My dear Edward (said he), 'I know no one to whom I would consent to trust you but to the worthy nobleman who has undertaken the charge. I know that his character is not inferior to his rank and influence. I know that he was a sincere friend of your father, and I have therefore no fear in passing you over to his patronage and pro-

tection. Farewell, my boy, and remember what I have taught you as your first duty as a man. Remember that your first duty is to serve God by living a virtuous life, and remember that innocence is not inconsistent with happiness. If all the heathen philosophers could acknowledge and inculcate this maxim, with how much more force does it attach upon Christians. The heathens knew nothing of the fall of man, and of his consequent redemption by the mercy of the Almighty; their conclusions, therefore, were strictly founded upon the intrinsic nature of virtue. Of how much more obligation, therefore, is this virtue to us, when to the excellence of its intrinsic nature we have to add the sanctions of our religion; believe me, in every cross and calamity of life the best consolation will be found in religion; in the most implicit confidence in the goodness and mercy of a Being who knows all that we need, and has the power and the will to give it us.

"With these words the worthy Doctor dismissed his beloved pupil, not a little surprized at the apparent indifference, and, as it seemed to him; evident insensibility with which Edward requested him to remember him to Clarissa, and to intreat of her that she would occasionally answer his letters.—'I am going into foreign countries (said he); I have made a promise to Clarissa that I will occasionally write her an account of the manners of the courts, and particularly the ladies abroad. I shall keep my promise very faithfully; and must again express my hopes that

Clarissa will not forget hers. She has promised me in turn to make me acquainted with every thing that shall occur worthy of mention in your family circle. There are innumerable things, my dear Sir, which must interest the absent though they may appear very trivial to those who are present. A lady is always the best scribe upon these occasions; she paints the picture as it lies before her. Remember her of her promise, my . . . let her not omit to write to me, and I will faithfully, and in detail, execute my commission with respect to her.'

"I will not forget," said the Doctor, shaking the hand of Edward as he extended it from the window of his patron's coach which had called for him. In this action he observed a most valuable ring on the finger of Edward, and immediately recognized it to have been Clarissa's, and to have belonged to her father.—'When did you last see Clarissa?' demanded the Doctor in some surprize.

"Edward was in a manifest confusion upon this demand.—'The Earl will be waiting for me, my dear Sir,' said he, endeavouring to evade the question.

"Young man (said the Doctor), I will accompany you for some part of the way. I have an equal interest in Clarissa; and the apparent conduct of both of you, as it seems to me at present, has very much the air of ingratitude.' Saying this he ascended the carriage, and the coachman drove off."

[To be continued.]

## ORIGINAL LETTERS.

### THE POWER OF WOMEN.

MR. EDITOR,

It is with much pleasure I find that you are about to avail yourself of your extensive circulation to be of service to your readers, and more particularly to your female readers, and through them to their husbands and fathers. Some elegant writer has said, that the happiness of mankind so much depends upon women, that if laws

could be made completely to comprehend women, it would render all laws against men unnecessary. Perhaps the ancient philosophers allude to something of this kind when they describe the great chain of nature, and of being, to be upheld by what they termed *love*. By this love they doubtless meant the power of women.

I have been married but a very short time, about eight months. You will, no doubt, infer that this is the preface to some



matrimonial complaint. I have a complaint, Sir, and it may be stated in one short sentence—my wife is a good housewife, a managing woman, one who is resolved that she will not make me poorer; and who consults my fortune at the expense of my quiet, my comfort,—I had almost said of my happiness. I perfectly agree with the remark of your correspondent, that the whole happiness of a man is in his domestic life—in his domestic comfort; and that it is of little signification who is king or who is minister, as long as the sovereignty and administration of his own house remain in its proper hands. I freely confess, Sir, for my own part, that I care about no parliament but that of my own parlour, and feel no bad administration but that of my own wife.

We had scarcely been married three months, when my wife informed me that it was time for us to begin as we meant to go on; that she should immediately arrange the household, and put every thing in its proper order and system. With this purpose, having obtained my free consent, both present and future, she began by turning the house upside down. In the first place, all the bricklayers in the neighbourhood were put in requisition, that they might alter the chimneys and grates. Some of the grates were too large, some too small, some wasted coals, in others the fire would not burn, every grate, therefore, was dismissed on some complaint or other. A month passed in this manner, the house was filled with a pack of rogues, and was fairly pulled to pieces. This piece of useless bustle cost me about as much as could by any possibility have been the amount of all the coals consumed in our whole lifetime.

When this business was done, I thought I should have some peace; but nothing of this kind was intended. I did not as yet know my wife. "My dear," said she, "it is very probable we may have a family."—"Certainly, my love," replied I.—"Then look at these windows, my love, do not they make you tremble; suppose a child to fall from these windows; consider, my dear, do." I could not but admit the justice of these cautions; accordingly the blacksmith was sent for, and every window in my house was disguised by bars from top

to bottom; and all this under an apprehension for the safety of the children, not one of whom were yet, nor to this moment, has been born.

After the windows were thus barred, and light excluded, there was yet another step. She happened to read one morning a paragraph in one of the Papers, respecting the accidental death of a lady by fire. "How dangerous are these fire places," said she, "how cruelly dangerous will they be to the children." "To what children, my dear," said I. "Why, to our children," replied she; "to the children we are to have."

I could not object to this prudent forecast. Accordingly, the whitesmith was sent for, and fenders made to every grate in the house so completely secure against fires, that neither fire nor heat can escape through them or over them.

The next progress of my managing wife was to lay in a load (for such it really was) of linen, as if she were about to store a war-house.—"My dear," said she, "it is a bargain, and will not spoil, and a large family, you know,—" "What large family, my dear," said I. "Why, my love, the family—we are to have."

I will not trouble you, Sir, by running through the long line of my grievances, you will see enough by this specimen to pity me. I am really in a fair way of being ruined by a large family before I have a single child; and have already also the incumbrances of a numerous household, whilst the actual number of my family *yet born*, consists of my wife, myself, a maid servant, and a cat.—Pray, dear Sir, remonstrate against this prudent management, and hereby save a man who in a few months after his marriage has come into the providing for a family of ten children, with remainders even for grandchildren.—I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,  
SIMON FORECAST.

#### MARRYING A FINE WOMAN.

SIR,—I was much pleased with a letter inserted in your last Magazine, in which the honest Citizen produces a well founded complaint against his wife and family. It is a shrewd observation of Doctor Johnson's, that the greater part of the sum of

human misery is made up of pitiful accumulations; of things which considered by themselves, are contemptible, but being of such frequent occurrence, constitute the happiness or misery of life. This is so true, that I can produce an example of it in my own family. To say ad in a word, Sir, I likewise have my sufferings; and your public exposition of them may perhaps be of some service; exposure may correct those who are invincible by domestic reproach.

I am a married man, Sir, and with a very few exceptions and deductions, am very happy and contented in that state. I say this, that you may not infer from my letter more than I intend by it. So much I will say in favour of the ladies, that, if my life were to pass over again, I would not have to accuse myself of having sacrificed the prospects of a fine woman, by persuading her to connect herself with me, a plain domestic man. Yes, Sir, could I have foreseen that my manners would have so little suited those of my wife, I would certainly have consulted her happiness, and overcome my regard for her. You may perhaps collect from this, Sir, that the main circumstance of my life is, that I have married a woman that is, what is vulgarly called, too fine for me; that being a plain, domestic, easy character myself, I have connected myself with a spirited, dashing mate. This, Sir, is the substance of my complaint, and if you have the necessary patience to read my letter, you will find that I do not make it without reason.

My situation in life is that of holding a place under Government. My office, though a good one, requires an early attendance. It becomes necessary that I should have my breakfast at nine o'clock in the morning. Now, your readers will all confess, I suppose, that it is more grateful for a family man to breakfast with his family than at a coffee-house. My grievance, however, begins with the day. I have to get out by nine, and my wife, in order to prepare my breakfast, generally leaves her bed nearer ten. What is most provoking is, that she is still so sensible of her duty, that she will not suffer me to breakfast from home. The consequence is, that I have been repeatedly reproved by the head of the office; and between my

wife, and my rational duties, I lead a precarious life. It happens fortunately that the head of the office, Mr. P—, is in the same predicament; so that when in return to an angry remonstrance, I replied by the mention of my wife. "Sir," returned he, "you have my pardon and pity. Say no more; but make my compliments to your lady, and I should feel myself obliged to direct your attendance could be earlier."

Whence does it happen, Sir, that even the best wives are thus carelessly negligent of the interests of their husband and family? I was once acquainted with an old lady, who used to compare her family to an office. "My husband has his office," she was accustomed to say, "and I have mine." This was her constant answer to every invitation of pleasure which seemed in any degree to break in upon her domestic duties. The household, Sir, is so peculiarly the care of the wife, that there cannot, in my opinion, be any excuse for the neglect of it. Endeavour to save this, Sir, very strongly to your female readers, and the husbands and fathers will not grudge the price of the new series of your Magazine. Once end, Sir, in my humble opinion, you should invariably aim at, the instruction of your readers as conveyed through matter which seems only intended to amuse them. It is an excellent maxim in the *Jerusalem* of Tasso, that instruction should be administered as a physic to children; gild the pill, and it will not only pass as sweetmeat, but will have an increased effect even as physic.

I have still a further head of complaint. The duties of my office require me to dine at two o'clock, as I can only be absent from two to four. My wife, Sir, has taken it into her head, that no one now dines at this hour but mechanics and journeymen; and under this notion has persuaded me to defer my dinner till six o'clock, by which time I am nearly starved. Tell me, Sir, is there any occasion for this state and sacrifice in the life of a man of mere business. Tell me, Sir, or rather tell her, why persons in the middle stations of life should sacrifice their domestic comfort to an idle, a fruitless, imitation of the great. Surely every man, in an article purely domestic, may consult his own comfort and feelings. Kings and ministers

may dine as they please, but it should be the happy privilege of a family in a middle station, in all indifferent matters, to do as they please.

I remember, Sir, when I was a boy, that the common hours for all these several duties, enjoyments, and meals of the day, were about three hours earlier than at present. My father, who was a respectable Surgeon in a country town, used to rise in the morning about six, to tell his wife, and to return to breakfast. Every house in the town, and it was a tolerable large one, was open about this hour; and a great part of the business of the day is actually concluded in the country before it is commenced in the town. The first morning I passed in town filled me with surprize and indignation. When I rose at the hour usual in the country, and went down into the lower rooms in the inn, I found every door bolted, and every window darkened, till at length I was seized and taken to the watch-house. After remaining here till twelve o'clock, I was conducted before a magistrate, and there examined on suspicion of having a design to rob the house. It was not till after examination of my papers, and the arrival of my references, that I was discharged with the flowing reprimand.—“Whilst you stay in London, if in London you intend to stay, you must avoid the unreasonable hours.”

Now, Sir, can you assign any solid and sufficient reason for this perversion of day and night? Can any thing be so absurd as thus continually to complain of the shortness of time, and yet labour every thing in our power to render it shorter than it really is? Can any thing be so thoughtless as for reasonable creatures thus to abuse the little portion which the limit of nature has assigned them, and to drop into their graves before they have had well time to look about them?

Historians have left it on record, that the best of our Kings, and indeed the greatest men in all ages, have always been early risers. There is a well known anecdote of De Wit upon this head. When he was asked how he contrived to get through so much business, being at once the most learned man, and the greatest reader of his time, and the most active minister in the days of Dutch glory, he is said to have re-

plied, by the rigid observance of two rules; in the first place by rising early, and secondly by having a method in every thing.

I have now, Sir, written you a long letter, and have to request that you will insert it. If the perusal of it can work any change in my family, you will have conferred a solid benefit on me by its insertion. I have always had a maxim of my own, that women very strongly resemble children. A due proportion of coaxing and admonition may go a great way. I am not for the restoration of that domestic tribunal to which your City Correspondent alluded in his last letter. I have seen so much of married life, that I would neither trust husband or wife with too much power over each other. I am persuaded that in most cases they would abuse it.

It truly grieves me, Sir, that our Papers are filled with such inidelities as have disgraced them this last month. What can be the cause of this, Sir. Must there not be something wrong in the education or course of life of our wives and daughters. Does it not originate in two causes,—the neglect of church duties, and an indifference, or habitual aversion, to *home* and its comforts.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

J. S.

#### FEMALE EDUCATION.

Sir,—In your last Magazine you seem to have adopted a character in which you may be very useful; I mean, as a censor of domestic manners, a judge and arbiter of those occurrences in domestic life which, however they may excite the smile of the closet philosopher, make up a most considerable portion in the grand total of human happiness, and render a man either happy or miserable at home. “Damien’s bed of steel, and Luke’s iron crown,” fall to the lot of very few; even liberty, as far as its effects upon general happiness, is rather a name than a substance. The natural sphere, the natural and moral world of a man, is home; and he is either happy or miserable, respectable or contemptible, according as is the character of his home. Yes, Sir, if your readers could be persuaded how much force, how much real capacity of happiness and comfort are contained in the magical word, *home*; if they could

be persuaded of this, I say, Sir, they would shun all foreign and exterior pleasures, and employ themselves in the careful cultivation of this fertile field.

In this age of literature, and I am happy that I can add, of useful literature, we have had many admirable writers on morals; but I do not know, Sir, that any one of them has given us any book or lectures on those morals and conduct which give dignity and happiness at home. If there be a valuable character in woman-kind, it is to be found not in the splendours of the ball, or the crowd of the rout, but in that domestic elegance and prudence, which can at once preside over the affairs of home; which can render the wife what is termed by our best writers, a good English matron, or in other words, a good mother, a good housewife, and a suitable companion for a reasonable and educated man.

Whence is it, Sir, that our courts and our papers are filled with so many disgraceful trials of *Crim. Con.* What is here in fault? the mere mind of the woman, or the mind of the woman as it is rendered by education. Surely, we owe so much respect to our own mothers, and to the numerous examples of domestic virtue and fidelity, which must fall under our contemplation even in the circle of our own acquaintance, as not to be capable of the inference, that the mind of woman is naturally more depraved than that of man; and that her virtues are composed of such a light fabric as to be insufficient to stand the attack of temptation. No, Sir, none of us in this happy country, can give into the opinion which the Mahometans are said to hold, that women are a kind of Birds of Paradise, which Providence has sent into the world for the beauty and ornament of nature; and that to this end all the care of the author of their being has been thrown away on their outside; that their plumage is as near perfection as possible, but that they do not possess what was not necessary to the purpose of their being,—an intelligent soul.

The error, therefore, is in their education. The mind of women is peculiarly what is described by an ancient writer, a wax tablet, which receives every impression with equal ease. Education, therefore, has more peculiar force on women than on

men. The world is a kind of upper school to men, and experience frequently corrects any crude and confused notions which they may have fallen into in their lower forms, and under their first masters. This is not the case with women. Their characters are formed and finished at school. Whatever the school girl is, the woman will be.

I will not trouble you with a longer letter, as I shall repeat my correspondence. My present purpose is to turn your thoughts to the present system of female education. Consider, Sir, that women, according to the Irish expression, are the best half of mankind, inasmuch as a very considerable part of the minds of our children, during a very important age, are under their formation. I will trouble you with no more at present, than merely to repeat in one word, the substance of my letter,—in a Ladies Magazine, pay some attention to the education of females.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

A FRIEND.

#### GOOD MANNERS.

SIR,—Though an old man, I flatter myself that my letter will not be passed over wholly without attention by your young readers. I wish to call their attention to a subject of some importance, the manifest decline of good manners, and more particularly of that gallantry which characterized their fathers.

I am not, Sir, one of the school of Chesham field—I am not for putting the Graces before the Virtues, and for passing through life as if it were a ball-room; I certainly think that we were born for something better and wiser, than to dance all night and to dress all day, to employ the morning to no other purpose than as a preparation for the evening. But though I think that what are called manners and politeness may be valued too much, and that in fact they are so valued when they are put above morals, yet I think at the same time, that they may be valued too little, and that they are so estimated when they are sacrificed wholly to convenience and to ease.

Manners, Sir, if I were called upon to define them, I should state to be the law of

domestic life, the end and object of them as the general ease and convenience which is obtained by occasional sacrifices on the part of individuals. As it happens in the civil law of the country that the liberty of all is made up of the mutual sacrifices of individuals, so is good breeding a system according to which individuals must sacrifice for mutual benefit.

Now, Sir, the subject of my complaint is, that this good-breeding has of late years gone wholly out of fashion. It has happened in short, to politeness what has happened to better things; the extravagance of some of its bigotted professors has brought the thing itself into discredit. But this is not as it should be; the abuse, and the consequences of the abuse, are no argument against the natural quality of the thing in its proper degree. To compare great things with small, it is no objection to religion that persecution has sometimes desolated the world; nor is it a good argument against monarchy, that Nero and Charles V. were tyrants. Though Nash, therefore, was a coxcomb, and Chesterfield a puppy, there is still some good in politeness; and manners are not a mere name, because France, the former land of refinement, became a country of blood.

When I was a young man, Sir, there was one point of manners which was never infringed,—a delicate preference of the convenience and comfort of the ladies above our own personal ease. If a party of ladies, for example, entered the box of a play-house, the gentlemen therein immediately rose, and conceded them the best seats which were not already occupied by other ladies. Having occasion to go to the play lately, I rose in the same manner on the entrance of a set of young females. I was surprized to see no one follow my example. All the front part of the box, for two or three whole seats were occupied by gentlemen, most of them young men, who made no offer to move or even rise from their seats. I even asked one of them, whether he would accommodate the ladies? “No, Sir,” replied he, “the ladies may accommodate themselves;” an answer which appeared to me in no small degree extraor-

dinary, and not very honourable to those who gave it.

How could these young men, Sir, reconcile this conduct to themselves? Perhaps they will object, why should we sacrifice our own ease and convenience to strangers, to ladies whom we never saw before, and may never see again? Suppose, however, that these young men had wives, sisters, or mothers, belonging to themselves, would they not have put these females into the front places? Certainly; would they not likewise wish, that if these females belonging to themselves had happened to enter the box after all the front seats were occupied, would they not wish, I say, that the gentlemen present should rise, and make them the offer? Most certainly. It is of general conveniences, therefore, that these sacrifices should be made. The gain would be mutual: why, therefore, is not the practice general.—I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

CHRISTOPHER CRUMBLE.

#### THE MARRIAGE RING.

SIR,—if you know any young man, a Jeweller, who wants a situation, will you have the goodness to recommend him to come and settle at Penwyr, in Wales. I am a young woman, Sir, just entered into my seventeenth year, and was to have been married on the twenty seventh of last month, but there was not a ring to be found in all Wales. This is a real inconvenience, and you will derive the thanks of many Welshmen, as well youths as maidens, if you can remedy it. One of my countrymen, G. L. Wargle, Esq. had the goodness to take a commission from the young man who addressed me to procure us a ring from London, and I believe he received many commissions of the same kind. Unfortunately, however, he has forgotten to send them; and there is an ugly report in the Court, that he has presented them to the *wrong lady*. Have the goodness to inquire into this; and inform any young Jeweller, that Penwyr itself will make his fortune.—I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PEGGY PLINLIMMON.

## THE HISTORY OF THE OLDCASTLE FAMILY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

[Continued from Page 182.]

IN this manner passed away happily enough to all parties the first year of the residence of the Captain at Lachmyre. The Captain, in order more effectually to establish his favourite, and to establish him in a manner agreeably to his peculiar prejudices, had purchased warehouses in the next sea port, and uniting the trade of a general merchant to the profession of the sea, gave incessant employment to the young Edward. At once, as mate and supercargo he visited the most distant parts of the world; and according to the Captain, if he continued in his present course, he might rival the Medici in commercial reputation.

The young Edward was thus seldom in England, but whenever he was there he was a daily visitor at the Castle. Edward had now reached the age of seventeen, and was tall and manly. His open countenance, and generous emotion at every subject which called it forth, was a sufficient earnest to the eye of discernment, that the worth of the future man would do honour to the English merchant. Whilst at Lady Priscilla's, which was sometimes for a fortnight together, he was the ready distributor of her alms, and from his own store seldom failed to add to her charities.

Agnes was now fourteen, an age at which many heroines receive and reject lovers, and enter into all the privileges of romance; but Agnes was no heroine of romance, and therefore was but as yet a girl, but already beautiful as an angel.

It must not be denied that Edward and Agnes were never so perfectly happy as when in the society of each other. Agnes never sung her madrigal, or carolled her wild wood-notes, with so much animation, and even harmony, as when listened to by Edward. Edward never vaulted with more agility over a rail or gate than when walking with Agnes. Was not this love? Why, indeed, it was something like it, that is to say, Agnes and Edward preferred each other to the whole world, and loved

each other as much as was possible for a girl of fourteen and a boy of seventeen; but the word *love* had never passed their lips.

Agnes wished for a young goldfinch. Edward after some search found a nest of them in the shrubbery of Lady Priscilla; and, accompanied by Agnes, sallied forth one morning to gratify her wish. The nest was in an old yew-tree rising from the summit of a high quickset hedge. Edward, pulling off his coat, climbed with ease to the place, but the branch of the yew breaking, he fell upon the top of the hedge, and thence rolled over the top, which was close cut, into a horse-pond on the other side.

Agnes could not see him, but heard his fall, and knew the pond to be deep.—“Oh, Edward, dear Edward, are you hurt?” exclaimed she, “do tell me if you are safe?”

Edward made no answer. Agnes, in terror, ran screaming towards the house, but had scarcely got three hundred yards before she was overtaken by Edward, who, wet as he was, clasped his arms around her. “Agnes, dearest Agnes! and did you indeed fear for me? do you indeed care about me?”

“Oh, Edward!” replied she breathless, “I was so terrified,—I am so happy to see you safe.”

“There was no danger, dearest Agnes,” said he, kissing her,—this was the first kiss. The face of Agnes was in a moment mantled with blushes. Edward, upon his part, blushed as much, and looked equally confused.

“O I forgot the goldfinch,” exclaimed he abruptly, and glad of an excuse to disappear.

From some cause or another Agnes from this day became different from herself; it was no longer Edward, but Mr. Edward; and assumed a spirit of coquetry in her general manner which drew the attention and the smiles of Lady Priscilla; she no longer played with the same carelessness; she appeared in the presence of Edward,

E.

at least, as if she had advanced much further into life

Edward did not make his appearance at the Firs on the following day. Agnes was restless, discontented, and unwell; she knew not wherefore. The Captain's coach at length drove into the yard. Agnes was sitting in the bow-window which looked upon the road by which the coach was approaching. From an impulse, the cause of which was perhaps unknown even to herself, she left the window, and drew the music-stool towards her piano-forte; her fingers hurried over the notes, playing the end of one tune and the beginning of another.

"Is that the Captain's coach, my dear?" said Lady Priscilla.

"Yes, madam," replied Agnes.

"And who is in it?" said Lady Priscilla.

"I don't know, madam, but I should suppose the Captain and Mr. Edward."

"Mr. Edward?" repeated Lady Priscilla; "and pray have Edward and you had some falling out, that you call him so formally?"

The door opened, and the Captain entered, opportunely enough to save Agnes the embarrassment of an answer. The Captain entered, but he entered alone; no Edward followed him. After having returned the salute of the Captain, Agnes had turned abruptly towards the window. She was somewhat surprized that the voice of Edward did not summon her attention, and did not perceive till after some minutes that he had not accompanied the Captain.

Agnes, for some reason or another, slept worse that night than she had ever remembered to have done before. The morning at length appeared, and Agnes arose, and took her usual seat in the bow-window. She had been there but a little time before she saw the Captain and Edward on horse-back approaching the house. Agnes hastily hurried out of the glass door into the garden, and walked towards an arbour at the end of a wide gravel-walk, and about three hundred paces from the house. She had not however gained it before she was overtaken by Edward.

"Dear Agnes, how happy am I to see you."

"To see *me*, Sir?" said Agnes, with a gravity which would have become a more experienced coquette.

"Yes, Agnes," continued Edward; "it appears to me almost an age since I last saw you."

"You certainly have been in a great hurry to come here," said Agnes; "but yesterday, I must suppose, you were better engaged."

"Had I thought you would have been offended by my absence, Agnes," continued Edward, "I ———"

"Offended! offended indeed," repeated Agnes, with an affected laugh something between coquetry and anger. "And pray what right can I have to be pleased or offended with any thing that you may do? But why have you left Lady Priscilla? Methinks you have grown very rude of late, Mr. Edward."

This was too much for poor Edward, who, under the apprehension that it alluded to his temerity in the ravished kiss, was unable to answer. Agnes saw and pitied his confusion, but secretly triumphed in her power.

"Well," said she, "I shall go to inform Lady Priscilla that you are here; she is dressing, and I believe knows nothing of your visit."

"Do not bear malice, Agnes," said Edward, taking her hand.

"Malice! what do you mean?" said she, endeavouring to withdraw it, with affected surprise.

"I mean," said Edward, "that I would not offend you for all the world; and I will promise you, if you forgive me this time, that I will never offend you again as long as I live."

Perhaps this was not exactly the thing that Agnes wished; she replied however with a smile and a pshaw, which caused Edward to break his promise the very moment that he had made it.

"I knew you had no malice at the bottom," said he.

Agnes broke away from him with a rebuke which was not so severe as to kill him upon the spot. She hastened into the parlour, and found Lady Priscilla with the Captain.

"Bless me, my dear, what a colour you have got," said Lady Priscilla; "has Ed-

ward been taking leave of you?" Agnes answered very simply in the negative, and hastened in some confusion to a chair.

Edward now entered the room.

"Edward," said Lady Priscilla, "I am sorry we are so soon to lose you. The Captain tells me that you sail to-morrow for the Cape, and that we shall not probably see you again in England for these two or three years."

The countenance of Agnes underwent some changes at this information; she arose from her seat and went to the window.

"Edward must make his fortune," said the Captain; "England is a commercial kingdom, and no character is more respectable than that of a British merchant; on the Continent his reputation will outweigh an hundred German Barons, and a score of Italian Princes. I mean to accompany Edward; for old as I am, I cannot consider myself as past industry. Habits confirmed by length of years are not easily overcome, and I cannot reconcile myself to inactivity now more easily than in my youth."

Lady Priscilla emphatically expressed her regret at the loss of so excellent a neighbour.

"You will gain a much better, madam," said the Captain; "for my place at Lachmyre will be supplied by one whose merit I know not to be equalled. Mrs. Bellasis, the mother of my Edward, has kindly accepted my invitation, and consented to reside at Lachmyre till my return. Though she is not present, I must beg thus to introduce her to your Ladyship, as one who is no less worthy of your friendship than she will be gratified by it."

The Captain proceeded to enter into some details of the history of Mrs. Bellasis, which much prepossessed Lady Priscilla in her favour.

"It will not be long before I gain so excellent a neighbour," said Lady Priscilla.

"No, madam," replied the Captain; "Mrs. Bellasis in her last letter has fixed her arrival for about a fortnight hence."

Whilst this conversation was passing, Agnes and Edward were engaged in one equally interesting to themselves. Agnes had first moved to the window, and finding herself equally restless there, under the

pretext of the heat, had passed through the glass-door into the garden. "Perhaps Edward will gather you some fruit, my dear," said Lady Priscilla. Edward most willingly seized the opportunity and followed her.

Besides the wide gravel-walk which proceeded in a direct line from the glass-door of the summer drawing-room to the arbour at the other end of the garden, there was a narrow turf-walk, which encircled the whole, formed by the garden wall on the one side, and espaliers of apple and fruit trees on the other. Agnes had chosen this for her walk in preference to the larger gravel one, and in this Edward followed her.

"Dear Agnes," said he, taking her hand, as soon as he had escaped beyond sight from the windows of the house; "dear Agnes, I am so unhappy that I must leave you for so long a time." The tear was in Agnes's eye, but the natural pride of her sex arose to her aid, and she endeavoured to disguise it.

"You must make your fortune, Edward," said she, half reproachingly.

"Would that I might prefer my happiness," said Edward. "Yes, Agnes, I am only happy with you; I prefer you to all the world. I would willingly give up all my hopes of wealth to living for ever near you, or with you. Dearest Agnes, why must we part?"

"I do not know, indeed," said Agnes, weeping in her own despite.

"Then do not withdraw your hand, do not turn your face from me," continued Edward, half passing his hand round her waist. "One thing would indeed make me happy; then I should bear this long separation better."

"What is that, Edward?"

"Tell me, that you love me; promise me that in my absence you will love no one else, promise me that you will be faithful to me."

Agnes was silent.

"Do not refuse me, Agnes, or I shall think myself hated by you. Yes, I see too well that you do not love me; I see too well that you hate me, and care not whether I am happy or miserable."

"Oh do not say so," said Agnes.



"Then promise me," said Edward, "that you will remain faithful to me; that you will never love another; that you will remember me though seas divide us asunder."

"Well, I do promise you, Edward," said she; "but will you also remember me? will not absence cause you to forget me? in distant regions and foreign climes will your fancy ever return to England, the Firs, and me?"

"Will it ever leave you, you should rather ask," replied Edward. No, Agnes, I am sure it never will. Often shall I mount on the mainmast head, and seating myself on the beams, or in the shrouds, look with longing eyes towards the coast I am leaving behind me. Often shall I think of my happiness at the Firs; and when at last my good fortune shall recall me to England, with what eagerness shall I hail the happy moment, and wish only for the wings of the sea-gull, that I may be sooner with my Agnes. Dear Agnes, we shall soon meet again. Your promise has rendered me very happy. And now farewell. I am sure you will not be offended at this," said he, taking a pair of scissors from her pocket and cutting a lock from her hair. "It is the last time, Agnes," continued he, throwing his arms around her neck and kissing her. The tender Agnes for a moment did not withdraw her burning cheek, till Edward had time to kiss her three several times before she repelled him.

The voice of the Captain now summoned Edward. "Dear, dear Agnes," said he, hastily taking her hand and again kissing her, but half reluctant cheek; "farewell, may Heaven bless you; may ——" The voice of the Captain again summoned him. "Well, well, farewell,—dear Agnes farewell, remember your promise." Saying this he ran towards the house, and in a moment disappeared.

How great are the miracles of love! Edward, who talked in this manner, was scarcely past his seventeenth year, and

Agnes was but a tall girl of fifteen; but, according to the remark of a French philosopher, or *petit-maitre*, nothing so sharpens the wit, and ripens the understanding, as a serious and tender attachment. Be this as it may, Edward and Agnes loved each other as ardently, and perhaps more sincerely than if they had begun farther advanced in life.

Agnes, upon being left by Edward, turned into a narrow walk, and soon being concealed amongst the trees, gave a freer vent to her emotions. It is certain that she thought herself the most miserable of human beings; she even reproached Edward in her mind for preferring fortune to her. "Why could he not be content with me as I could be with him?" said she. In a word, Agnes was, according to the common phrase, as much in love with Edward as Edward was with Agnes, and therefore reasoned, reflected, and thought as extravagantly as her elders under the same circumstances. This might be folly, but it is nature.

The Captain and Edward departed on the following morning. Edward here kept his word; he mounted on the topmast, and looked with longing eyes on the coast of Cornwall. He continued seated on the shrouds till the cliffs disappeared from his eyes, which was not till near evening, and then descending on the deck walked it with arms folded, reflecting only on Agnes. "Where is Agnes now? (thought he) at her bow-window, or rather at the mount which terminates the shrubbery, and looks out upon the sea; here invited by the setting sun and the beauty of the evening, and seated under the oak which rises in the centre of the mount, she perhaps looks on the sea and reflects on Edward."

So congenial are the winds and even thoughts of lovers, that Edward had almost actually guessed the situation of Agnes,

[To be continued.]

## HISTORY OF DON LEWIS DE BARBARAÑ.

[Concluded from Page 176.]

THE Marchioness was sensibly afflicted at this separation. She had perceived he loved her before he had known thus much himself; and she had found in him such singular merit, that for her part too she had loved him without knowing it; but she found this to her cost after his departure. She made one of her women, in whom she most confided, the repository of this secret: "Am I not very unhappy?" said she; "I must wish never again to see a man towards whom it is impossible for me to be in a state of indifference; his person is always before mine eyes; nay, I think sometimes I see him in the person of my husband; the resemblance which is between them, serves only to nourish my affection towards him. Alas! Mariana, I must die to expiate this crime, although it be an involuntary one: I have only this means to get rid of a passion of which I cannot hitherto be mistress. Alas, what have I not done to stifle this passion which yet is dear to me." She accompanied these words with a thousand sighs. She melted into tears, and though this woman had a great deal of wit and affection to her mistress, yet she could say nothing to her that could yield her any comfort.

The Marquis, in the mean time, every day reproached his wife with her indifference to Don Lewis, and he importuned her to write to Don Lewis to return. One day she had got into his closet to speak to him about some affairs, when she found him busied in reading a letter of Don Lewis's, which he had lately received.

She would have retired; but she took this opportunity to oblige her to do what he would have her; he told her very seriously, that he could no longer bear the absence of his cousin; that he was resolved to go and find him; that he was persuaded he would yield a greater deference to her requests than his; that he conjured her to write to him. And that, in fine, she might choose either to give him this satisfaction, or be content to see him depart for Naples, where Don Lewis was to make some stay.

She remained surprized and perplexed at this proposal; but knowing he expected with great impatience her determination, "What would you have me say to him, my lord?" said she to him, with a sorrowful countenance; "Dictate this letter to me, I will write it; I can do no more; and I believe this is more than I ought." The Marquis, transported with joy, most affectionately embraced her; he thanked her for her compliance, and made her write these words:—

"If you have any kindness for us, defer not your return; I have very urgent reasons to desire it. I am not a little concerned that you shew such indifference towards us, which is an unquestionable indication that you take no delight in our company. Return, Don Lewis, I earnestly wish it; I intreat you; and if it were fit for me to use more urgent terms, I would say perhaps, I command you to do it."

The Marquis made a single packet of this fatal letter, to the end that Don Lewis might not think it was by his order the Marchioness had wrote it; and having sent it, he expected the success with extraordinary impatience. "How unhappy a wretch I am," said Don Lewis, on receiving the letter; "I adore the most amiable of women, and yet I dare not offer to please her? She has a kindness for me, yet honour and friendship withhold me from taking the least advantage of it. What shall I do then, O Heavens! What shall I do! I flattered myself that absence would cure me: Alas! this is a remedy which I have fruitlessly tried; I have never cast mine eyes on her picture but have found myself more in love, and more miserable than when I saw her every day. I must obey her, she commands my return; she desires to see me, and she cannot be ignorant of my passion."

He departed without any delay, and without taking leave of his friends. He left a gentleman to excuse him towards them, and to order his affairs. He was in such great haste to see the Marchioness, that he

used such diligence to be with her that nobody but himself could have done.

Arriving at Cagliari, the capital of Sardagne, he understood that the Marquis and his wife were at a stately country house, where the Viceroy was gone to give them a visit, with all his court. He learned, moreover, that the Marquis de Barbaran prepared for him a great feast, where there were to be held jousts, or tournaments after the ancient manner of the Moors. He was the defendant, and was to maintain, that a husband beloved is happier than a lover.

Several gentlemen that were not of this opinion, were preparing themselves to go and dispute the prize, which the Marchioness, at the Vice-queen's intreaty, was to give to the conqueror; it was a scarf, embroidered with her own hands, wrought with cyphers. No one was to appear but those who were masked and disguised, to the end that all might be freer and more gallant.

Don Lewis had a secret vexation, in finding the Marquis so well satisfied. "He is beloved," said he, "I cannot but look on him as my rival, and as a happy rival; but I must endeavour to disturb his happiness, in triumphing over his vain glory." Having formed this design, he would not appear in town; he caused to be made a suit of striped green satin, embroidered with gold, and all his liveries were of the same colour, to denote his new hopes.

When he entered into the lists every body had their eyes on him; his magnificence and his air gave emulation to the cavaliers, and great curiosity to the ladies. The Marchioness felt a secret emotion, of which she could not discover the cause. He was placed very near the balcony where she sat with the Vice-queen; but there was no lady there which did not lose all her lustre near that of the Marchioness; her youthful air, which exceeded not eighteen years, and her shape, which surpassed the fairest, made her the admiration of all the world.

When Don Lewis's turn came, he ran against the Marquis, and smote him so dexterously, that he got the advantage all along of him: so that in a word, he gained the prize with a general applause, and with the approbation of every one present. He threw himself at the Marchioness's feet, to

receive it at her hands; he altered the tone of his voice, and speaking to her with his mask on, low enough not to be heard but only by her. "Divine person," said he to her, "he pleased to observe what fortune decides in favour of lovers." He dared not say more to her; and without knowing him, she gave him the prize, with that natural grace with which all her actions were accompanied.

He suddenly withdrew himself for fear of being known; for this might have been an occasion of quarrel between the Marquis and him. This obliged him to keep himself concealed for some days. The Viceroy and his lady returned to Cagliari, and the Marquis and Marchioness accompanied them thither, with the whole court.

Don Lewis then shewed himself; he pretended he had just then arrived. The Marquis de Barbaran was transported with joy in seeing him, and absence had not at all altered the affection he had for this dear relation. He had no difficult task to find a favourable moment wherein to entertain his amiable Marchioness. "How wretched am I," said he to her, "that you did not know me! Alas, madam, I flattered myself, that by some secret presentiments you would learn that no one but I could sustain with such passion the cause of lovers against husbands." "No, my lord," said she to him, with an angry and disdainful air, to take away all hope from him, "I could never have imagined that you could have been patron of so foul a cause; and I could not have believed you would have taken so strong engagements at Naples, that you should come as far as Sardagne to triumph over a friend who maintained my interests as well as his own." "I shall die with regret, madam," said Don Lewis, "if I have displeased you in what I have done; and were you more favourably disposed, and I might dare to make you my confidant, it would be no hard matter for me to persuade you, that it is not at Naples I have left the object of my vows."

The Marchioness, apprehending he should speak more than she was willing to hear, and appearing sensibly touched with the reproach she made him, put on a more pleasing countenance, and turned the conversation into a tone of raillery.

When he left her, he began to blame

himself for his fearfulness, "Shall I," said he, "always suffer without seeking any remedy!" It was some time before he could meet with a favourable opportunity, because the Marchioness studiously avoided him; but being come one night where she was, he found her alone in an inward room. The trouble she felt in seeing Don Lewis appeared on her countenance, and rendered her yet more lovely. He drew near her with an awful and respectful air, and fell down on his knees by her; he looked on her for some time, not daring to speak; but becoming a little more bold, "If you consider, madam," said he to her, "the piteous condition whereunto you have reduced me, you will easily comprehend that it is no longer in my power to keep silence. I could not avoid such inevitable strokes as you have given me; I adored you as soon as I saw you. I have endeavoured to cure myself in flying from you; I have offered the greatest violence to myself in endeavouring to master my passion. You have recalled me, madam, from my voluntary exile, and I am dying a thousand times a day, uncertain of my destiny: if you are cruel enough to refuse me your pity, suffer at least, that having made known to you my passion, I may die with grief at your feet." The Marchioness was some time without resolving to answer him, but at length gaining assurance, "I acknowledge," said she, "Don Lewis, that I am not wholly ignorant of one part of your sentiments, but I was willing to persuade myself it was the effect of an innocent affection; make me not a partner of your crime, you commit one when you betray the friendship due to my husband; but, alas! you will pay but too dearly for this; for I know that duty forbids you to love me; and in respect, it does not only forbid me to love you, but to fly from you. I will do it, Don Lewis, I will avoid you; and I do not know, whether I ought not to hate you; but, alas! it seems impossible for me to do it." "You cannot hate me, say you? Do you not hate me, and do you not do me all the mischief you are able, when you resolve to avoid me? Make an end, madam, make an end, leave not your vengeance imperfect; sacrifice me to your duty, and your husband; for my life cannot but be odious • if you take from me the hopes of pleasing

you." She looked on him with eyes full of languishing. "Don Lewis," said she to him, "you reproach me with what I would deserve." In ending these words, she arose, fearing greatly lest her affection should triumph over her reason; and notwithstanding his endeavours to prevent her, she passed into a chamber where her women were.

Don Lewis, flattering himself that perhaps he might find a favourable moment to affect the Marchioness's heart with some pity, he carefully sought it, and to find it, one day when it was very hot, knowing that she was wont to retire to repose herself after dinner as is customary in that country, he came to her, doubting not but every body was asleep in the house.

She was in a ground room which looked into the garden; all was fast and shut close except a little window, whereby he saw on her bed this charming creature; she was in a profound sleep, half undressed. He approached so softly to her that she did not awake, and kissed her. She arose on a sudden, she had not her eyes open, the chamber was dark, and she could never believe Don Lewis could have been so bold; he resembled the Marquis de Barbaran; she did not doubt then but it was he, and calling him several times, her dear Marquis and husband, she tenderly embraced him. He well knew his error; whatever pleasure it procured him, he could have wished to have owed this only to his mistress's favours. But, O heavens, how unfortunately it happened! the Marquis came in this dangerous moment; and it was not without the greatest fury he saw the liberty Don Lewis took with his wife. At the noise he made in entering she had turned her eyes towards the door, and seeing her husband enter, whom she thought she had already in her arms, it is impossible to represent her affliction and astonishment.

Don Lewis amazed at this accident, flattered himself that perhaps he was not known; he passed immediately into the gallery, and finding a window was open into the garden, he threw himself out of it, and immediately passed through a back door. The Marquis pursued him, without being able to overtake him: in returning the same way he came, he unhappily

found the Marchioness's picture, which Don Lewis had dropped as he ran; he immediately made most cruel reflections upon it; this picture of his wife, and the sight of her embracing him, all this made him no longer doubt of his wife's falsehood. "I am betrayed," cried he, "by her whom I loved dearer than my own life: was there ever a more unhappy man in the world?" In ending these words, he returned to his wife's chamber. She immediately threw herself at his feet, and melting into tears, would have justified herself, and made known to him her innocence; but the spirit of jealousy had so fully possessed him, that he violently repulsed her; he harkened only to the transports of his rage and despair, and turning away his eyes, that he might not see so lovely an object, he had the barbarity to strike his dagger into the heart of the most beautiful and most virtuous woman in the world.

As soon as the unfortunate Marchioness had rendered her last breath, her cruel executioner shut her apartment, took all the money and jewels he had, mounted on horseback, and fled with all the speed he could. Don Lewis, restless and more amorous than ever, returned thither in the evening, notwithstanding whatever might befall him; he was surprized when he was told the Marchioness was still asleep; he immediately went into the garden, and entered into the gallery through the same window which he had found open, and from thence came into the chamber: it was so dark that he was forced to walk warily; when he felt something which had like to have made him fall, he stooped down and found it was a dead body; he uttered a great shriek, and doubting not but it was that of his dear mistress, he sunk down with grief; some of the Marchioness's women walking under the windows of her apartment, heard Don Lewis's cries; they easily got up through the same window, and entered the room. What a spectacle, what a lamentable sight was this! Don Lewis was no sooner come to himself, by the help of remedies, but his grief,

rage, and despair, broke out with such violence, that it was impossible to calm him.

He departed like one furious in search of the Marquis de Barbaran; he sought him every where without hearing any news of him, he ran over Italy, traversed Germany, went into Flanders, and passed into France. He was told that the Marquis was at Valencia in Spain; he went there, and met not with him. In fine, three years being passed, without finding the means of sacrificing his enemy to his mistress's ghost, divine grace, which is irresistible, and particularly on great souls, touched him so efficaciously, that he immediately changed his desire of revenge into serious desires of leaving the world, and minded only the fitting himself for another life.

Being filled with this spirit he returned into Sardagne; he sold all his estates, which he distributed among some of his friends, who with great merit were yet very poor; and by this means became so poor himself that he was reduced to the begging of alms.

He had heretofore seen, in going to Madrid, a place very fit to make an hermitage, (it is towards Mount Dragon) this mountain is almost inaccessible, and you cannot pass it but through an opening, which is in the midst of a great rock; it is stopt up when the snow falls, and the hermitage lies buried more than six months under it. Don Lewis caused one to be built here, where he was desirous to pass whole years without seeing any one. He made such provisions as were necessary, having good books, and thus remained in this dismal solitude but his friends forced him thence, by reason of a great sickness which had like to have cost him his life.

As to the Marquis de Barbaran, he left the isle of Sardagne, where he had not the liberty to return; and he married again at Anvers, to the widow of a Spaniard, named Fonceca.

He is so furiously tortured with the remembrance of his crime, that he imagines he continually sees his wife dying, and reproaching him with his fury and jealousy.

## SOME OBSERVATIONS

MADE IN A FIVE WEEKS' RECENT

## EXCURSION FROM LONDON TO EDINBURGH AND BACK

[Concluded from Page 197.]

A FEW miles further we saw the falls of the river Clyde, in two different places, at some distance from each other. The water may perhaps fall about a hundred feet, in nearly a perpendicular direction. I have not in this empire seen any other falls except a few in the neighbourhood of Dunfelf, and some trifling ones in Ireland, as at Powerscourt, &c. And on the Continent only the cascade of Tivoli, which is the fall of the small river Tevere, and that near Terni, both in Italy. This last fall is about 300 feet, nearly perpendicular. When the sun shines, rainbows are always seen, formed by the spray. There was a double rainbow over the last-mentioned cataract, occasioned by its height.

From the Clyde falls we proceeded to Carneth, which is exactly like a Spanish *Vento*; here we had a peat, or turf fire, with eggs, bacon, and bread, for dinner, oat cakes and ale. We continued our journey to Peebles, 22 miles; and on arriving there on the night of a full moon, for want of shelter (as it was ball-night, when all the neighbouring gentry were met to dance, and many of them were to remain in the town), we went on 22 miles further to Melross, where we found the resting places equally occupied, and for the same reason; so that we were obliged to proceed 15 miles further to Kelso, where at last we were harboured, after riding 81 miles since morning from Lanark.

Kelso possesses the ruins of an old tower, and a handsome bridge over the Tweed (which river runs here at the rate of four miles an hour. The bridge is 600 feet long, and 24 wide, with five elliptical arches, and two double pillars on each pier. A toll is paid by passengers. Near this place, on the banks of the river, is Fleurs, a large white stone cubical building, situated in a wood belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh. It forms a striking object when seen from the bridge; and the beauty of the view of the bridge and town is equally striking when seen from the house.

After passing Coldstream, and a large new bridge nearly equal to the last-mentioned one, we crossed a small river, over a beautiful stone bridge of a single arch, of 90 feet 7 inches in span, 46 feet 2 inches high, and 20 feet wide.

No. LIII.—Vol. VII.

There are two large stone houses, or castles, one on each side of this bridge, at a small distance, both belonging to Sir Francis Blake, Bart. The scene, with the romantic disposition of the grounds and trees, would form a very interesting picture.

This bridge is mentioned in the fourth volume of Grose's *Antiquities of England*, accompanied with a slight view of it, called Twizel Castle and Budge: he says, that in Leland's *Itinerary* (published before 1550) is found, "So to Twisle-bridge of Stone, one how but greete and stronge, where is a townelet and a towre." It is traced as far back as 4th Edward III. or, 1329. Before I knew this, I took it to be a modern work, and that within these twenty years: this mistake is to be attributed to seeing it in this place. It has, however, not been taken as a model by the architect who built the bridge at Berwick (within 20 miles of it), whose fifteen arches defy all order and all architecture, being like nothing that I know of, except a bridge of fourteen arches over the Shannon at Limerick, of which likewise no two are alike.

In Grose's second volume is a small view and a plan of Raby Castle, with a short account of it by Pennant. It was built before 1378.

I take this opportunity of mentioning some few particulars of my former tour in Scotland. I recollect the places, but not one of the persons who inhabited them; only their actions. Perhaps some of those members of the old school may be still living. At Leith I found a miniature painter, named Shirreff, he was born deaf and dumb, notwithstanding which he played tolerably well at chess. He afterwards went to the East Indies. At Edinburgh I became a member of the Archer's Club, and at St. Andrew's the freedom of the town was presented to me. I saw here the playing at golf, on the Links, as at Leith, and I afterwards saw the same played on Blackheath, near Greenwich, and on the sands between Gibraltar and San Roque.

At Perth, the handsome stone bridge of nine arches, over the Tay, was just finished. Two miles beyond Dunfelf, I entered the Highlands; barren rocky mountains, like the

F f

Apeunines, and at that time (12th June, 1772) the tops of many of the more distant and higher mountains were covered with snow. I visited the house and gardens of the Duke of Athol, near Blair, which is in 57 degrees north latitude. The grounds contain a walk on each side of the river, of above a mile in length; hot houses for pine-apples, &c. two or three cascades, ponds with gold fish, an aviary with China pheasants, and a park with deer. In the house, a picture of the Duke, Duchess, and seven of their children, by Zoffani; the figures about a foot in height. I find in my journal, a small bird, noted as peculiar to the Highlands, with a black head, and grey plumage on the body, there called the colinhood. I now suppose it to be the stone-chat, (*Motacilla rubicola* of Linnaeus.) The roads here wind along the sides of the mountains, like the cunives of the roads in Italy.

At the head of Loch Tay (which lake is fifteen miles long, and one broad), is Taymouth, a seat of the Earl of Breadalbane; in the "policy" or grounds, is a neat bridge over the Tay, of three arches, and another was just begun in the village. On the road six miles before this, I passed over a fine stone bridge of five arches. The walks of these grounds are above nine miles in length; the grand harbour, or shady walk, is particularly remarkable, as are also an enormous beech tree, and a very large hanging larch tree. These trees, with thousands of others, were growing and thriving in 56 deg. 45 min. north latitude, and are sufficient to refute the assertion that Scotland is denuded of trees.

In one room in the house there were thirty-five good pictures, especially two whole lengths by Vandyke of the then Earls of Breadalbane; a Sea View, with galleys, by Vernet, and thirteen delicate miniature views in Rome.

At the inn at Taymouth, the young landlady set a small pat of nice butter on the table, with biscuits, &c. After praising it, I said "pry what butter is this?" To which she replied, "Sir, it is butter made of me." And it was literally churned from the cream of the milk out of her own breasts, as she said. I never tasted any such butter before nor since, that I know of.

Here the mountains appeared like the Pyrenees. The rivers are exceedingly transparent. The Erse, or Gaelic language, was universally spoken. I entered Inverary, after having passed over a handsome stone bridge of three arches, about 230 feet long, with balustrades. Here, at the foot of the mountain of Dunquhaich, which is 835 feet above the level of Loch Fine, is the castle, the

seat of the Duke of Argyll. It is built of blue stone, quadrangular, with a round tower at each corner, and a square one in the middle. The breadth of each front is about 170 feet, and the whole is or was surrounded by a dry ditch of ten feet wide. An excellent inn was built in the village by the Duke. There were a few good pictures in the house. From hence I returned to Edinburgh through Lass, Dunbarton, Glasgow, Hamilton, Stirling, and Hopetoun-house; and after some stay, to London, by way of Carlisle, Liverpool, Manchester, &c.

We got back to Berwick on Michaelmas-day, and could not procure a goose for dinner, for love nor money; not that the geese were all engaged, but that the whole town could not furnish one, so we contented ourselves with a salmon, and then proceeded on our return to Newcastle.

From Tynemouth we went again to Sunderland, and examined the inside of the bridge, and afterwards proceeded through Stockton to Stokesley, and from thence to Helmsley, which is twenty miles, over a beautiful country, with hills, focks, valleys, water, winding roads, and well wooded. This stage was necessarily performed with four horses. Mr. Duncombe's house and gardens are at the entrance of Helmsley; the castle forms a magnificent ruin. It is mentioned in Grose's *Antiquities of England*, vol. 8, and said to have been built before the 13th of Edward I. in the year 1284.

The next day we visited Castle Howard, a seat of the Earl of Carlisle, which is well known as one of the grandest palaces in Great Britain. A fine piece of water was made here a few years ago. A small pillar, with three *rostra*, is put up to the memory of Lord Nelson. In the gardens is a large round building, with 200 columns, each forty feet in height, and four in diameter. This is the family mausoleum. The interior is the chapel, and underneath it are the catacombs, being sixty-four receptacles for the dead, of which only seven are as yet occupied.

Not far from this edifice is a summer house. In another place is a pyramid, as a monument, like that of Caius Castius at Rome, only not so large.

In the garden is a wild boar as large as life, of white Carrara marble; a most beautiful piece of sculpture, brought from Italy by the present Earl.

In the house is an altar of Delphos, of Parian marble, of 33 inches in width, and 40 in height; it is of rude sculpture, and is valuable chiefly for its antiquity, and for its being a present from Lord Nelson. Here are

likewise a great number of antique marble statues and busts, with a very considerable collection of paintings, of which the principal one is perhaps that which represents the three Maries, by Annibal Caracci, which is valued at £4000. Another curious picture of the Adoration, is by Mabuse.

About fifty views of Venice, by Canaletti, of which eight or ten are remarkably fine. A small catalogue of the pictures has been printed by the Earl's direction.

At York we found that the noble Minster had undergone a thorough repair in the inside, and that the reparations on the outside, were continuing to be made; but the town-walls are falling; they used formerly to form a pleasant walk, but at present they are left in a broken state, dangerous for passengers. The beautiful walk of a mile long at the side of the river, is planted on the other side with very noble trees, many of them from nine to twelve feet in circumference.

There has been a new prison lately built, it is a plain handsome edifice.

At Ferrybridge, about eight years ago, a grand stone bridge was built over the river Aire, of three very large arches, not to mention a few small ones used for roads or towing-paths, and during high floods.

A mile beyond Stamford, we visited Burleigh House, a seat of the Marquis of Exeter; it was built in 1538, by Lord Burleigh, treasurer to Queen Elizabeth. It contains a great number of valuable pictures. Several specimens of modern Roman and Florentine mosaic, brought from Italy in 1766, by the late Earl. A modern piece of Sculpture, representing a figure of a dead Cupid, about twenty-five inches long, on the back of a dolphin of white marble, extremely well executed, and the dead child is laid with great skill and ingenuity on the fish.

We were shown a state-bed which was made in London, in 1799, at the expense of £4000. for the reception of the Prince of Wales, who came here, but did not stop, as the Marquis was confined by the gout. Six hundred pounds more were expended on this occasion for a grate and fire-irons, which are of steel, with numerous silver ornaments.

At Norman's Cross, (a small village within a mile of Stilton) are erected buildings which at present contain 8 or 10,000 French prisoners of war; they are guarded by two regiments of infantry, for whose accommodation there are spacious barracks.

At Cambridge we visited the botanic garden, and the principal colleges. In Clare-hall is an extremely fine marble statue, as large as life, of Sir Isaac Newton, by Roubiliac; and by the

same sculptor an excellent bust of a Daniel Lock.

We returned to London on the same day.

Besides the before-mentioned houses, seats, or palaces of the nobility and gentry, I have seen most of the principal ones throughout England, and I lament that such treasures in painting and sculpture as are contained in them should be so little known for want of printed catalogues descriptive of their contents. Some few of these houses have been described, with plans, views in the gardens, &c. such as Houghton, Stowe, Blenheim, Wilton, &c.; but we have no work which professes to treat of them all, or even of those which merit the attention of the foreigners who visit this country.

In 1765, Messieurs Cochin and Bellicard published, in three volumes 12mo, their account of all the paintings in the churches and palaces in Italy, which is without comparison the best work of the kind extant in any language; I went through almost the whole of it with the pictures before me. About this time one Rymdyk began a work of this nature, about the paintings in England, and particularly in London, but it was soon discontinued. This person likewise published part of a catalogue of the curiosities in the British Museum, with plates, which shared the same fate.

Since that time I know not that any other descriptions have been attempted, notwithstanding the speculation would eventually turn out extremely lucrative if the work were well and impartially executed; which, however, is not likely to happen, as it would require such a knowledge of painting, sculpture, architecture, and the rest of the fine arts, as very few persons possess, and probably those few would not venture to encounter the drudgery necessarily attending its execution.

The most ready method would be for every nobleman and gentleman to have every thing relative to his own house and domains described.

Were a book to be published with the description of the three antique vases belonging to the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Hamilton, and the Earl of Warwick, with plates, it would sell well, and make a beginning of the work which is so much wanted. Of the first vase, Piranesi's three plates might be copied, and the drawings compared with the original.

The neatest gardens, and finest collection of plants in hot and green-houses, which I have seen in England (after the royal gardens at Kew) are at Crome, a seat of the Earl of Coventry, not far from Worcester. The cypress trees were cut and shorn in pyramidal forms;



and a large south wall was covered with pomegranates in blossom. - f

The two following receipts were given to us after we had tasted the wines; the first near the iron-foundry between Wakefield and Leeds, the other at Stokesley. The fair ladies who wrote them may like to see them in print; and let us hope that some of the fair ladies who read them will try them on our recommendation.

*Ginger Wine* —“To ten gallons of cold water, put twelve pounds of loaf sugar, with the well-beaten whites of eight eggs, and stir them well altogether in the boiler; when it is near boiling skim it, and add to it a pound of white ginger a little bruised; let it boil three quarters of an hour. Then put in the rinds of twelve lemons peeled very thin. The liquor must stand till almost cold, and is then to be put in a cask with two spoonfuls of yeast, half an ounce of isinglass, and the twelve lemons sliced without the seeds, and free from the white coat under the rind which was before peeled off. The next day close up the cask, and a fortnight after bottle the wine, previously adding at least two quarts of brandy, or more at pleasure.”

*Green Gooseberry Wine*. —“To every pound of picked and bruised gooseberries, put a quart of spring water, let the mixture stand three or four days, stirring it as many times a day. To every gallon of juice when strained, add three pounds of loaf sugar. Put the whole into a cask and let it stand six months; then put in a little isinglass, and bottle it, adding to every twenty quarts of liquor, one quart of brandy.”

The lady facetiously continued: —“If you put this into empty Champagne bottles, and rosin and wire the long corks, you may take in the knowing ones.”

We beg leave to invite those ladies who may superintend the making this sort of wine, to put at least three quarts of brandy to every twenty quarts of liquor, and the knowing ones will be still more agreeably taken in.

The population of the following cities and towns in the route, was, according to the returns made to Parliament in 1801, as follows:

Edinburgh .....	82560
Glasgow .....	77385
Leeds .....	53162
Newcastle .....	36963
Sheffield .....	31314
Leicester .....	16953
York .....	16145
Sunderland .....	12412
Derby .....	10832
Cambridge .....	10087
Falkirk .....	8838
Durham .....	7530

Berwick .....	7187
Northampton .....	7020
Grantham .....	7014
Newark .....	6739
Doncaster .....	5697

Besides the three above-mentioned places in Scotland it may not be thought superfluous to add three more, viz.

Dundee .....	26084
Aberdeen .....	17597
Perth .....	14878

There is only one town in England of which the number of inhabitants exceeds Edinburgh; namely, Manchester, 84,020. And Liverpool is the only town which contains more than Glasgow, and that excess was in 1801 merely 963.

It is but justice to state, that in Scotland there are no more towns than the three above-mentioned of which the population exceeds twenty thousand. In England we have, besides the five already mentioned, the following eight:—

Birmingham .....	73670
Bristol .....	68645
Plymouth .....	43194
Norwich .....	36954
Bath .....	32200
Portsmouth .....	32166
Hull .....	29516
Nottingham .....	28861

These thirty cities and towns together make a population of 963157, which does not exceed the number contained in the metropolis of the British empire and its suburbs.

I was told in Scotland that the inhabitants of St. Kilda are at present dwindled away to less than a hundred; that they live upon stinking fish, and rotten eggs laid by birds in the hollows of rocks; they will touch neither eggs nor fish till in a state of putrefaction. This island lies about fifteen miles west from the north point of North-Uist, the most westerly of the Hebrides.

[In the first part of this account, in the last Magazine are two errors which should be corrected. In the first column of page 194, the seventh line from the bottom, is “and was,” should be *and I was*; and in the second column of page 196, fifth line from the bottom, the ten words within parenthesis should be placed after *twenty-two*, instead of after *fifty-one*. In page 197, after “warming-pau,” in the seventeenth line of the second column, may be added, “The counterpart of the Italian footman, ironing his lady’s laced neckerchief with the warming-pau.”]

R. T.

• THE STATE OF THE CASE •  
• BETWEEN THE •  
• LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD, •  
• AND THE •  
• GOVERNOR OF THE ROYAL COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.

*With the Opinions of Pemberton, Northey, and Parker concerning the Theatre. Drawn up by  
Sir Richard Steel, in the year 1720.*

THIS subject is become so generally interesting, from the contention between the Proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre and the Public, upon the question of advanced prices, and, in the course of the contest, so much has been written concerning the rights of the Patentees and the conflicting rights of the People, that it becomes curious to look a little into the matter, by consulting those who have written on the subject before. In order to gratify our readers, therefore, we lay before them a very scarce tract by the celebrated Sir Richard Steel, written immediately upon this question.

"As there cannot happen a greater distress than a necessity of appealing to mankind against hardships imposed by those with whom a man has lived in friendship; the injury which I have received, great as it is, has nothing in it so painful as that it comes from whence it does. When I complained of it in a private letter to the Chamberlain, he was pleased to send his Secretary to me, with a message to forbid me writing, speaking, corresponding, or applying to him in any manner whatever. Since he has been pleased to send an English Gentleman a banishment from his person and councils, in a style thus royal, I doubt not but the reader will justify me in the method I take to explain this matter to the town. I am sure there is no man living more obsequious to his friends than I am; and I hope to shew my enemies, all my life, that I certainly have courage enough to defend myself against wrongs, as well as to forgive them, according as the circumstances require one or the other, in the respective characters of a Christian, and an honest man.

"My Lord Chamberlain has, contrary to law and justice, dispossessed me of my free hold in a manner as injurious to the King his master, as to me his fellow subject. But though I had a right to dispute even a legal

disturbance of me in my partners, tenants, and servants, as the whole Company of Actors (in their different qualities) are to me in the eye of the law. I say, though I might very justly have insisted upon Privilege of Parliament in the case, I told my Lord, in my letter to him, that I had not confidence to urge, even against oppression from him, a right which my Electors gave me, upon no other motive but their knowledge of the kind opinion he had of me at the time when they chose me. No; I could not plead what I owed to his favour against his change of mind, but have waited, as I promised, till he had cancelled his good offices by injuries, which I am to show he has already done. In order to this, I must recite my Patent, as follows:—

"GEORGE, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting. We having informed ourselves, since our accession to our Crown, of the state of our Theatre, and finding, to our sorrow, that, through the neglect and ill management thereof, the true and only end of its institution is greatly perverted; and, instead of exhibiting such representations of human life as may tend to the encouragement and honour of religion and virtue, and discountenancing vice, the English stage hath been the complaint of the sober, intelligent, and religious part of our people; and, by indecent and immodest expressions, by prophane allusion to Holy Scripture, by abusive and scurrilous representations of the Clergy, and by the success and applause bestowed on libertine characters, it hath given great and insufferable scandal to religion and good manners. And, in the representations of Civil Government, care has not been taken to create, in the minds of our good subjects, just and dutiful ideas of the power and authority of Magistrates, as well as to preserve a due sense of the rights of our people; and through many other abuses, that, which under a wise direction, and due regulation, would be useful and

honourable, has proved, and, if not reformed, will continue a reproach to Government, and dishonour to religion. And it being our pious resolution, which, with the blessing of Almighty God, we will steadily pursue, through the whole course of our Reign, not only by our own example, but by all other means possible, to promote the honour of religion and virtue; and, on every occasion, to encourage good literature, and to endeavour the establishment of good manners and discipline among all our loving subjects, in all stations and ranks of men whatsoever; these being, in our opinion, the proper means to render our kingdoms happy and flourishing. We having seriously resolved on the premises, and being well satisfied of the ability, and good disposition of our trusty and well beloved Richard Steel, Esq. for the promoting these our royal purposes, not only from his public services to religion and virtue, but his steady adherence to the true interest of his country. Know ye, that we, out of our especial grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, and in consideration of the good and faithful services which the said Richard Steel hath done us, and doth intend to do, for the future, have given and granted, and by these presents, for us and our heirs and successors, do give and grant unto him the said Richard Steele, his executors, administrators, and assigns, for and during the term of his natural life, and for and during the full end and term of three years, to be computed next and immediately after the decease of him the said Richard Steele, full power, licence, and authority, to gather together, form, entertain, govern, privilege, and keep a Company of Comedians for our service, to exercise and act Tragadies, Plays, Operas, and other performances of the stage, within the house in Drury-lane, wherein the same are now exercised, by virtue of a licence granted by us to him the said Richard Steele, Robert Wilks, Colley Cibber, Thomas Dogget, and Barton Booth, or within any other house built, or to be built, where he or they can best be fitted for that purpose, within our cities of London and Westminster, or of the suburbs thereof; such house or houses so to be built (if occasion shall require) to be assigned, allotted out by the surveyor of our works for a Theatre or Playhouse, with necessary tiring and retiring rooms, and other places convenient, of such extent and dimension, as the said Richard Steele, his executors, administrators, or assigns, shall think fitting, wherein Tragadies, Comedies, Plays, Operas, Music-scenes, and all other entertainments of the stage whatsoever, may be shewed and present-

ed. Which said company shall be our servants, and stiled *The Royal Company of Comedians*, and shall consist of such numbers as the said Sir Richard Steele, his executors, administrators, or assigns, shall from time to time think meet. And we do hereby for us, our heirs and successors, grant unto the said Richard Steele, his executors, administrators, or assigns, full power, licence, and authority to permit such persons, at and during the pleasure of the said Richard Steele, his executors, administrators, or assigns, from time to time, to act plays and entertainments of the stage of all sorts, peaceably and quietly, without the impeachment or impediment of any person or persons whatsoever, for the honest recreation of such as shall desire to see the same. Nevertheless under the regulations herein after mentioned, and such other as the said Richard Steele, from time to time, in his direction, shall find reasonable and necessary for our service. And we do for ourselves, our heirs and successors, further grant to him the said Richard Steele, his executors, administrators, and assigns, as aforesaid, that it shall and may be lawful, to and for the said Richard Steele, his executors, administrators, and assigns, to take and receive of such our subjects as shall resort to see or hear any such plays, or scenes, and entertainments whatsoever, such sum or sums of money, as either have accustomedly been given and taken in the like kind, or as shall be thought reasonable by him or them, in regard of the great expences of scenes, music, and such new decorations as have not been formerly used. And further, for us, our heirs, and successors, we do hereby give and grant unto the said Richard Steele, his executors, administrators, and assigns, full power to make such allowances out of that which he shall so receive by the acting of plays and entertainments of the stage, as aforesaid, to the actors, and other persons employed in acting, representing, or in any quality whatsoever, about the said Theatre, as he or they shall think fit. And, that the said company shall be under the sole government and authority of the said Richard Steele, his executors, administrators, or assigns: and all scandalous and mutinous persons shall, from time to time, by him and them be ejected and disabled from playing in the said Theatre. And for the better attaining our royal purposes in this behalf, we have thought fit hereby to declare, that henceforth no representations be admitted on the stage by virtue, or under colour, of these our Letters Patent, whereby the Christian religion in general, or the church of England may, in any manner, suffer reproach, strictly inhibit-

ing every degree of abuse, or misrepresentations of sacred characters, tending to expose religion itself, and bring it into contempt; and that no such character be otherwise introduced, or placed in other light, than such as may enhance the just esteem of those who truly answer the end of their sacred function. We further enjoin the strictest regard to such representations, as any way concern civil policy, or the constitution of our government, that these may contribute to the support of our sacred authority, and the preservation of order and good government. And it being our royal desire, that, for the future, our Theatre may be instrumental to the promotion of virtue, and instructive to human life, we do hereby command and enjoin, that no new play, or any old or revived play be acted under the authority hereby granted, containing any passages or expressions offensive to piety and good manners, until the same be corrected and purged by the said Governor from all such offensive and scandalous passages and expressions. And these our Letters Patents, or the instrument thereof, shall be, in all things, good and effectual in the law, according to the true intent and meaning of the same, any thing in these presents contained, or any law, statute, act, ordinance, proclamation, provision, or restriction, or in any other matter, cause, or thing whatsoever to the contrary, in any wise notwithstanding. In witness whereof, we have caused these our Letters to be made Patents.

Witness our self at Westminster, the nineteenth day of January, in the first year of our reign.— By writ of privy seal.

Cocks.

"When Mr. Steele was dispatched by the then Solicitor-General Mr. Lechmere, the Learned Gentleman used this expression: *Sir, the King has here given you a freehold; and if from it you can prove you receive six hundred pounds a year, you are qualified to be a Knight of any Shire in England.* When this Patent was passing, the Patentee was informed, that this grant would be an infringement upon those under which Mr. Rich claimed. Upon which, in justice to his Majesty, and abhorrence of encroaching upon other men, the Patentee went to the Secretary's Office, and obtained the reference before addressed to the Attorney or Solicitor-General, should be directed to the Attorney and Solicitor-General. In this he acted with his known zeal for his Majesty's honour and service, which would not admit him to desire any favour to the injury of any other of his subjects. The terms of the Patent were settled by the joint consent of Sir Edward

Northey and Mr. Lechmere, names illustrious

the law, and no way inclined, or capable of being awed into a concurrence from deference to each others opinion. They agreed the King could grant this, and I shall take care to assert my right to what he has granted. The Patentee carried his self denial still further; and though he could have had this Patent, as well as Sir William Davenant and Mr. Killigrew had before him, to himself and his heirs for ever, he asked it but for his life, and three years after his death; which three years he thought necessary to be in his executors, to make an end of any account between his family and the Theatre upon his death. The Patent itself, as to the powers in it, is exactly the same with those others formerly granted, and no way opposes or impairs any authority of a Chamberlain, any more than these did: neither is there any the least pretension, or colour of pretension, for disputing this authority, without those who dispute it will assert, that King George is not, to all intents and purposes, as much King of England as King Charles the Second. But however other men, for their own humour, or vanity, attempt to diminish, frustrate, or invade this act of their Master, I will, to their teeth, defend it; and make them understand, that there are men who are not to be teased, vexed, worried, calumniated, or bow-beaten out of the laws of England.

"But some have been pleased to say, in common conversation, that actors, as such, are not within the rules of the rest of the world; as if they were among men, like the *fere natura* among animals; and that it is against our laws to tolerate the profession in itself. If this were so, they would (except within the verge of the Court) be no more under a legal dispensation or constitution, when directed by the Lord Chamberlain, than they would have when governed by any other man; and, by the way, he has not taken this power to destroy it as unaccountable, but to exercise it, be it what it will, himself. This matter will appear as it ought to do, by the opinions of Pemberton, Northey, and Parker, who have been consulted by the successors of Davenant and Killigrew. I shall give them in the order I have named them, and as the questions were stated to those great men.

*Quere. 1.* 'Whether the grant of a power to A. B. his heirs and assigns, by the Letters Patents, to erect a Theatre, and to act plays, &c. be a good grant in fee, and assignable, or shall determine with King Charles the Second's death?'

*Quere.* 'About the words, to be servants to

and Queen, and to be servants to the Duke of York."

*Ans.* 1. "I do not see, that to act plays, or interludes, or operas, is unlawful in itself, either by the common law, or by any statute. It is true, to wander about from country to country, as stage players, is forbid by 39 Ed. c. 4. But not the acting of plays, &c. which may be used (for ought I see) as an innocent recreation.

2. "I think the King's Patent may be available, to give the better countenance to the entertainments, and so may be transferred from ancestor to heir, or assigned for that purpose.

3. "For that purpose, to give a countenance or reputation to those play-houses, I think it may be effectual, after the death of King Charles II. and that operation I think did not die.

*Quere* 2. "Whether the King's agreement, that no company shall be permitted in London, Westminster, or the suburbs, shall hinder all others from acting within that circuit, unless authorized under Letters Patents?"

*Ans.* "Taking this to be an employment permitted, or not prohibited by law, (as I take this to be) I do not think the King's confession in his Letters Patents, that no one shall be permitted to act stage plays, or interludes, &c. in London, or Westminster, will be effectual to hinder others from acting there. However, I think such a prohibition will last no longer than the King who grants it lives.

*Quere* 3. "Whether the Lord Chamberlain, as such, or any other except the King, can grant a licence to actors, in regard it is not (as supposed) a lawful calling, but only for the King's pleasure? The Lord Chamberlain hath lately sworn several actors to be the King's servants, to save them from being molested."

*Ans.* "If the acting of plays were unlawful in its nature and *malum in se* (which I do not take it to be), I do not see how the Lord Chamberlain, or any other Officer, or the King himself, could give a licence to any to act plays, &c. But taking the employment not to be unlawful in itself, I conceive the Lord Chamberlain, or Master of the Revels (with the King's allowance) may authorize any persons to act, or forbid and hinder them from acting in any of the King's houses or places. And their grants to any to act in other places may be used to countenance or give a popular reputation to the comedies or plays that they act. But I know of no other effect that they can have. And I conceive they cannot prohibit any to act in any place out of the King's palaces, so

long as they behave themselves modestly and decently. F. PEMBERTON."

"Sir Edward Northey is consulted, and delivers his opinion as follows:—

"Whether the grants by Letters Patents from King Charles the Second to Sir William Davenant, his heirs and assigns, to purchase lands, and to build a Theatre thereon to act plays, be not a good grant in fee, or assignable? Or whether the same be determinable upon the death of King Charles II. they having laid out to the value of eight thousand pounds in purchasing land, and building Theatres, and other necessary buildings and decorations, for the more commodious representation of operas and other plays by virtue of the Letters Patents?"

"I am of opinion the Letters Patents were a good licence to Sir William Davenant, his heirs and assigns, to build a Theatre, and therein to cause plays to be acted; and if he, his heirs or assigns, do not abuse such licence, they may continue the plays, notwithstanding the death of King Charles II.

24th Feb. 1702-3. EDWARD NORTHEY."

"I shall conclude my authorities by the opinion of Sir Thomas Parker, now Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

*Quere*. "Whether the grant by Letters Patent from King Charles II. to Sir William Davenant, his heirs and assigns, to purchase lands, and to build two Theatres thereon to act plays, &c. and a like grant to Tho. Killigrew, Esq. to build another Theatre, &c. be not good grants in fee, and assignable? Or whether the same be not determinable upon the death of King Charles II. they having laid out to the value of eight thousand pounds in purchasing lands, and building two Theatres, and other necessary buildings, scenes, and decorations, for the more commodious representations of operas, plays, and entertainments of the stage, under the authority of the said Patents?"

*Ans.* "The Letters Patents are both express, that the King grants for him, his heirs, and successors; and I think the assigns of Sir William Davenant and Mr. Killigrew, and their heirs, may still continue their plays, and theatrical entertainments in the house built under the authority of those Letters Patents, as well as Sir William Davenant and Mr. Killigrew themselves could have done if they were now alive, or as they could do in the lifetime of King Charles II. who made those grants.

Nov. 10, 1705. THO. PARKER."

"Hence it appears, that the authority of licencing players in this manner, is just, and

well supported from the reason of the thing itself; and this authority is given to Mr. Steele, in no other manner than it was before given, and differs only in circumstances, that plead for Steele. The grant to Steele for life, and three years after, is given upon stronger motives, than those alledged for granting to Davouant and Killigrew for ever: King Charles's grants were acts of mere favour and motion; that of King George, for worthy services expressly recited, and has a merit above them (I mean only as to the force of the Patents, not the characters of the Patentees) as much, as voluntary acts are more valid in law, than those given for valuable consideration; this is the title by which Sir Richard Steele is Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians. We are now to consider the manner of his being deprived of that right.

"The reader will observe, that my Patent describes very largely the uses and purposes of it, as well as the limitations and restrictions under which it ought to be enjoyed; and there is no power which can make it void or ought to frustrate it, except the Patentee, or his assigns, shall be proved to transgress, or go beyond the limits prescribed; in such case, there is a plain method of bringing the offenders before Courts of Justice, and the Patentee, or those claiming under him, are there to stand upon the defensive; but I have been deprived of my property by violence, under the conduct of craft, but that violence has been as open, and that craft as shallow and as little disguised, as follows: without any cause assigned, or preface declaring by what authority, a Noble Lord sends a message, directed to Sir Richard Steele, Mr. Wilks, and Mr. Booth, to dismiss Mr. Cibber, who for some time submitted to a disability of appearing on the stage, during the pleasure of one that had nothing to do with it. When this lawless will and pleasure was changed, a very frank declaration was made, that all the mortification put upon Mr. Cibber, was intended only as a remote beginning of evils, which were to attack the Patentee, with some broad intimations, that the force of the Patent itself should very soon be made ineffectual by a sign Manuel: under an amazement at this audacious proceeding against the validity of a Patent from the King on the Throne, and taking myself as a Parliamentary Commissioner, to be of a quality to write to Ministers of State, especially when it was only to implore their assistance and protection, in order to avert this intended outrage upon the King's authority, and the subjects' property, I writ to two great Ministers to that purpose. But so

No. LIII.—Vol. VII.

great is the rage conceived against me, that the consideration of the dignity of the King is offended in his grant, could not protect me from being ruined against his laws, or procure the least notice of my remonstrance. However, on Friday, Jan. 22, I presented, in the presence of my Lord Chamberlain, the following petition to the King:—

'To the King's most excellent Majesty. The humble Petition of Sir Richard Steele.

'**SHEWETH**—That your Petitioner is possessed, by Letters Patents, of the sole government and authority of keeping a Company of Comedians, under the title of the Royal Company of Comedians

'That the Lord Chamberlain of your Majesty's household has, by a written order, intimidated a principal Comedian from acting; and, by promises, does encourage other actors, to disturb your Petitioner's said government, to the great prejudice of his fortune and property.

'That your Petitioner is further threatened with an extraordinary use of your Majesty's power, to the disappoinment and frustrating his said authority.

'That your Petitioner humbly conceives, that he has fully answered all the designs of your Majesty's grant, to the great improvement of the Theatre.

'Your Petitioner therefore most humbly prays he may not be any way molested but by due course of law.

'And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.'

"It was my ill fate to find no other effect of this petition, but the following order the next day:—

'Whereas by our Royal Licence, bearing date the 15th day of October, 1714, we did give and grant unto Richard Steele, Esq. now Sir Richard Steele, Knight, Mr. Robert Wilks, Mr. Colley Cibber, Mr. Thomas Dogget, and Mr. Barton Booth, full power, licence, and authority, to form, constitute, and establish a company of comedians. And having received information of great misbehaviours committed by our company of comedians, now acting at the Theatre in Drury-lane. Therefore, for reforming the comedians, and for establishing the just and ancient authority of the Officers of our household, and more especially of our Chamberlain, we have thought fit to revoke the above mentioned Licence. And we do farther (as much as in us lies, and as by law we may) revoke and make void all other licences, powers, and authorities whatsoever, and at any time given by us to the said Sir Richard Steele, Robert Wilks, Colley Cibber, Thomas

G g

Dogget, and Barton Booth, or to any of them severally.'

"I must here acknowledge, that the sense of the Chamberlain's former patronage made me write him a letter, in the Theatre, much below the justice of my cause, and that manhood which right and equity ought to have supported me in, against injury and oppression.

"In the Allegory of the Bee-hive and its owner, I have represented myself and Company destroyed by the precipitancy which sometimes attends the most generous natures. But since this was received as it was, I shall study no more types, shadow, or simile, to inform this Lord of, and prove to him the wrong he has done me; but will seek redress by application to the King in Council, or by due course of law. The reader will observe, that the order mentions licences, powers, and authorities, to the persons named therein, then obliquely aims at the Patentee in the words, or in any of them severally, but not a word of Grant or Patent, which was vested only on Steele, and would not have agreed well with the just and gracious words, *as much as he lies, and as by law we may*.

"Under this thin disguise, and by misleading the King by the words of reserve against any unlawful molestation to be done me, the Lord Chamberlain took upon him, immediately after, to send the following order to the Managers of the Play house, with which they were intimidated, to forbear to act any longer under my jurisdiction, or pay me any money; for the future, in contempt of our former contracts and agreements.

*'To the Gentlemen managing the Company of Comedians at the Theatre in Drury-lane in Covent Garden, and to all the Comedians and Actors there.'*

'Whereas his Majesty has thought fit, by his Letters of Revocation, bearing date the twenty-third day of January 1719, (for divers weighty reasons therein contained) to revoke his Royal Licence. For the prevention of any future misbehaviour, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, I do, by virtue of my office of Chamberlain of his Majesty's household, hereby discharge you the said Managers and Comedians at the said Theatre in Drury-lane in Covent Garden, from farther acting. Given under my hand and seal this 25th day of January 1719.'

"The loss I have hereby sustained, I value as follows:—

Six hundred a year for life, is	
moderately valued at.....	£. 6000 0 0
The three years after my life.....	1800 0 0
My share in the scenes, stock, &c.	1000 0 0
The profit of acting my own plays	
already writ, or I may write..	1000 0 0
	£. 9800 0 0

"The thing itself is but a shop to work in, and received nothing from the Crown. And if a man shall hazard his all for the public, and expect no more but what his own skill and labour, in conjunction with his assigns, shall bring him, such a one should be the last mark that ought to suffer molestation. If I had been laceman, saddler, or shoe-maker to the Crown by Patent, I could not have been dispossessed but by due course of law, and according to the prices I should have set upon my goods: and shall the noble ends and purposes, set forth in this Charter, be overlooked and suppressed in a summary way, and not redress?

"But it is apparent the King is grossly and shamelessly injured against his gracious precaution in the order by Sign Manual. The Chamberlain has done the same favour to other Gentlemen, with regard to Parliament, which he has for me, and they have acted their own way as well as I, and he has not yet entered upon their estates.

"I never did one act to provoke this attempt; nor does the Chamberlain pretend to assign any direct reason of forfeiture, but openly and wittingly declares he will ruin Steele; which is, in a man in his circumstances against one in mine, as great as the humour of Malagene in the Comedy, who valued himself upon his activity for tripping up cripples. All this is done against a man, to whom Whig, Tory, Roman Catholic, Dissenter, Native, and Foreigner, owe zeal and good-will for good offices endeavoured towards every one of them in their civil rights, and their kind wishes to him are but a just return. But what ought to weigh most with his Lordship, the Chamberlain, is my zeal for his Master; of which I shall at present say no more, than that his Lordship, and many others, may perhaps have done more for the house of Hanover than I have; but I am the only man in his Majesty's dominions who did all he could."

## ANECDOTES OF DEPRAVITY FROM 1700 TO 1800.

FROM MALCOLM'S "HISTORY OF LONDON."

[Concluded from Page 185.]

THE fashionables of 1709 dined by candle-light, and visited on Sundays, and their footmen announced them in the same ridiculous manner upon the doors of their friends as at present: a quotation from the *Tatler* will confirm this assertion. "A very odd fellow visited me to-day at my lodgings, and desired encouragement and commendation from me for a new invention of knockers to doors, which he told me he had made, and professed to teach rustic servants the use of them." I desired him to shew me an experiment of this invention; upon which he fixed one of his knockers to my parlour-door. He then gave me a complete set of knocks, from the *solitary* rap of the dun and beggar, to the *thunderings* of the saucy footmen of quality, with several flourishes and rattlings never yet performed. He likewise played over some private notes, distinguishing the familiar friend or relation from the most modest visitor, and directing when the reserve candles are to be lighted. He has several other curiosities in this art. He waits only to receive my approbation of the main design. He is now ready to practise to such as shall apply themselves to him; but I have put off his public licence till next Court-day.—N.B. He teaches *under ground*."

The year 1716 produced the annual rowing-match by six young watermen who have just completed their apprenticeship, which was founded by Mr. Doggett, the Comedian, who left a certain sum in trust for the purchase of the prize, an orange-coloured coat with a silver badge, representing the Manoverian horse, as I take it; but the papers of the day will have it to represent *the wild unbridled horse Liberty*.

The reader will find in the following advertisement a singular method of invitation to a public-house and gardens:—"Stion Chapel, at Hampstead, being a private and pleasant place, many persons of the best fashion have been lately married there. Now, as a Minister is obliged constantly to attend, this is to give notice, that all persons, upon bringing a licence, and who shall have their wedding-dinner at the house in the gardens, may be married in the said Chapel without giving any fee or reward; and such as do not keep their wedding at the gardens, only five shillings will be demanded of them for all fees."

The now almost obsolete practice of giving strong beer to the populace on public rejoicings always occasioned riots instead of merriment. This assertion is supported by the behaviour of the mob in August 1737, when the present Duchess of Brunswick was born. The Prince of Wales ordered four loads of faggots and a number of tar barrels to be burnt before Carleton-house as a bonfire, to celebrate the event; and directed the brewer to his household to place four barrels of beer near it, for the use of those who chose to partake of the beverage, which certain individuals had no sooner done, than they pronounced the liquor of an inferior quality. This declaration served as a signal for revolt, the beer was thrown into each other's faces, and the barrels into the fire, "to the great surprise of the spectators; it being perhaps the first instance of Sir John Bagley-corn's being brought to the stake, and publicly burnt by the rabble in Great Britain."

An instance of blind folly arising from a better motive occurred very soon after, during the exercise of an ancient custom practised by the mob at that period, though now discontinued.

Two loose women had seized upon an inebriated gentleman, and were conducting him to their lodgings at noon-day: the populace concluded he would at least be robbed, and determined to rescue him immediately; which they did, and severely ducked the women in the Chequers Inn-yard. Thus far justice proceeded in its due channel; but an unfortunate journeyman cutler happened to exert himself rather too outrageously, and attracted notice: he was observed to hold the woman of women in a manner that might be supposed real efforts of anger, or as efforts intended to mask an intention to release them; the word was instantly given to duck him as *their bully*—the women were released and escaped; the cutler was thrown into the horse-pond in defiance of his protestations of innocence; and when his wife endeavoured to rescue him, she underwent the same discipline.

Practical jokes sometimes distinguished the manners of the Citizens of London; those were generally innocent, and generally very silly; but one of a contrary description marked the autumn of the year just mentioned. A well-armed man rode down the King's road from



Fulham at a most furious rate, commanding each turnpike gate to be thrown open, as he was a messenger, conveying the news of the Queen's sudden death. The alarm instantly spread into every quarter of the city; the Trained bands, who were on their parade, desisted from their exercise, furled their colours, and returned home with their arms reversed. The shopkeepers began to collect sables; when the jest was discovered, but not the author of it.

Curiosity may be said to have become so prevalent throughout all classes of the inhabitants of London, that it is actually a distinguishing trait in their general character; nor, is it by any means a new one, an assertion that might be supported by many proofs. An essayist of 1757 says: "I have that opinion of the ladies and gentlemen of the present age, that if the French were in full march along the New Road, and they had no engagement of pleasure on their hands, they would go out to see a new army, as, indeed, there would be a variety in it; the cloaths, standards, &c. being different; nor do I believe that any one person would put off their intended pleasure, even though they heard the enemy's drums beating."

#### VISITS.

There are but few of our Essayists who have not reprobated the distribution of money to the domestics of those to whom visits were paid. When the custom was in full vigour, the office of a footman became very lucrative, and the division of the profits arising from the contributions of a large company, was a matter of no small importance to the parti coloured mendicants; who arranged themselves in their master's hall in double ranks, prepared to affront those who infringed their sigls, and were barely civil when they received s/ms which would have procured meals for fifty poor families. Card-money, or money deposited under the candlesticks for the servants where card parties were held, deserved less reprehension, as it was in every one's power to avoid gaming; but when a man in

moderate circumstances was insulted for not giving that which was necessary for his own existence, or was compelled to decline an invitation to his injury, we cannot but wonder that such a custom should have prevailed for a year, much less a century or more. It was meanness in the master to suffer such an exaction, and folly to comply with it when himself a visitor. Some serious attempts were made about 1760 to abolish Vales, which has been at length gradually accomplished, though there are still unthinking people who give where it is not expected.

#### MEN-MILLINERS.

The impropriety and folly of employing young and vigorous men to serve female customers with articles of dress, and those silly catch-pennies idly supposed ornaments to the person now so prevalent, is by no means a new trait in our customs; that it should be continued, though severely reprehended even so long since as 1765, is astonishing. At that time the ancient sisterhood of the *nouveau* were almost extinct; but now what head can be dressed fit to be seen without the assistance of a smart male hair-dresser? or what lady will purchase her bandeaus, her ribbands, gloves, &c. &c. from the hands of a young woman, when the same shop contains—a young man? Unfortunately this is a fatal custom to many fine blooming females, who, thus consigned to idleness and temptations, often fall victims to seduction.

#### SWEARING, GAMING, &c.

When we are passing through the streets of London, it but too frequently happens that our ears are offended by hearing shocking oaths repeated with an emphasis, which indicates violent irritation; but, upon observing the parties thus offending against the laws of morality and of the realm, more closely, it may be immediately perceived that nothing particular has occurred to produce anger, and that the vice has become so much a custom, that oaths are now mere flowers of rhetoric with the vulgar.

### A CURIOUS ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

TWO men sat down to eat; one had five loaves, the other three. A stranger passing by, desired leave to eat with them, which they granted. After his meal, the stranger laid down eight pieces of money, and went away.

The man who had the five loaves took five of these pieces, and left three for the other man, who, not being satisfied, insisted upon half. How much ought he to have?

[The Answer in our next.]

## REMARKABLE HISTORY OF MARIA ELEONORA SCHÖNING.

MARIA Eleonora Schöning was the daughter of a mechanic at Nuremberg, in Germany. The life of her mother was sacrificed in giving birth to her child. She had the misfortune to lose her father at an age when females are most environed with dangers.

Her youth was spent in grief; she grew up in tears, a stranger to the pleasures of childhood and the harmless sports of youth. The last words pronounced by her expiring father were addressed to his confessor. "My dear Maria," said he, "has treated me like an angel, during my long affliction; the most sageable officers never exerted from her a look of discontent; her eye never met mine, but it beamed with compassion, or was suffused with tears for my sufferings. God," he exclaimed, "will reward my excellent girl for her dutiful attention to me!" He said, and closed his lips for ever.

Maria still sat weeping after the bier, on which her father, her friend, the only bond that united her to the world, the object of her cares, and the hope of her future joys, was carried to the grave. The last doleful tolls of the bell were still accompanying her lamentations, when two tax-officers entered the house, and demanded the papers of the deceased, that they might ascertain whether he had always paid a sum conformable to his oath and his property.

It should here be observed, that the taxes paid by the inhabitants of Nuremberg were originally a voluntary contribution, each giving according to his inclination and circumstances. At the beginning of the fifteenth century a certain standard was fixed, and at present each citizen is annually obliged to take an oath that the sum paid by him is proportionate to his property. At his death the tax office has a right to inspect his books, and to examine whether his contribution was always in proportion to his real property.

After the few documents had been examined and compared with the register of taxes, the spies of justice declared they had facts sufficient to prove, that the deceased had not paid a sum proportionate to his circumstances; which consequently imposed on them the duty of placing all the property he had left behind under lock and seal, and requesting the young lady to retire to an empty apartment till the tax office should have decided the business.

Maria, grown up amid privations, accustomed to compliance—the easily intimidated Maria, readily obeyed. She hastened to the emptiest garret, leaving the officers unmolested to put seals on the doors, and to convey to the tax office all the papers they could find.

Night came on, when Maria, exhausted with fatigue and weeping, sought a place of repose. She found the door of her chamber sealed, and was obliged to pass the night in the garret upon the floor. A few days elapsed before the officers returned, and directed Maria to leave the house, adding that the commissioners had adjudged the property left by the deceased to the city-exchequer, as it had been proved that her father had defrauded the city in the payment of his taxes, and had not contributed in proportion to his circumstances.

Maria had no relations to whom she could apply; for those of her mother had never concerned themselves about her, and her father was a native of Lower Saxony. She had no acquaintance, as all her father's friends had deserted him at the beginning of his sickness; no companion, for who would associate with a sick-nurse? Never was human being more solitary and forlorn than was this innocent girl.

Night drew on apace, and Maria knew not where to find a shelter. With tottering step she went to St James's church-yard, where reposed the ashes of her father; she threw herself upon the bare hillock that covered them; she resigned herself a prey to grief; and had it been possible for despair and distress to have burst the bonds which attached her to life, Maria would that night have been released from her misery.

The morning dawned over the city; the streets began to be thronged; the bell rung for the morning prayer, and the grating of the church-doors roused the disconsolate maiden. The bashful unfortunate hastened from the grave; she concluded that men who had driven her from her home, and from every thing that had belonged to her father, would certainly not suffer her to linger on the turf that covered his relics. She left the church-yard, paced slowly through the city gate, and threw herself under a bridge.

The last glimmer of evening found her again at the grave of her father.

The church-yards of most of the German cities are equally pernicious to morals and to health. They have lost the venerable character by which they were formerly distinguished; their loneliness and solitude render them the undisturbed haunts of vice and depravity. It was close beside the grave of her father that Maria fell a prey to a roving debauchee.

It was one of those nights in autumn in which the villain executed his purpose.

Maria sat upon the grave of her father; the consciousness of her degradation, a sentiment which it was impossible to suppress, had stupefied her.

She soon fled as though infernal spirits were driving her from the church-yard. She had not proceeded far, when she was stopped by the watchmen, to whom she was a welcome prize, as they receive a piece of money, of about the value of a shilling, for every girl they find abroad after ten o'clock. It was midnight, and Maria was conveyed to the nearest watch-house.

Being carried the next day before the magistrate, he upbraided her in the harshest terms as a public prostitute, and dismissed her with the threat that the next time she should be brought before him, he would send her into the house of correction.

As she passed through the suburbs of Wordt, she met a soldier's wife, who, in her father's life-time, had assisted her in various domestic occupations that were too heavy for her strength. She was startled by the appearance of the girl, whom she addressed in a friendly tone, inquiring how she did, and what brought her so far from home. To a being driven about as she had been by misfortune, the tone of tenderness was a cordial. These were the first words sweetened with humanity, that any human creature had spoken to her since her father. Her dormant sensibilities were awakened. With impassioned fervour she threw her arms around the woman, whose looks and words were expressive of sympathy and affection. With difficulty she gave her an account, interrupted by sobs and tears, of her resolution. The good woman wept with her, pressed the wretched orphan to her heart, and intreated her in the tenderest manner, to relinquish her melancholy intention, as by taking away her own life, she would deprive herself of all hope of eternal felicity.

Maria was pliable, timid, and open to religious impressions. This honest woman was one of those whose whole existence is a continued series of affliction and distress; for whom the world has no other balm than sleep, no other physician than death. She was

married to one of the city soldiers, who had been long ill and confined to his bed. Two young children constituted all her riches: she maintained herself and family by washing. She had several times, by want of work, and the cries of the hungry children been driven to the brink of despair, and had been on the point of putting one of her children to death, that she might herself be relieved from the burden of life. This she thought would be a remedy for all their wants; the remaining child would be placed in the orphan-house, and her husband in the hospital, while her execution would reconcile her with God, and she would be happy with her murdered infant. These tragical ideas she communicated to Maria, on whose mind they made a deep impression. In a subsequent conversation on the same subject, she declared herself incapable of conceiving how it was possible to take away the life of any human creature, and in particular, of an innocent child. "And for that very reason, because it is innocent, I would send it before me out of the world, in which no pleasures await it. Do you suppose I would chuse to suffer for the sake of a bad child? On that account, too, I would take Nanny with me, because she was always so dutiful and so good; but as for Frank, he has already learned some tricks, and is little for the world." This answer frightened the tender Maria, who hugged the children closely in her arms, as though she would protect them from their mother.

The woman, whose poverty was equalled only by her hospitality, kept the forlorn orphan in her house. She redoubled her efforts to procure work, in which Maria was her faithful assistant. Thus those hapless mortals passed the summer; they were never in absolute want of the most necessary articles of subsistence, though their supply was indeed but scanty.

Winter arrived, and brought with it a season of dreadful affliction for this wretched family. Maria herself fell ill: grief and hard labour had exhausted her strength, and symptoms of a consumption began to appear. Maria strained every nerve to support her friend and her family; but this far exceeded her ability.

Hurlin gradually grew weaker, and at the same time more silent and pensive. When Maria observed her thus lost in thought, she conceived that her despairing friend was brooding over the plan of murdering her child, in order to put an end to her own life. This apprehension gave inexpressible pain to the excellent girl, as the little children clung about her with the most childlike attachment.

Under these cruel circumstances, arrived the day pregnant with her fate. On that day none of the miserable family had a morsel to eat. The children cried for bread. Maria sat beside the straw bed of her friend; who uttered not a syllable. The sorrowful Maria grasped her hand. It was shrunk, cold and lifeless. She asked whether she was in much pain, but obtained no answer. Maria's heart was ready to burst; she was on the brink of despair. A courage not her own animated her soul. In this state, so contrary to her nature, she conceived the idea of saving her friend at the expense of her own person.

She recollected that the ravisher of her innocence had been desirous of expiating his offence by the offer of money. Maria formed the painful resolution of seeking to earn something in the same way, and of relieving her friend with the produce of her guilt. It was now dark; she went into the city, but durst not venture to approach the church-yard in which her father was interred; she repaired to other lonely situations, but not a creature did she meet with. The weather was unfavourable; the snow fell fast, and a tempestuous wind howled through the streets. No night could have been more perfectly adapted to cool the passions of the debaucher. She continued to wander through the streets; and breathless and fatigued she sought shelter beneath a shed. Into a corner of this building a watchman had crept for refuge from the rigours of the night; to him she was a welcome guest, and in a trice she found herself in the watch-house.

The next morning she was carried before the same magistrate who had treated her so roughly on a former occasion. He sent her without any further ceremony to the house of correction, ordering at the same time that she should receive the usual welcome. On her arrival she was directed to wait in the court-yard. The master of the house appeared, tied her to a post, and prepared to inflict on her the severe discipline of the whip. She begged, she intreated, she screamed, she made all opposition in her power—but in vain. Seeing no chance of escaping the disgraceful punishment she exclaimed in a fit of despair:—"Stop! I deserve a very different punishment; I have murdered an infant child." "That, to be sure, is a different affair;" said the man, unbinding her. He immediately sent an account of the circumstance to the city judge.

In a few days she was brought up for examination. It was represented to her that she could not have committed the crime alone and without accomplices, as she could not have gone out immediately after her delivery to dis-

pose of the child. She then acknowledged that Härlin was privy to the whole affair, that she had assisted her at the birth, and had buried the child in the wood. From the beginning of her confinement Maria had cherished the idea of involving her friend in her fate. She wished to help her out of the world, and to spare her the necessity of perpetrating the crime of murder; and the present opportunity appeared too favourable to be neglected.

Härlin was at this time too ill to be removed to the prison; an officer was therefore placed over her in her own house. When she was so far recovered as to be able to go abroad she was confronted with Maria; who repeated her former declaration in her presence.—"For God's sake Maria, how have I deserved this treatment?" was all the reply that the astonished woman was able to make. She denied the whole, and to every question of the judge, she returned no other answer than—"I know nothing of the matter." The two prisoners were repeatedly examined in the presence of each other; the same scene was invariably exhibited, Maria persisting steadfastly in her declaration, and Härlin in her denial of the fact.

At the fifth examination Härlin was threatened with the torture; the instruments were brought, and arranged by the executioner; and she was warned for the last time either to confess at once, or to prepare for inevitable torture. This menace terrified poor Maria in the highest degree; a convulsive agony shook her whole frame. She was desirous of releasing her friend from a life of misery, not to draw down upon her unavailing torment. She hoped to be her benefactress; she now looked upon herself as her executioner. She stepped hastily towards her, and pressing her bounden hands between her own:—"Hannah! dear Hannah!" she exclaimed, "all will be provided for, and Nanny too will be put into the orphan house!"

Maria's motive instantly flashed like lightning upon the mind of Härlin. She now saw with grateful emotion the benevolent design of her friend, which, without the perpetration of guilt, would remove them into eternity. With cheerfulness and courage she now addressed herself to the judge. She acknowledged herself to blame in having so long denied the charge, and confessed that Maria's declaration was perfectly consistent with truth. As the prisoners adhered without variation to this confession, an early day was appointed for their trial, and they were both sentenced to be beheaded.

The day before the execution the two delinquents were allowed an interview, which gave occasion to an exceedingly affecting scene. The approaching catastrophe had changed the sentiments of Maria with respect to her friend. She now thought it cruel and inhuman for herself to devote her generous benefactress to death. She was on the point of disclosing the whole truth, but was restrained by the desire of death, by the invincible solicitude to quit the world. When she saw Harlin advancing towards her with a serene and cheerful countenance, she uttered a loud scream of anguish, and gave free scope to her sensations. She threw herself into the arms of her friend, and amid sobs and sighs incessantly implored her forgiveness.

On the day of execution Harlin conducted herself with cheerfulness and equanimity. A sacred serenity that touched every spectator appeared in her whole behaviour. Very different was the state of the wretched Maria. The desponding girl, who still accused herself of being the murderer of her friend, suffered illexpressible anguish, and nothing but the hope that she should still be able to save her innocent companion by a frank confession of the truth, preserved her from total stupefaction and insensibility to all that was passing around her. She walked not, but was dragged more dead than alive to the place of execution. Harlin went first; frequently did she look back with love and compassion at her Maria. When their eyes met, she would turn hers joyfully towards heaven, as though she would have cheered her friend with the idea:—"We shall soon meet yonder."

They now stood at the foot of the scaffold Harlin was to be executed first. She once more took leave of the half-dead and trembling Maria. "Dear Maria," said she tenderly at parting, "in a few moments we shall be together in heaven!" She then ascended the steps. Maria's eyes followed her. She beheld her friend surrounded by the assistants of the executioner, busily employed in binding up her hair and uncovering her neck. This spectacle operated with the greatest violence on the girl; she saw her friend in the hands of the executioner, and she alone was the cause of her death, she alone was her murderer. It seemed as though this sight and this idea had transfused new life into her almost inanimate frame, and supplied every nerve with new energy. With a loud and piercing voice she cried,—"Stop, for God's sake stop!" She then threw herself at the feet of the sheriff and

the clergyman, imploring them to save Harlin, who was perfectly innocent: adding, that she had herself invented the whole story from disgust of life; that she had never borne, much less destroyed a child; she was ready to die; but she begged for heaven's sake that they would not load her with the crime of murdering her friend by her false evidence, and that the sentence might be executed on her alone for having forged such a charge. The sheriff asked Harlin if Maria's declaration was true, or if she adhered to her confession. She answered sorrowfully and with evident reluctance:—"Most certainly what she says is true; I acknowledged myself guilty because I wished to die; and it may, therefore, easily be supposed that now, when I am so near the object of my desire, this declaration of my innocence proceeds not from the motive of preserving my life. My only object is to confirm the truth as disclosed by Maria, and to relieve her from the distress she feels for having accused me though innocent."

This explanation, together with the persuasions of the clergymen, and the murmur of compassion that proceeded from the people, induced the sheriff to send the town adjutant, with a report of the circumstances to the town-house, to demand a reprieve of the members of the senate, assembled there. It should be observed that at Nuremberg, it is customary for the three eldest senators to remain together at the town-house till an execution is over, that in case of an extraordinary exigency they may give the necessary directions how to proceed, in the name of the whole senate.

During the interval that elapsed till the return of the messenger, one of the clergymen was so hard-hearted as to reprimand Harlin severely on account of the first statement she had given.

The messenger returned. The answer directed the sheriff to proceed with the execution. This intelligence restored Harlin to her former serenity. Her head was struck off amidst the lamentations of the people. The executioner was incapable of dispatching more than one innocent person at a time. He felt unwell; his attendants were obliged to perform his office on Maria. She had before expired; death had employed his powerful scythe to cut down a flower which was already withered. Such was the end of two mortals whose lives were not worth the enjoyment, and who appear to have lived for the purpose of dying a violent death.

CEŠ.

Nº 53

Andan

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a tempo marking 'Andan'. The piano part is in treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The voice part is in treble clef, also with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the piano introduction. The second system shows the voice entering with the lyrics 'Sclaims the rising day and'. The third system shows the voice continuing with 'd - ness chase a - way, but' and 'ad all aroun is day and'. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic background.

Sclaims the rising day and

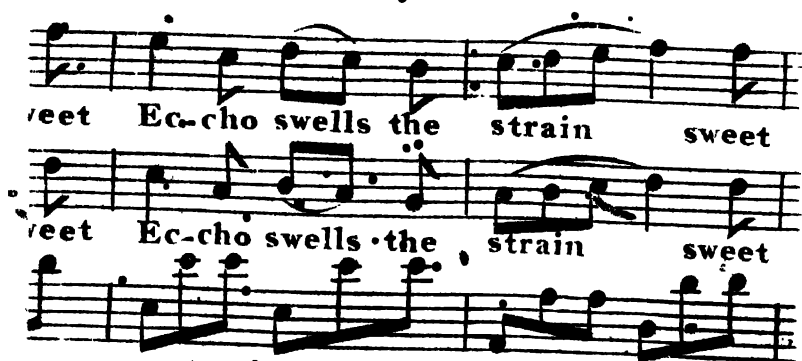
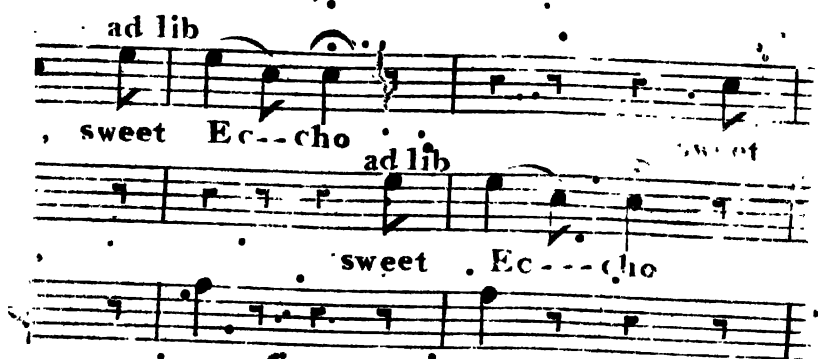
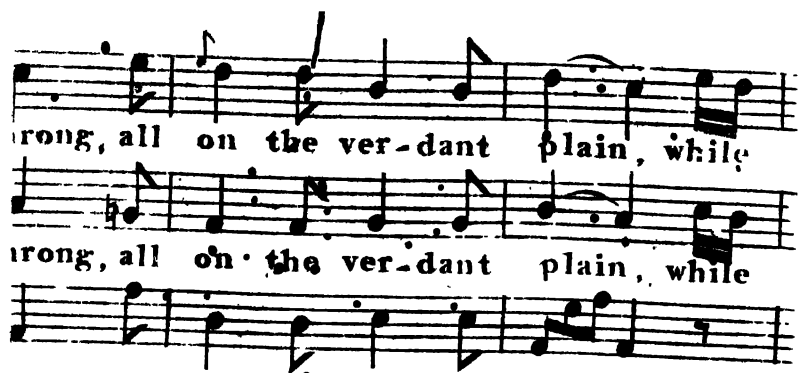
Sclaims the rising day and

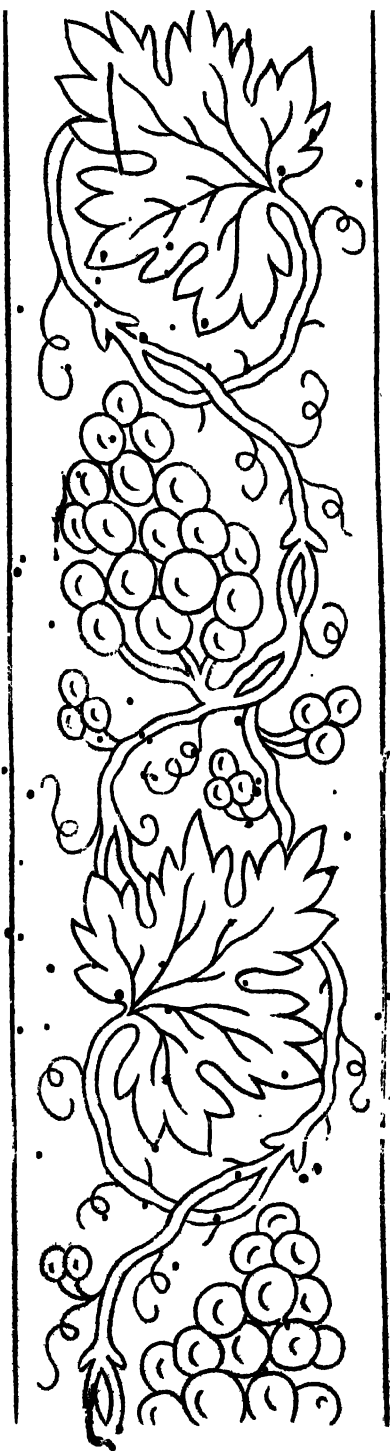
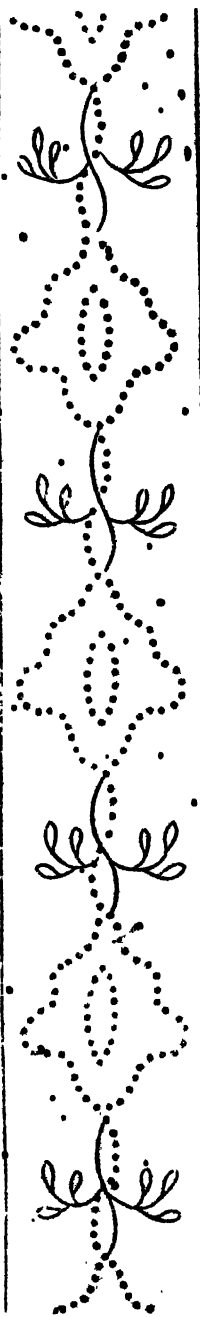
d - ness chase a - way, but

a - ness chase a - way, but

ad all aroun is day and

ad all aroun is day and









# LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

## FASHIONS For JANUARY, 1810.

### EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

#### ENGLISH COSTUME.

##### No. 1.—MANTLE WALKING DRESS.

A white cambric round dress, buttoned from the throat to the feet, ornamented at the bottom with four small tucks; finished at the neck with a ruck of lace. A mantle of scarlet Merino cloth, reaching to the petticoat behind, sloped up on one side to the waist, on the other to a little above the knees, confined over the bosom on the right side with cords and tassels; a tippet of the same material as the cloak is attached to the collar behind, and hangs in a point gracefully over the opposite shoulder; the whole is ornamented with a rich embossed trimming of purple and orange velvet. A trencher bonnet, finished with tassels, and ornamented with purple ribband and velvet. Boots of red Morocco; gloves of lavender kid or York tan; ridicule of scarlet velvet.

##### No. 2.—A FINE INDIA MUSLIN TRAIN DRESS.

Fitted close to the shape, edged over the bosom with scallop lace; a rich lace drapery suspended from the shoulders; long lace sleeves, the cuffs ornamented with bugles. A purple French scarf, finished with gold tassels, thrown gracefully over the shoulders; a white satin cap with a lace rosette, a pearl aigrette placed in the centre, and ornamented with a long white ostrich plume. Pearl necklace, cross, and earrings. Shoes and gloves of pale-lemon coloured kid. Hair in full tufted curls.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

#### FASHION AND DRESS.

"Full dress (says *Lovelace*) creates dignity, augments consciousness, and compels distance." What little of novelty we have been

No. LIII.—Vol. VII.

able to collect since our last communications, we owe rather to individual taste than to any prevailing form, but that period is now fast approaching when the style of dress will become more decisive, and from the meridian splendour of the *beau monde* we hope soon to derive that imaginary warmth and lustre which at this sterile season of the year are denied to us by the natural world.

We think that too much stress is often laid on fashion, and that the becoming is too little consulted, if not sometimes wholly sacrificed or forgotten. The dress of a lady should so exactly correspond with her air and features, that it might seem to have been designed for her by nature rather than by her milliner; and her colours ought so well to harmonize with her complexion, as to appear that they were invented for her alone. A simple, natural, and refined taste is of great value to its possessor; it may contribute something to happiness, and even conduce to economy. The plainest attire, if well arranged, will give a grace, a charm, and even a distinction to the wearer. Neatness is the necessary groundwork of every species of elegance; not that neatness which is merely the effect of coquetry or even education, but which is an inherent part of the character,—a natural tendency of the mind; this is not only in itself a valuable quality, but almost a certain indication of every other feminine virtue; it may by too scrupulous an attention become a fatigue, but a thing so estimable can scarcely be carried to a fault.

We do not see why novelty should be wholly confined to dress, as if we founded all our desire or hope of pleasing on this ground. We cannot but think that a little variety occasionally introduced into the air and manners of a woman, might sometimes have a better effect than even a new cap. There is a charm in manners infinitely surpassing any thing that

H h

mere outside decoration can convey. The one excites only a cold admiration, while the other penetrates to the heart. French women possess the talent of pleasing in an eminent degree; it seems to be peculiar to their character, for a French beggar will ask his *sous* with nearly as much grace as a Pausan *belle* will receive her fan; but this is more the effect of temperament and education than of any decidedly amiable or solid quality; with them art does every thing, it gives them their sentiments, their virtues, and even their vices. They take the colour of those who are about them, and are only good or bad according to circumstances and situation.

In respect to the prevailing mode of dress, we shall begin, according to our usual custom, with what exclusively belongs to the out door costume.

Pelisses have undergone but little alteration, either in their form or texture, since our last observations. They are still made to fit tight to the shape, to button down the front with small raised silk buttons, left broad over the bosom and shoulders, but sloped in something narrower to the fall of the back behind; a cestas encircles the waist, and is fastened by a button to fore, the newest trimming is a velvet about two inches in breadth.

We have seen several elegant women in fine black cloth pelisses, ornamented with the narrowest gold braiding. Cinnamon brown is, however, the reigning colour in this style of dress. Mazarine continues to be much worn. Grass green it is expected will succeed to it.

Mantles are mostly made of scarlet Veringo cloth, cut in the bias, with a broad trimming of velvet of the same colour; the collars are likewise made of velvet the cross-way. The hoods are large, and chiefly lined with white sarsnet; a tippet of the same material as the cloak or of rich sarsnet, is frequently attached to the collar; on one side it is sloped like a pelenne, while the other terminates in a point, hanging gracefully over the opposite shoulder. Many ladies for the sake of convenience have a tippet to their cloth dresses which then answers the purpose of a pelisse. A rich silk spencer, trimmed with swansdown, with a white fur tippet and muff, worn over a bombazeen or Queen's stuff dress, is a very fashionable and convenient carriage costume.

Morning gowns continue to be made high in the neck. They are buttoned from the feet to the throat; the French robe we described in our last Number, is a very elegant addition to this dress; the French corded cambric is the favourite article in their construction.

In the afternoon, for intermediate class of dress, bombazeens, tustres, poplins, or stuffs, are every where observable.

In full or evening dress, the backs of the gowns are becoming considerably narrower, they are sloped to a point between the shoulders; the bosoms are in the wrap form, but worn very low; the neck and shoulders much exposed. Angles seem to have taken place of squares in the formation of the dresses; the sleeves are for the most part long. In this class of attire coloured crapes, gossamer nets, (worn over white satin) with black or coloured velvets, are in the most fashionable request. Trains are worn a quarter and half in length. The embroidered cestas, on a narrow gold band, is the most approved ornament for the waist. A lace handkerchief, or swansdown and satin tippet, is an indispensable part of full dress; and we hope so long as the shape continues to be so minutely displayed, this chaste fashion may prevail.

Hats and bonnets have experienced but little variation within this last month; they are mostly constructed of the same material as the pelisse; they are worn turned up in front, and drawn in a little to the crown (to appear like a roll) by a narrow gold binding, and ornamented with one or more flat ostrich feathers. Clouded and variegated straws, in the cottage form, are still seen on some of our most fashionable belles; but a plain straw hat, with a high flat crown turned up close behind, sitting sufficiently hollow from the face to admit underneath several rows of lace plaiting, which has the appearance of a full cap, is a simple and more modern head dress.

The hair is either worn brought forward in a full tuft of curls on one side the face, or else closely twisted up behind, and confined with a pearl comb; a wreath of heath is placed at the back of the head *a-la Duplanc*, encircling the knot of hair twisted twice round, and inclining to the left ear; this is a most fascinating and graceful head-dress is tastefully disposed. Pins, ornamented with flies, crescents, or sprays in diamonds, pearls, or other jewels, have likewise a very elegant and pleasing effect.

In respect to the fashion for jewellery, we have observed that fancy necklaces and bracelets are by no means considered as elegant. Plain rows of pearl, ruby, garnet, emerald, &c. are seen to decorate the necks of our fashionable fair; they are worn of an easy graceful length; crosses in different coloured jewels are of new invention.

White satin muffs, trimmed with swansdown, are just introduced in the fashionable

circles as an appendage to full dress. There is no variety in shoes, they are still made of white satin, occasionally colished with purple, richly embroidered in gold, silver, or natural flowers. The Grecian sandal, in the form of a half boot, cut out to display the lace stocking, made in white, blue, or pale-pink kid, bound

and laced with silver, is in high estimation at Bath; it is admirably calculated to display a fine foot to advantage.

The prevailing colours for the season are crimson, orange, mazzine, amaranthus, scarlet, and cinnamon brown.

## THOUGHTS ON AFFECTATION IN THE FEMALE SEX.

### HUMILITY.

THE affectation of this pleasing quality (for I doubt whether it absolutely deserve the name of virtue) being in a manner so interwoven with the natural character, that it has certainly given but little trouble in the accountment, is in reality the most disagreeable kind of pride. A person possessing any amiable or merely pleasing qualification must in earnest be conscious of it: and though the vanity of parading your skill in an art, the excellency of your figure, or situation in life, may be a considerable temptation a little too strongly to display the gifts you possess, as you fancy, to the best advantage; yet very awkwardly is it done by the common place depreciation of what you know is yours. "As unknowing of forms as myself," proceeding from the lips of a person accustomed to the highest circles, would appear a most ridiculous piece of affectation. A very fine singer, wondering how it was possible to endure her squalling, would not be more absurd than the excuse we have seen at the close of an epistle from a person proud of their fine hand-writing, for the strange scrawl you are doomed to decypher: yet this sort of humility (only it is true in words) is deemed as much matter of course as the "humble servant" at the end of the letter, or as the salutation on entering or on quitting a room. But as falsehood is falsehood, vanish it as you will, I could wish that an elegant drawing might be shewn without the accompaniment of "I am almost ashamed to produce it;" for were the performer really ashamed, the drawing would not make its appearance, and the false humility of the excuse by no means interests the beholder in its favour. Real humility is not apt to bespeak approbation by these insidious arts, it thinks not very highly of its own performances, but it is conscious when it does or does not merit some degree of praise, and suffers every thing to

take its chance, neither counting nor declining admiration: indeed we think that Soame Jenyns' famous observation on cunning may be justly applied to humility, for surely it is true, that "Whoever appears to have a great deal of *humility*, must in reality, have but very little: for if he had much, he would have enough not to display it."

Humility with respect to personal advantages, is almost constantly designed as a trap for applause: when a pretty girl calls herself "a fright," when she pretends ignorance of possessing a fine figure, fine eyes, or beautiful hair, what is all this but endeavouring to hear herself contradicted? And truly sorry am we, who never any body is so far taken in by the petty artifice, as to try to undervalue the fair innocent, who is at least as sensible of her charms as any endeavour to reconcile her to herself can make her. This false humility as to person is easily discovered; but that which affects condescension towards those in a lower rank of life, and most of all the affected humility of charity, requires a thicker veil, and is a fault of much deeper dye.

The notice taken of servants, by enquiries after their health, and even after their connections, is an affectation of humility often put on by the most cold and haughty characters; and the awkward manner in which it is done so plainly shews the value placed on the honour conferred on the inferior by the person who has so greatly condescended, that it defeats its own intention; and the servant, though bowing and thanking the gracious enquirer, retires with a smile of suppressed disdain, which it is impossible to blame.

The proud humility of manner which one has so often beheld from the great, when receiving those of a different station at their tables, is so much more an insult than a civility, that I have more than once in my life felt my indignation so roused at the evident affect-

tation, that I have wondered how it was possible for any person, however low, to suffer the temptation of a treat to draw them into a demeaning themselves, of which they must be sensible, since no one is deceived by the foolish over-acted attentions of the giver of the fete.

The ostentatious knowledge I have seen expressed by the humble manner of the informer, in explaining to the ignorant hearer some point of custom, has, by the glaring consciousness of being in the right, shewn him, with his affected humility, in a far more ridiculous light than the ignorance of the person, so kindly assisted by superior information, could possibly place one who was not expected to know what was of course familiar to the other. Although it was an excellent rebuke to the pride of the man, there was no real humility in the famous carrying of the port-manteau by a late Peer of witty memory, when he found his servant too proud to carry it to the place where he had directed it should meet him, but had hired a person to do it for him—"It was a pity, John, you should trouble yourself, or be put to unnecessary expense, so I brought it for you." This was merely the affectation of humility, and in fact the indulgence of resentment in the confusion the servant must have suffered on finding that his Lord was acquainted with his absurdity.

Humility, as we observed, can never be assumed without betraying the affectation; but

still more disgraceful than in the slighter points where it will not fail to be discovered, and still more to be shunned, is the *pretence to charity* adorned in false humility. Attending to the distresses of the poor, and visiting their cottages, in order only to make a shew of humility, really destroys all the merit of the kindness. It is difficult perhaps exactly to draw a line which shall mark between good done for the sake of virtue, and that proceeding from love of admiration; and no person can judge for another with sufficient strictness in a point of such delicacy; our own reflections alone can decide for us, and if we will but examine with due attention, there will be little danger of remaining in an error as to the motive of our actions. A sudden impulse may for a short time deceive even the most guarded of human beings, but consideration soon recalls us to our senses, and clearly points out the proper path to be chosen; which if we refuse to take, and prefer danger to security, we can only call ourselves to account for the consequences; being forewarned by one who know what he said, "That him who knoweth to do good, and doth it not, to him 'it is sin.'" (James iv 17) It is, therefore, most assuredly our interest, as well as our duty, to check error, however trivial, at the very first moment that conscience has in any degree convinced us of its existence.

THE BEAUTIES  
OF  
Dr. JOHNSON.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.  
IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET observation with extensive view  
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;  
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,  
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life:  
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,  
O'erspread with snare the clouded maze of fate,  
Where warring man, betray'd by vent'rous  
pride

To tread the dreary paths without a guide;  
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,  
Shuns fancied ill, or chases airy good:  
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,  
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant  
voice:

How nations sink by darling schemes oppress,  
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.  
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,  
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;  
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,  
With fatal sweetness elocution flows!  
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful  
breath,

And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the  
bold

Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;  
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,  
And crowds with crimes the records of man-  
kind!

For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,  
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;  
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety  
buys;

The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,  
And dubious title shakes the madden'd land,  
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,  
How much more safe the vassal than the lord:  
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,  
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,  
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers  
sound,

Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,  
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.  
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy;  
Increase his riches and his peace destroy.

No. XLVIII.

New fears in dire vicissitude invade,  
The rustling break alarms, and quiv'ring shade;  
Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief;  
One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,  
And gain and gaudeur load the tainted gales;  
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,  
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,  
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,  
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,  
And feed with varied food th' eternal jest:  
Thou who could'st laugh where want en-  
chain'd caprice,

Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;  
Where wealth unlov'd, without a mourner  
died;

And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;  
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,  
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;  
Where change of fav'rites made no change of  
laws,

And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;  
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish  
tribe, [give?]

Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing  
Attentive, truth and nature to descry,  
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,  
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,  
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe.  
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,  
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griets are  
vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,  
Renew'd at every glance on human kind;  
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,  
Search every state, and canvas ev'ry pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's  
gate,

A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;  
Delusive Fortune heard the incessant call,  
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.  
On ev'ry stage the fides of peace attend,  
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their  
end. [door]

Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's  
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;

B

For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,  
 To growing wealth the dedicat'or flies;  
 From ev'ry room descends the painted face,  
 That hung the bright palladium of the place,  
 And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,  
 To better features yields the frame of gold;  
 For now no more we trace in ev'ry line  
 Heroic worth, benevolence divine:  
 The form distorted justifies the fall,  
 And detestation rids th' indignant wall.  
 But will not Britain hear the last appeal,  
 Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal?  
 Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance  
 rings,

Degrading nobles and controuling kings;  
 Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,  
 And ask no questions but the price of votes;  
 With weekly libels and septennial ale,  
 Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-bloom dignity, see Wolsey stand,  
 Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:  
 To him the church, the realm, their pow'r  
 consign;

Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine;  
 Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,  
 His smile alone security bestows:  
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r;  
 Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances  
 pow'r;

Till conquest unresisted chas'd to please,  
 And rights submitted left him none to seize.  
 At length his sovereign frowns—the train of  
 state [hate.

Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to  
 Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,  
 His supplicants scorn him, and his followers  
 fly:

Now drops at once the pride of awful state,  
 The golden canopy, the glittering plate,  
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,  
 The liv'd army, and the menial lord.

With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,  
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.

Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,  
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.  
 Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace  
 repine,

Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be  
 thine?

Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,  
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent!  
 For why did Wolsey, near the steep of fate,  
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous  
 weight?

Why but to sink, beneath misfortune's blow,  
 With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's  
 knife,

And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?

What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd  
 Hyde,

By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?  
 What but their wish indulg'd in courts to  
 shine,

And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,  
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;  
 Resistless burns the fever of renown,  
 Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:  
 O'er Bodley's doom his future labours spread,  
 And Bacon's\* mansion trembles o'er his head.  
 Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious  
 youth,

And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!  
 Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,  
 Till captive science yields her last retreat,  
 Should reason guide thee with her brightest  
 ray,

And pour on misty doubt resistless day:  
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,  
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;  
 Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,  
 And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;  
 Should beauty blunt on wops her fatal dart,  
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;  
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade;  
 Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;  
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,  
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:  
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,  
 And pause a while from learning to be wise:  
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,  
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.  
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,  
 To hurried merit raise the tardy bust.  
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,  
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last prize be-  
 stows,

The glittering eminence exempt from ills;  
 See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,  
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.  
 From meaner minds, tho' smaller fines con-  
 tent,

The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent;  
 Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the  
 shock,

And fatal learning leads him to the block:  
 Around his tomb let art and genius weep,  
 But bear his death, ye blockheads, hear and  
 sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,  
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,

\* There is a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.

The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,  
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.  
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,  
 For such the steady Romans shook the world;  
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,  
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;  
 This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,  
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.  
 Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,  
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,  
 And mortgag'd states their grandsires wreaths regret,  
 From age to age in everlasting debt;  
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey  
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.  
 On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,  
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;  
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;  
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,  
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;  
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
 War sounds the trumpet, he rushes to the field;  
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,  
 And one capitulate, and one resign;  
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;  
 "Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought  
 "On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
 "And all be mine beneath the polar sky."  
 The march begins in military state,  
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;  
 Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
 And winter barricades the realms of frost;  
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;  
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:  
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,  
 And shews his miseries in distant lands,  
 Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,  
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.  
 But did not chance at length her error mend?  
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?  
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?  
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?  
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,  
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;  
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.  
 All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,  
 From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.  
 In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,  
 With half mankind embattled at his side,

Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,  
 And starves exhausted regions in his way;  
 Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,  
 Till crouded myriads sooth his pride no more;  
 Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,  
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;  
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,  
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;  
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show,  
 And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;  
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,  
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains;  
 Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast  
 Thro' purple billows and a floating host.  
 The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,  
 Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,  
 With unexpected legions bursts away,  
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway,  
 Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,  
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;  
 From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze  
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;  
 The fierce Croatians and the wild hussars,  
 With all the sons of savage crowd the war;  
 The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom  
 Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,  
 His foes derision, and his subjects blame,  
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame.  
 "Enlarge my life with multitude of days;"  
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;  
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,  
 That life protracted is protracted woe.  
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,  
 And shuts up all the passages of joy;  
 In vain they gifts the bounteous seasons pour,  
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;  
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,  
 He views, and wonders that they please no more;  
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,  
 And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.  
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,  
 Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:  
 No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,  
 Tho' dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus near;  
 Nor late nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,  
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;  
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,  
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.



The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,  
Perplex the fawning niece, and pamper'd guest,  
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring  
sueer,

And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;  
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,  
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,  
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous  
skill,  
And mould his passion till they make his  
will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,  
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;  
But unextinguish'd avarice still remains,  
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;  
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled  
hands,

His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;  
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,  
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But want the virtues of a temperate prime,  
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or  
crime;

An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,  
And glides in modest innocence away;  
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,  
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;  
The gen'ral favourite as the gen'ral friend.  
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet even on this her load, misfortune's things,  
To press the weary minutes flagging wings;  
New sorrow rises as the day returns,  
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.  
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,  
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.  
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,  
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;  
New forms arise, and different views engage,  
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage;  
Till pitying nature signs the last release,  
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these  
await,

Who set unclouded in the gulphs of fate.  
From Lydia's monarch should the search de-  
scend,

By Solon caution'd to regard his end,  
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,  
Fear of the brave, and follies of the wise!  
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage  
flow,

And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,  
Begg' for each birth the fortune of a face:  
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty  
spring:

And Fedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,  
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,  
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,  
By day the frolic, and the dance by night.  
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,  
And ask the latest fashion of the heart,  
What care, what rules your heedless charms  
shall save,

Each nymph your rival, and each youth your  
slave?

Against your fame with fondness hate cou-  
bines,

The rival batters, and the lover mines.

With distant voice neglected virtue calls,

Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance  
falls;

Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry  
And pride and prudence take her seat in  
vain.

In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,  
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.  
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;  
To interest, prudence; and to flattery, pride,  
Here beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,  
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects  
find?

Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant  
mind?

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?

Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,

No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?

Enquirer, cease, petitions yet remain

Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion  
vain,

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,  
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the  
choice,

Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar

The secret ambush of a specious pray'r,

Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,

Secure what'er he gives, he gives the best.

Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,

And strong devotion to the skies aspires,

Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,

Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;

For love, which scarce collective man can fill;

For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;

For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,

Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:

These goods for man the laws of Heav'n or-  
dain,

These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r  
to gain;

With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,

And makes the happiness she does not find.

## SPRING.—AN ODE.

STERN Winter now by Spring repress'd,  
 Forbear<sup>s</sup> the long continued strife;  
 And Nature, on her naked breast,  
 Delights to catch the gales of life.  
 Now o'er the rural kingdom roves  
 Soft Pleasur<sup>e</sup> with her laughing train;  
 Love warbles in the vocal groves,  
 And vegetation plants the plain.  
 Unhappy whom to beds of pain  
 Arthritic \* tyranny consigns!  
 Whom smiling nature courts in vain,  
 Tho' rapture wings, and beauty shines!  
 Yet tho' my limbs disease invades,  
 Her wings imagination tries,  
 And bears me to the peaceful shades  
 Where ——'s humble turrets rise.  
 Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,  
 Nor from the pleasing groves depart,  
 Where first great nature charm'd my sight,  
 Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue  
 A guide—a father—and a friend;  
 Once more great nature's works review,  
 Once more on wisdom's voice attend.  
 From false carcasses, causeless strife,  
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;  
 Here let me learn the use of life,  
 When best enjoy'd, when most improv'd.  
 Teach me, thou venerable bow'r,  
 Cool meditation's quiet seat,  
 The generous scorn of venal pow'r,  
 The silent grandeur of retreat.  
 When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,  
 Or raging factions rush to war,  
 Here let me learn to shun the crimes  
 I can't prevent, and will not share.  
 But lest I fall by subtler fogs,  
 Bright wisdom, teach me Curio's art  
 The swelling passions to compose,  
 And quell the rebels of the heart.

## THE MIDSUMMER WISH.—AN ODE.

O PHOEBUS! down the western sky  
 Far hence diffuse thy burning ray;  
 Thy light to distant worlds supply,  
 And wake them to the cares of day.  
 Come, gentle eve, the friend of ease!  
 Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!  
 Refresh me with a cooling breeze,  
 And cheer me with a lambent light.  
 Lay me where o'er the verdant ground  
 Her living carpet nature spreads;  
 Where the green bow'r, with roses crown'd,  
 In show'rs its fragrant foliage sheds.  
 Improve the peaceful hour with wine,  
 Let music die along the grove;

Around the bow let myrtles twine,  
 And ev'ry strain be tun'd to love.  
 Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!  
 Come, born to fill its vast desires!  
 Thy looks perpetual joys impart,  
 Thy voice perpetual love inspires.  
 Whilst, all my wish and thine complete,  
 By turns we languish and we burn,  
 Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,  
 Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.  
 Let me, when nature calls to rest,  
 And blushing skies the morn foretell,  
 Sink on the down of Stella's breast,  
 And bid the waking world farewell.

## AUTUMN.—AN ODE

ALAS! with swift and silent pace  
 Impatient time rolls on the year;  
 The seasons change, and nature's face  
 Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,  
 Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;  
 The flow'rs of Spring are swept away,  
 And Summer fruits desert the bough.  
 The verdant leaves that play'd on high,  
 And wanton'd on the western breeze,

---

\* The author being ill of the gout.

Now trod in dust neglected lie,  
 As Boreas strips the bending trees.  
 The fields that wav'd with golden grain,  
 As russet heaths are wild and bare,  
 Not moist in dew, but drench'd in rain;  
 Nor health nor pleasure wanders there.  
 No more, while thro' the midnight shade  
 Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,  
 Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,  
 As Progne pours the melting lay.  
 From this capricious clime she soars;  
 O would some god but wings supply!  
 To where each morn the Spring restores,  
 Companion of her flight I'd fly.  
 Vain wish! me fate compels to bear  
 The downward seasons iron reign,  
 Compels to breathe polluted air,  
 And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,  
 If glooms, and show'rs, and storms prevail;  
 And Ceres flies the naked field,  
 And flow'rs and fruits, and Phœbus fail?  
 O! what remains, what lingers yet,  
 To cheer me in the darkening hour?  
 The grape remains, the friend of wit,  
 In love and mirth of mighty pow'r.  
 Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl;  
 Apollo, shoot thy parting ray:  
 This gives the sunshine of the soul,  
 This god of health, and verse, and day.  
 Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,  
 The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;  
 My Stella with new charms shall glow,  
 And ev'ry bliss in wine shall meet.

## WINTER.—AN ODE.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,  
 Unfolds the flow'r of various hue;  
 Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,  
 Nor gently eve distils the dew.  
 The lingering hours prolong the night;  
 Usurping darkness shares the day,  
 Her mists restrain the force of light;  
 And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.  
 By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,  
 With sighs we view the hoary hill,  
 The leafless wood, the naked field,  
 The snow topt cot, the frozen rill.  
 No music warbles thro' the grove,  
 No vivid colours paint the plain;  
 No more with devious steps I rove  
 Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.  
 Aloud the driving tempest roars,  
 Congel'd, impetuous show'rs descend;

Haste, close the windows, bar the doors,  
 Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.  
 In nature's aid let art supply  
 With light and heat my little sphere;  
 Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high;  
 Light up a constellation here.  
 Let music sound the voice of joy,  
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;  
 Let love his wanton wiles employ,  
 And o'er the season wine prevail.  
 Yet time life's dreary winter brings,  
 When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;  
 Nor music charm, tho' Stella sings;  
 Nor love, nor wine the spring restore.  
 Catch then, O catch, the transient hour;  
 Improve each moment as it flies.  
 Life's a short summer—man a flow'r;  
 He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

## AN EVENING ODE.—TO STELLA.

Evening now from purple wings  
 Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;  
 Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,  
 Cooling breezes shake the reed;  
 Shake the reed, and curl the stream  
 Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;  
 Near the chequer'd lonely grove  
 Hears and keeps thy secrets, love.  
 Stella, thither let us stray  
 Lightly o'er the dewy way.  
 Phœbus drives his burning car  
 Hence, my lovely Stella, far;

In his stead, the queen of night  
 Round us pours a lambent light;  
 Light that seems but just to shew  
 Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.  
 Let us now, in whisper'd joy,  
 Evening's silent hour's employ;  
 Silence beat, and conscious shades,  
 Please the hearts that love invades;  
 Other pleasures give them pain,  
 Lovers all but love disdain.

## THE VANITY OF WEALTH.

No more thus brooding o'er yon heap,  
 With Avarice painful vigils keep;  
 Still unenjoy'd the present store,  
 Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.  
 O quit the shadow, catch the prize,  
 Which not all India's treasure buys!  
 To purchase heav'n has gold the pow'r?  
 Can gold remove the mortal hour?  
 In life can love be bought with gold?  
 Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?  
 No—all that's worth a wish, a thought,  
 Fair virtue gives unbrisd, unbought.  
 Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,  
 Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With science tread the wondrous way,  
 Or learn the Muses' moral lay;  
 In social hours indulge thy soul,  
 Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;  
 To virtuous love resign thy breast,  
 And be, by blessing beauty, blest.  
 Thus taste the feast by nature spread,  
 Ere youth and all its joys are fled;  
 Come taste with me the balm of life,  
 Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.  
 I boast whate'er for man was meant  
 In health, and Stella, and content;  
 And scorn (O let that scorn be thine)  
 Mere things of clay that dig the mine.

## TO LYCE,

AN ELDERLY LADY.

Ye nymphs whom starry rays invest,  
 By flattering poets given,  
 Who shine by lavish lovers' drest  
 In all the pomp of heaven!  
 Engross not all the beams on high  
 Which gild a lover's lays;  
 But, as your sister of the sky,  
 Let Lyce share the praise.  
 Her silver locks display the moon,  
 Her brows a cloud do show:  
 Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,  
 And show'rs from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dye,  
 She's starr'd with pimples o'er;  
 Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,  
 And can with thunder roar.  
 But some Zelinda, while I sing,  
 Denies my Lyce shines:  
 And all the pens of Cupid's wing  
 Attack my gentle lines.  
 Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,  
 And all her bards express,  
 My Lyce makes as good a sky,  
 And I but flatter less.

## THE NATURAL BEAUTY.—TO STELLA.

Whether Stella's eyes are found  
 Fix'd on earth or glancing round,  
 If her face with pleasure glow,  
 If she sigh at other's woe,  
 If her easy air express  
 Conscious worth or soft distress,  
 Stella's eyes, and air, and face,  
 Charm with undiminish'd grace.  
 If on her we see display'd  
 Pendant gems, and rich brocade;  
 If her chintz with less expence  
 Flows in easy negligence;  
 Still she lights the conscious flame,  
 Still her charms appear the same:

If she strikes the vocal strings,  
 If she's silent, speaks, or sings,  
 If she sit, or if she move,  
 Still we love, and still approve.  
 Vain the casual, transient glance,  
 Which alone can please by chance,  
 Beauty which depends on art,  
 Changing with the changing heart,  
 Which demands the toilet's aid,  
 Pendant gems and rich brocade.  
 I those charms alone can prize  
 Which from constant nature rise,  
 Which nor circumstance nor dress  
 E'er can make or more or less.

TO MISS

ON GIVING THE AUTHOR A GOLD AND SILK NET-WORK PURSE OF HER OWN WEAVING.

THOUGH gold and silk their charms unite,  
To make thy curious web delight,  
In vain the varied work would shine  
If wrought by any hand but thine;  
Thy hand that knows the subtler art,  
To weave those nets that catch the heart.

Spread out by me, the roving coin  
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;  
Nor can I hope thy silken chain  
The glittering vagrants shall restrain.  
Why, Stella, was it then decreed,  
The heart once caught should ne'er be freed?

EPITAPH ON SIR THOMAS HAMMER.

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious  
eye,  
Pause at this tomb where Hammer's ashes lie:  
His various worth through varied life attend,  
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his  
end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth  
With thirst of knowledge and with love of  
truth;

His learning, join'd with each endearing art,  
Charc'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.

Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,  
His country call'd him from the studious shade:  
In life's first bloom his public toils began,  
At once commenc'd the senator and man.

In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,  
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state,  
In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,  
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd;  
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,  
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Realless merit fix'd the senate's choice,  
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.  
Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone  
When Hammer fill'd the chair, and Anne the  
throne!

Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce  
debate, [state,  
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of  
The Moderator firmly mix'd appear'd,  
Beheld with love, with veneration heard.

This task perform'd he sought no gainful  
post,

Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost:

Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,

With temperate zeal, and wise anxiety;

Nor e'er from virtue's path was lur'd aside,

To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure or of pride.

Her gifts despis'd. Corruption blush'd and  
fled,

And Fame pursu'd him where Conviction led.

Age call'd at length his active mind to rest,

With honours sated, and with cares oppress:

To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,

To rural grandeur, and domestic worth:

Dehghted still to please mankind, or mend,

The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.

Calm conscience then his former life sur-  
vey'd,

And recollected toils endear'd the shade;

Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,

And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

THE BEAUTIES  
OF  
ADDISON.

A LETTER FROM ITALY,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES LORD HALLIFAX. IN THE YEAR 1701.

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,

And from Britannia's public post retire,  
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,  
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;  
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,  
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,  
Where the soft season and inviting clime  
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,  
Gay gild'd scenes and shining prospects rise;  
Poetic fields encompass me around,  
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;  
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,  
That now a mountain rears its head unsung;  
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,  
And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.  
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods

For rising springs and celebrated floods!  
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,  
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,  
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store  
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,  
And hoary Aëolus's infected tide  
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey  
Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,  
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains,  
The frowning Alps of half their moisture drains,  
And, proudly swoll'n with a whole winter's snows,

Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tunful throng,  
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,  
That lost in silence and oblivion lie  
(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry),

Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,  
And in the smooth description murmur still.  
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,  
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,  
That, destitute of strength, derives its course  
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;  
Yet, sung so often in poetic lays,  
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;  
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!  
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream

That in Hibernia's vales obscurely stray'd,  
And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd,  
Till, by your lines and Nassau's sword re-  
nown'd,

In rising billows through the world resound;  
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,  
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast in-  
spire

With warmth like yours, and raise an equal  
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should  
shine,

And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile,  
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,  
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with  
care,

Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.  
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice fer-  
ments

To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents;  
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle  
bloom,

And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.

Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats;  
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;  
Where western gales eternally reside,  
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;  
Blossoms, and fruits, and flow'rs together  
rise,

And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,  
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,  
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry  
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.

An amphitheatre's amazing height  
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,  
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,  
And held uncrowded nations in its womb;  
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the  
skies;

And here the proud triumphal arches rise,  
Where the old Romans deathless acts dis-  
play'd,

Their base degenerate progeny upbraid;  
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,  
And, wond'ring at their height, through airy  
channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse re-  
 tires,  
 And the dumb shore of breathing rocks ad-  
 mires;  
 Where the smooth chissel all its force has  
 shewn,  
 And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.  
 In solemn silence, a majestic band,  
 Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls, stand;  
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,  
 And emperors, in Parnassian marble frown;  
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly  
 sued,  
 Still shew the charms that their proud hearts  
 subdued,  
 Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,  
 And shew th' immortal labours in my verse,  
 Where, from the mingled strength of shade  
 and light,  
 A new creation rises to my sight;  
 Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,  
 So warm with life his blended colours glow,  
 From theme to theme with secret pleasures  
 toss'd,  
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost.  
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound  
 With circling notes and labyrinth of sound;  
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,  
 And op'ning palaces invite my Muse.  
 How has kind Heaven adorned the happy  
 land,  
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!  
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,  
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny  
 shores,  
 With all the gifts that Heaven and earth im-  
 part,  
 The smiles of nature and the charms of art,  
 While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,  
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains?  
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain  
 The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain;  
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,  
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;  
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty  
 curs'd,  
 And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.  
 Oh Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,  
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!  
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
 And smiling plenty leads the wanton train;  
 Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light,  
 And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;  
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,  
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the  
 day.

Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores;  
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,  
 How oft, in fields of death, thy presence  
 sought,  
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly  
 bought!  
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine  
 The grapes' soft juice, and mellow it to  
 wine;  
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,  
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;  
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies  
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;  
 Nor at the coarseness of our Heaven repine,  
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads  
 shine:  
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,  
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak  
 mountains smile. [sight,  
 Others with tow'ring piles may please the  
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight;  
 A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,  
 Or teach their animated rocks to live:  
 'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's  
 fate,  
 And hold in balance each contending state;  
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with  
 war,  
 And answer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.  
 The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce  
 alarms,  
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;  
 Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,  
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in  
 peace.  
 Th' ambitious Gaul beholds, with secret  
 dread,  
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,  
 And fain her godlike sons would disunite  
 By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;  
 But strives in vain to conquer or divide,  
 Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsel  
 guide.  
 Fir'd with the name which I so oft have found  
 The distant climes and different tongues re-  
 sound,  
 I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,  
 That longs to launch into a bolder strain.  
 But I've already troubled you too long,  
 Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.  
 My humble verse demands a softer theme,  
 A painted meadow, or a purling stream;  
 Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,  
 And lines like Virgil's or like yours, should  
 praise.

THE CAMPAIGN.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. 1705.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,  
Proud in their number to enrol your name;  
While emperors to you commit their cause,  
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause:  
Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,  
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.  
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,  
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view  
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,  
And wars and conquests fill the important

year;  
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,  
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering  
pride,

His ancient bounds enlarg'd on every side;  
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,  
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;  
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,  
Oppos'd their Alps and Appenines in vain,  
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks  
immur'd,

Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;  
The rising Danube its long race began,  
And half its course through the new conquests  
ran;

Amaz'd, and anxious for her sov'reign's fates,  
Germania trembled through a hundred states;  
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;  
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;  
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair,  
His hopes on Heaven, and confidence in pray'r.

To Britain's Queen the nations turn their  
eyes;

On her resolves the western world relies;  
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,  
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.  
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms  
rent,

To sit the guardian of the continent!  
That sees her bravest son advance so high,  
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;  
Thy favourites grow not up by fortune's sport,  
Or from the crimes or follies of a court.  
On the firm basis of desert they rise,  
From long-tried faith, and friendship's holy  
ties: [share;

Their sovereign's well-distinguished smiles they  
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in

The nation thanks them with a public voice;  
By show'rs of blessings Heaven approves their  
choice;

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,  
And factions strive who shall applaud them  
most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky;  
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;  
Her chief already has his march begun,  
Crossing the provinces himself had won,  
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,  
Retards the progress of the moving war.  
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall  
In distant climes far from the pejur'd Gaul;  
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,  
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,  
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,  
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.  
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts  
That wander'd on the banks, her heroes  
ghosts,  
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,  
The vengeance due to their great death was  
near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he pass'd,  
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast.  
Forming the wondrous year within his  
thought,

His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.  
The long laborious march he first surveys,  
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese;  
Between whose floods such pathless forest  
grew,

Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:  
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,  
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

But with the fate of Europe, he reviews  
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pur-  
sues!

Infected by the burning scorpion's heat,  
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples  
beat,

Till on the borders of the Maine he finds  
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.  
Our British youth, with in-born freedom  
bold,

Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,  
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,  
(Their Maker's image more than half de-  
fac'd),

Hourly instructed as they urge their toil,  
To prize their Queen, and love their native  
soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way  
Thru' clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.  
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast,  
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,



That cheerfully his labours past forgets,  
The midnight watches, and the noon-day  
heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass  
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in  
grass)

Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain,  
Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein.  
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks from  
far

Rise up in hideous view; the guilt of war:  
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruins climbs,  
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew  
Eugenio to the glorious interview.  
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,  
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;  
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out  
rays

They meet each other, mingling blaze with  
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,  
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,  
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood  
Of mounting spirits and fermenting blood;  
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-ru'd,  
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,  
In hours of peace content to be unknown,  
And only in the field of battle shewn:  
To souls like these, in mutual friendship  
join'd,

Heaven dares entrust the cause of human kind.  
Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,  
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms;  
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around  
With thund'ring peals of British shouts re-  
sound: [delight,  
Doubling their speed, they march with fresh  
Eager for glory, and require the night.  
So the staunch hound the trembling deer pur-  
sues,

And smelt his footsteps in the tainted dews,  
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:  
But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry  
breeze,

Fl'd at the near approach, he shoots away  
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.  
The march concludes, the various realms are  
past;

Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last:  
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,  
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;  
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,  
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,  
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,  
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders  
sleep.

Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious  
sight

His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,  
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:  
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what hosts of foes  
Were never to behold that ev'ning close!  
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm  
array

The close compacted Britons win their way;  
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd  
With tracks of death, and laid the battle waste:  
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke  
Tho' flames of sulphur and a night of smoke,  
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,  
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage,  
The battle, kindled into ten-fold rage,  
With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of  
fire,

Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire;  
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,  
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,  
New to the field, and heroes in their bloom!  
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native  
shore

To march where Britons never march'd before  
(Oh fatal love of fame! oh glorious heat,  
Only destructive to the brave and great!)  
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,  
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts, breathe their  
last.

But hold, my Muse, may no complaints appear,  
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:  
While Marlbo'ro' lives, Britannia's stars dispense  
A friendly light, and shine in innocence:  
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed  
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;  
Those he supports, these drives to sudden  
flight,

And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms,  
forbear

To brave the thickest terrors of the war;  
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,  
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;  
Let nations anxious for thy life abate  
This scorn of danger and contempt of fate:  
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy Queen demands  
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;  
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,  
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,  
By crowded armies fortified in vain;  
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,  
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.  
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides  
The sea's whole weight, increas'd with swelling  
tides;

But if the rushing wave a passage finds,  
Eurag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,

The trembling peasant, sees his country round  
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight  
(Refuse of swords and gleanings of a fight)  
In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,  
And Marlborough's form in ev'ry shadow fear,  
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace  
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donavert, with unresisted force,  
The gay victorious army bends its course.  
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,  
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields  
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,  
The food of armies and support of wars:  
With magazines of death, destructive balls,  
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls;  
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,  
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded prince! how is thy greatness  
cross'd,

And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,  
That proudly set thee on a fancied throne,  
And made imaginary realms thy own!  
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,  
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,  
Nor find it there! Surrounded with alarms,  
Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallic arms;  
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,  
And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of  
France:

While, to exact thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul  
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,  
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,  
Alternately proclaim him good and great,  
And make the Hero and the Man complete.  
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain  
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain,  
Till, fix'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare  
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.  
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand  
With sword and fire, and ravages the land;  
A thousand villages to ashes turns,  
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.  
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,  
And mix'd with bellowing herds confus'dly  
bleat.

[partake,  
Their trembling, lords the common shade  
And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake:  
The list'ning soldier fix'd in sorrow stands,  
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;  
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity away'd,  
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet, terrible from far,  
In shriller clangors animates the war;  
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,  
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:  
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,  
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;

The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,  
And, while the thick embattled host he views  
Stretch'd out in deep array, and dreadful  
length,

His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,  
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;  
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,  
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,  
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons  
thrust,

And pray'rs in bitterness of soul prefer'd,  
Europe's loud wries, that Providence assail'd,  
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd:  
The day was come when Heav'n design'd to  
shew

His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array  
The long extended squadrons shape their way!  
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts  
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts:  
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,  
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.  
No vulgar fears can British minds controul:  
Heat of revenge and noble pride of soul  
O'erlook'd the foe, advantag'd by his post,  
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;  
Though fens and floods possess the middle  
space;

[pass,  
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to  
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,  
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders  
stands.

[find  
But oh, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou  
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!  
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound  
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,  
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,  
And all the thunder of the battle rise.

'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was  
prov'd,

That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,  
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,  
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;  
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,  
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,  
Inspir'd reput'd battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.  
So when an angel by divine command  
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;  
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household troops  
advance!

The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.  
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,  
And with a general's love of conquest glows;

Proudly he marches on, and void of fear  
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear;  
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,  
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;  
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,  
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;  
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day  
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:  
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim  
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,  
Compuls'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,  
And troops of heroes undistinguished die.  
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,  
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!  
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,  
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!  
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,  
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.  
The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run;  
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun,  
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds  
transfix'd, [mix'd,  
Floating in gore, with their dead masters  
Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n  
around, [drown'd  
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpool.  
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant  
Sogut,  
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhone,  
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides;  
Or where the Loire thro' winding vineyards  
glides,  
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,  
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps  
convey. [affright  
From Blenheim's tow'rs, the Gaul with wild  
Behold's the various havoc of the fight;  
His waving banners, that so oft had stood  
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,  
No wout the guarded enemy to reach,  
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,  
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,  
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.  
Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name  
The pangs of rage, of sorrow and of shame,  
That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,  
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops re-  
pell'd,  
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,  
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground;  
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!  
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.  
An English Muse is touch'd with generous  
woe,  
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!  
Greatly distress'd, thy loud complaints forbear,  
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;  
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own  
The fatal field by such great leaders won,

The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away  
Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd  
fell

The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.  
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,  
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;  
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains  
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;  
Ev'n those who 'scape the flinters and the  
sword,

Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,  
Their raging King dishonours, to complete  
Marlborough's great work, and finish the de-  
feat.

From Memmingen's high domes, and Augs-  
burg's walls,  
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls;  
Freed by the terror of the victor's name,  
The rescu'd states his great protection claim;  
Whilst Ulm th' approach of her deliverer waits,  
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great de-  
signs,

In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:  
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends  
O'er the wide continent his march extends;  
If sieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd,  
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;  
If to the fight his active soul is bent,  
The fate of Europe turns on its event.  
What distant land, what region can afford  
An action worthy his victorious sword?  
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,  
To make the series of his toils complete?

Where the swollen Rhine rushing with all its  
force

Divides the hostile nations in its course,  
While each contracts its bounds, or wider  
grows,

Enlarg'd or straighten'd as the river flows,  
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,  
That all the wide extended plain commands;  
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it tried  
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its  
side;

As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,  
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.  
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,  
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;  
And though the dog-star had its course begun,  
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:  
Fix'd on the glorious action he forgets  
The change of seasons, and increase of heats;  
No toils are painful that can danger shew,  
No climes unlovely that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds re-  
strain'd,  
Learns to encamp within his native land;

But soon as the victorious host he spies,  
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he  
flies,

Such dire impressions in his heart remain  
Of Marlborough's sword, and Hochstet's fatal  
plain:

In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets  
Their shady coverts and obscure retreats;  
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,  
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial  
away

Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,  
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends  
That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends,  
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own  
The great supporter of his father's throne:  
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,  
Clasp'd in the embraces of the godlike man!  
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd  
To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,  
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,  
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,  
And Nireus shone but in the second place;  
Thus the great father of Almighty Rome  
(Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom  
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)  
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth, by Marlborough's presence  
charm'd,

Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd  
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,  
Discharges all its thunder on his walls;  
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the  
fight,  
And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.

The British chiefs for mighty toils renown'd,  
Increase'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,  
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,  
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,  
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,  
And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes.

Treves fears no more, freed from its dire  
alamus;

And Trarbach feels the terror of his arms:  
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,  
While Marlborough presses to the bold attack,  
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,  
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.  
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears  
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,  
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,  
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;  
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,  
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,  
The works of ages sunk in one campaign,  
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares;  
By her Britannia, great in foreign wars,  
Ranges thro' nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,  
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.  
By her the unfetter'd Ister's states are free,  
And taste the sweets of English liberty:  
But who can tell the joys of those that lie  
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!  
Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall  
Like Heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,  
Secure the happy, succour the distress'd,  
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people  
blest.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse  
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;  
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,  
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.  
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,  
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;  
Gods may descend in fictions from the skies,  
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;  
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious ray  
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze:  
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright  
And proudly shine in their own native light;  
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms  
they boast; [most  
And those who paint them truest, praise them

### HYMN ON GRATITUDE.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare  
That glows within my ravish'd heart?  
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redress'd,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

Through hidden danger, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face,  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er,  
And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ,

Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death in distant worlds  
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise,  
For O! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

### HYMN ON PROVIDENCE.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care:  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;  
To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.  
Tho' in a bare and rugged way,  
Through deserts lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;  
And streams shall murmur all around.

### HYMN FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim:  
Th' unwearied sun from day to day,  
Does his Creator's pow'r display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth:

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!  
What tho' no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found!  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is Divine."

THE BEAUTIES  
OF  
MOORE.

FABLES FOR THE FEMALE SEX.

FABLE I.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

*To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.*

THE moral lay, to beauty due,  
I write, fair excellence, to you;  
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours  
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.  
Truth under fiction I impart,  
To weed out folly from the heart,  
And shew the paths that lead astray  
The wand'ring nymph from wisdom's way.

I flatter none. The great and good  
Are by their actions understood;  
Your monument, if actions raise,  
Shall I deface by idle praise?  
I echo not the voice of Fame;  
That dwells delighted on your name:  
Her friendly tale, however true,  
Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.

The proud, the envious, and the vain,  
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain;  
To these, detesting praise, I write,  
And vent in charity my spite:  
With friendly hand I hold the glass  
To all, promiscuous, as they pass:  
Should folly there her likeness view,  
I fret not that the mirror's true:  
If the fantastic form offend,  
I made it not, but would amend.

Virtue, in ev'ry clime and age,  
Spurns at the folly-soothing page;  
While satire, that offends the ear,  
Of vice and passion, pleases her.

Premising this, your anger spare;  
And claim the fable you who dare.

The birds in place, by fictions press'd,  
To Jupiter their pray'rs address'd:  
By specious lyes the state was vex'd,  
Their counsels libellers perplex'd;  
They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)  
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.  
Jove grants the suit. The Eagle sate  
Decider of the grand debate.

The Pye, to trust and pow'r preferr'd,  
Demands permission to be heard.  
Says he, prolixity of phrase  
You know I hate. This libel says,

"Some birds there are, who, prone to noise,  
Are hir'd to silence wisdom's voice;  
And skill'd, to chatter out the hour,  
Rise by their emptiness to pow'r."

That this is aim'd direct at me,  
No doubt you'll readily agree;  
Yet well this sage assembly knows,  
By parts to government I rose.  
My prudent counsels prop the state;  
Magpies were never known to prate.

The Kite rose up. His honest heart  
In virtue's sufferings bore a part.

That there were birds of prey he knew:  
So far the libeller said true:

"Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,  
Who knew no int'rest but their own;  
Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,  
Nor pigeon, chick, or duckling spar'd."  
This might be true; but, if applied  
To him, in troth, the slanderer lyed.  
Since ignorance then might be misled,  
Such things, he thought, were best unsaid.

The Crow was vex'd As yester-morn  
He flew across the new sown corn,  
A screaming boy was set for pay;  
He knew, to drive the crows away;  
Scandal had found him out in turn,  
And buzz'd abroad that crows love corn.

The Owl arose with solemn face,  
And thus harangu'd upon the case,  
That magpies prate, it may be true;  
A kite may be voracious too;  
Crows sometimes deal in new-sown pease;  
He libels not, who strikes at these:  
The slander's here—"But there are birds,  
Whose wisdom lies in looks not words;  
Blunders, who level in the dark,  
And always shoot beside the mark."  
He names not me; but these are hints,  
Which manifest at whom he squints,  
I were indeed that blandering fowl,  
To question if he meant an owl.

Ye wretches, hence! the Eagle cries,  
'Tis conscience, conscience that applies;  
The virtuous mind takes no alarm,  
Secur'd by innocence from harm;  
While Guilt, and his associate Fear,  
Are startled at the passing air.

## FABLE II.

THE PANTHER, THE HORSE, AND OTHER  
BEASTS.

THE man who seeks to win the fair  
(So custom says) must truth forbear;  
Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lye,  
And raise the goddess to the sky.  
For truth is hateful to her ear;  
A rudeness which she cannot bear.  
A rudeness! Yes, I speak my thoughts;  
For truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched, Chloe, thou art,  
Who love you and yet cannot lye?  
And still, to make you less my friend,  
I strive your errors to amend!  
But shall the senseless fop impart  
The softest passion to your heart;  
While he, who tells you honest truth,  
And points to happiness your youth,  
Determines, by his care, his lot,  
And lives neglected and forgot?

Trust me, my dear, with greater ease,  
Your taste for flattery I could please;  
And similes in each dull line,  
Like glow-worms in the dark should shine,  
What if I say your lips disclose  
The freshness of the opening rose?  
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,  
Enrich'd by refreshing show'rs?  
Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade,  
Time every beauty will invade.  
The butterfly of various hue,  
More than the flow'r resembles you?  
Fair, fluttering, fickle, busy thing,  
To pleasure ever on the wing,  
Gaily coquetting for an hour,  
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.

Would you the bloom of youth should last?  
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;  
An easy carriage, wholly free  
From sour reserves and levity;  
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,  
And looks unskill'd in any art;  
Humility enough to own

The frailties which a friend makes known,  
Add decent pride enough to know  
The worth that virtue can bestow.

These are the charms which ne'er decay,  
Though youth and beauty fade away;  
And time, which all things else removes,  
Still heightens virtue, and improves.

You'll frown, and ask, To what intent  
This h'unt address to you is sent?  
I'll spare the question, and confess  
I'd praise you, if I lov'd you less.  
But rail, be angry, or complain,  
I will be ridde while you are vain.

Beneath a lion's peaceful reign,  
When beasts met friendly on the plain,

A Panther of majestic port  
(The rainest female of the court)  
With spotted skin, and eyes of fire,  
Fill'd every bosom with desire.  
Where'er she mov'd, a servile crowd  
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd:  
Assemblies every week she held  
(Like modern bells) with coxcombs fill'd;  
Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace,  
And lyes, and scandal, fill'd the place.

Behold the gay fantastic thing  
Encircled by the spacious ring!  
Low bowing, with important look,  
As first in rapk, the Monkey spoke:  
"Gad take me, madam! but I swear,  
No angel ever look'd so fair:  
Forgive my rudeness, but I vow  
You were not quite divine till now;  
Those limbs! that shape! and then those  
eyes!

O close them, or the gazer dies!"  
Nay, gentle pug, for goodness hush,  
I vow and swear you make me blush;  
I shall be angry at this rate;  
'Tis so like flattery, which I hate.

The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,  
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,  
And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,  
To which the fair have vast pretence!  
Yet well he knew them always vain  
Of what they strive not to attain;  
And play'd so cunningly his part,  
That pug was rivall'd in his art.

The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,  
And burnt—for what he durst not name;  
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood  
Might make his meaning understood.  
Half angry at the bold address,  
She frown'd; but yet she must confess;  
Such beauties might inflame his blood,  
But still his phrase was somewhat rude.

The Hog her neatness much admir'd;  
The formal Ass her swiftness fill'd:  
While all to feed her folly strove,  
And by their praises shar'd her love.

The Horse, whose generous heart disdain'd  
Applause by servile flattery gain'd,  
With graceful courage silence broke,  
And thus with indignation spoke:

When flattery monkeys fawn and prate,  
They justly raise contempt and hate;  
For merit's turn'd to ridicule,  
Applauded by the grinning fool.  
The artful fox your wit commends,  
To lure you to his selfish ends;  
From the vile flatterer turn away,  
For knaves make friendships to betray.  
Dismiss the train of fops and fools,  
And learn to live by wisdom's rules:

Such beauties might the lion warm,  
Did not your folly break the charm;  
For who would court that lovely shape,  
To be the rival of an ape?

He said, and snorting in disdain,  
Spurn'd at the crowd, and sought the plain.

### FABLE III.

#### THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose  
The lily and the blushing rose,  
From public view her charms will screen,  
And rarely in the crowd be seen;  
This simple truth shall keep her wise—  
"The fairest fruits attract the flies."

One night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,  
Contemplating her glittering train,  
Cried, Sure there never was in nature  
So elegant, so fine a creature.  
All other insects that I see,  
The frugal ant, industrious bee,  
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;  
With all that low mechanic crew,  
Who servilely their lives employ  
In business, enemy to joy.  
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn;  
For grandeur only I was born,  
Or sure am sprung from race divine  
And plac'd on earth to live and shine.  
Those lights that sparkle so far high,  
Are but the glow-worms of the sky;  
And kings on earth their gems admire,  
Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,  
A Nightingale forsook his lay;  
He saw the shining morsel near,  
And flew, directed by the glare;  
Awhile he gaz'd with sober look,  
And thus the trembling prey bespoke:

Deluded fool, with pride elate!  
Know 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:  
Less dazzling, long thou mightst have lain  
Unheeded on the velvet plain:  
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,  
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

### FABLE IV.

#### HYMEN AND DEATH.

SIXTEEN, d'ye say? Nay then 'tis time;  
Another year destroys your prime.  
But stay—the settlement? "That's made."  
Why then's my simple girl afraid?  
Yet hold a moment, if you can,  
And heedfully the fable scan.

The shades were fled, the morning blush'd,  
The winds were in their caverns hush'd,  
When Hymen, pensive and sedate,  
Held o'er the fields his musing gait.  
Behind him, thro' the green-wood shade,  
Death's meagre form the god survey'd;  
Who quickly, with gigantic stride,  
Outwent his pace, and join'd his side.  
The chat on various subjects ran,  
Till angry Hymen thus began:

Regleless Death! whose iron sway  
Mortals reluctant must obey,  
Still of thy power shall I complain,  
And thy too partial hand arraign?  
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,  
All over stuck with equal darts,  
Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,  
And cut the knot that Hymen tied.  
Shall not the bloody and the bold,  
The miser hoarding up his gold,  
The harlot reeking from the stew,  
Alone thy fell revenge pursue?  
But must the gentle and the kind  
Thy fury, undistinguish'd find?

The monarch calmly thus replied:  
Weigh well the cause, and then decide.  
That friend of yours you lately nam'd,  
Cupid alone, is to be blam'd;  
Then let the charge be justly laid:  
That idle boy neglects his trade,  
And hardly once in twenty years  
A couple to your temple bears.  
The wretches, whom your office blends,  
Silenus now, or Plutus sends;  
Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,  
Are common to the nuptial life.

Believe me! more than all mankind  
Your votaries my compassion find.  
Yet cruel am I call'd, and base,  
Who seek the wretched to release;  
The captive from his bonds to free,  
Indissoluble but for me.  
'Tis I entice him to the yoke;  
By me your crowded altars smoke:  
For mortals boldly dare the noose,  
Secure that Death will set them loose.

### FABLE V.

#### THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

WHY, Cælia, is your spreading waist  
So loose, so negligently lac'd?  
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide  
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?  
How ill that dress adorns your head,  
Distained and rumpled from the bed!  
Those clouds that shade your blooming face  
A little water might displace



As nature ev'ry morn bestows  
The crystal dew to cleanse the rose.  
Those tresses as the raven black,  
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,  
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,  
Destroy the face which once they deck'd.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress?  
Pray, madam, are you married?—Yes.  
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases;  
No matter now how loose your dress is;  
The end is won, your fortune made;  
Your sister now may take thy trade.

Alas! what pity 'tis to find  
This fault in half the female kind!  
From hence proceed aversion, strife,  
And all that sours the wedded life.  
Beauty can only point the dart,  
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;  
Let neatness then and beauty strive  
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)  
To keep the conquest, than subdue;  
Admit us once behind the screen,  
What is there farther to be seen?  
A new face may raise the flame,  
But ev'ry woman is the same.

Then study chiefly to improve  
The charm that fix'd your husband's love.  
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress  
That gave your beauty pow'r to bless?  
Pursue it still; be neater seen;  
'Tis always frugal to be clean;  
So shall you keep alive desire,  
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)  
A Poet sung his tuneful lay;  
So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear  
Apollo and the Muses there:  
Thro' all the town his praises rung;  
His sonnets at the playhouse sung;  
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,  
The goddesses want her pinions spread,  
And with poetic fury fir'd  
What Phoebus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble youth, of taste and wit,  
Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,  
And sought him in his cobweb dome,  
Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.

Behold him at the stately board!  
Who but the Poet and my Lord!  
Each day deliciously he dines,  
And greedily quaffs the generous wines;  
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,  
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;  
Astonish'd at the change so new,  
Away the inspiring goddess flew.

Now, dropt for politics and news,  
Neglected lay the drooping muse,

Unmindful whence his fortune came,  
He stifled the poetic flame;  
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,  
Lampoon, nor epigram, was ready.  
With just contempt his Patron saw  
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw);  
And thus, with anger in his look,  
The late-repenting fool bespoke:  
Blind to the good that coxgits thee grown,  
Whence has the sun of favour shone?  
Delighted with thy tuneful art,  
Esteem was growing in my heart;  
But idly thou reject'st the charm  
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.  
Cutbinking fools alone despise  
The arts that taught them first to rise.

#### FABLE VI.

THE WOLF, THE SHEEP, AND THE LAMB.

DUTY demands, the parent's voice  
Should sanctify the daughter's choice:  
In that is due obedience shewn;  
To choose, belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour,  
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,  
And claims, by purchase vile and base,  
The loathing maid for his embrace;  
Hence virtue sickens; and the breast,  
Where peace had built her downy nest,  
Becomes the troubled seat of care,  
And pines with anguish and despair.

A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,  
Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,  
Contemplating his ill-spent life,  
And cloy'd with thefts would take a wife.  
His purpose known, the savage race  
In numerous crowds attend the place;  
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,  
And held dominion in his jaws.  
Her favourite whelp each mother brought,  
And humbly his alliance sought;  
But cold by age, or else too nice,  
None found acceptance in his eyes.

It happen'd as at early dawn,  
He solitary cross'd the lawn,  
Stray'd from the fold the sportive Lamb  
Skip'd wanton by her fleecy dam;  
When Cupid, true to man and beast,  
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,  
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;  
Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,  
And courteous thus the dam bespoke:  
Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,  
Trust me, no enemy is near:  
These jaws, in slaughter oft imbrued,  
At length have known enough of blood;

And kinder business bring me now,  
Vanquish'd, at beauty's sweet to bow.  
You have a daughter—sweet, forgive  
A Wolf's address—in her I live;  
Love from her eyes like lightning came,  
And set my marrow all on flame;  
Let your consent confirm my choice,  
And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth and power attend,  
Wide o'er the plain my realms extend;  
What midnight robber dare invade  
The fold, if I the guard am made?  
At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,  
While I secure his master's sleep;  
Discourse like this attention claim'd;  
Grandeur the mother's breast infant'd;  
Now fearless by his side she walk'd,  
Of settlements and jointures talk'd;  
Propos'd, and doubled her demands,  
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip lands.  
The Wolf agrees. Her bosom swells;  
To Miss her happy fate she tells;  
And, of the grand alliance vain,  
Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing Lamb with horror hears,  
And wearies out her dam with prayers;  
But all in vain; mamma best knew  
What inexperience'd girls should do.  
So, to the neighbor'ing meadow carried,  
A formal Ass the couple married.

Torn from the tyrant mother's side,  
The trembler goes, a victim-bridge;  
Reluctant meets the rude embrace,  
And bleats among the howling race,  
With horror oft her eyes behold  
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;  
Each day a sister lamb is serv'd,  
And at the glutton's table carv'd;  
The crashing bones he grinds for food,  
And slakes his thirst with streaming blood.

Love, who the cruel mind detests,  
And lodges but in gentle breasts,  
Was now no more. Enjoyment past,  
The savage hunger'd for the feast;  
But (as we find, in human race,  
A mask conceals the villain's face)  
Justice must authorise the treat;  
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

As forth he walk'd in quest of prey,  
The hunters met him on the way:  
Fear wings his flight; the marsh he sought:  
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.  
His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,  
Howling he grinds his empty jaws:  
Food must be had, and lamb is nigh;  
His maw invokes the fraudulent lie.  
Is this (dissembling rage, he cried)  
The gentle virtue of a bride?

That, learn'd with man's destroying race,  
She sets her husband for the chace?  
By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound  
To scent his footsteps on the ground?  
Thou trait'ress vile! for this thy blood  
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!  
So saying, on the Lamb he flies:  
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

## FABLE VII.

## THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,  
That carries an affected air;  
The hisping tone, the shape constrain'd,  
The studied look, the passion feign'd,  
Are soporifics which only tend  
To injure what they strive to mend.

With what superior grace enchants  
The face, which nature's pencil paints!  
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,  
Glow with the meaning of the heart!  
Where freedom and good humour sit,  
And easy gaiety and wit!  
Though perfect beauty be not there,  
The easier lines, the finish'd air,  
We catch from every look delight,  
And grow enamour'd at the sight:  
For beauty, though we all approve,  
Excites our wonder more than love;  
While the agreeable strikes sure,  
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

Why then, my Amoret, this care,  
That forms you, in effect, less fair?  
A bloom that emulates the rose,  
If nature on your cheek bestows  
O'er some some heavenly image drew  
A form Apelles never knew,  
Your ill judg'd aid will you impart,  
And spoil my metreticulous art?  
Or had you, nature's error, come  
Abortive from the mother's womb,  
Your forming care she still rejects,  
Which only heightens her defects.  
When such, of glittering jewels proud,  
Still press the foremost in the crowd,  
At ev'ry public show are seen,  
With look awry, and awkward mien,  
The gaudy dress attracts the eye,  
And magnifies deformity.

Nature may underdo her part,  
But seldom wants the help of art;  
Trust her, she is your surest friend,  
Nor made your form for you to mend.

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,  
The shrillest of the cackling train,  
With proud and elevated crest,  
Precedence claim'd above the rest.

Says she, I laugh at human race,  
Who say geese hobble in their pace;  
Look here!—the staid'rous lye detect;  
No haughty man is so erect.  
'That peacock yonder! Lord, how vain  
The creature's of his gaudy train!  
If both were stript, I pawn my word,  
A goose would be the finer bird.  
Nature, to hide her own defects,  
Her bungled work with finery decks;  
Were geese set off with half that show,  
Would man admire the peacock? No.

Thus vaunting, 'cross the mead she stalks,  
The cackling breed attend her walks;  
The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,  
The Swans were sporting in the streams;  
Their snowy plumes and stately pride  
Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cried,  
Again what arrogance we see!  
These creatures! how they mimic me!  
Shall ev'ry fowl the water skim,  
Because we geese are known to swim!  
Humility they soon shall learn,  
And their own emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended wings,  
Lightly upon the wave she springs;  
Her bosom swells, she spread her plumes,  
And the Swan's stately crest assumes.  
Contempt and mockery ensu'd,  
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

A Swan, superior to the rest,  
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd:  
Conceited thing, elate with pride!  
Thy affectation all deride:  
These airs thy awkwardness impart,  
And shew thee plainly as thou art.

Among thy equals of the flock  
Thou hadst escap'd the public mock;  
And, as thy parts to good conduce,  
Been deem'd an honest hobbling goose.

Learn hence to study wisdom's rules;  
Know foppery's the pride of fools;  
And, striving nature to conceal,  
You only her defects reveal.

### FABLE VIII.

#### THE LAWYER AND JUSTICE.

LOVE! thou divinest good below!  
Thy pure delights few mortals know:  
Our rebel hearts thy way disown,  
While tyrant lust usurps thy throne.  
The bounteous God of nature made  
The sexes for each other's aid;  
Their mutual talents to employ,  
To lessen ills and heighten joy.  
To weaker woman he assign'd  
That soft'ning gentleness of mind,

That can by sympathy impart  
Its likeness to the roughest heart.  
Her eyes with magic pow'r endued,  
To fire the dull, and awe the rude.  
His rosy fingers on her face  
Shed lavish ev'ry blissful grace,  
And stamp'd (perfection to display)  
His mildest image on her clay.

Man, active, resolute, and bold,  
He fashion'd in a different mould,  
With useful arts his mind inform'd,  
His breast with nobler passions warm'd;  
He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,  
And courage for the fair's defence.  
Her frame, resistless to each wrong,  
Demands protection from the strong;  
To man she flies when fear alarms,  
And claims the temple of his arms  
By nature's Author thus declar'd  
The woman's sovereign and her guard,  
Shall man by treach'rous wiles invade  
The weakness he was meant to aid?  
While beauty, given to inspire  
Protecting love and soft desire,  
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,  
And to its own breast points the dart,  
Becomes the spoiler's base pretence  
To triumph over innocence.

The wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,  
Was never set the foil to keep;  
Nor was the tiger, or the pard,  
Meant the benighted traveller's guard;  
But man, the wildest beast of prey,  
Wears friendship's semblance to betray;  
His strength against the weak employs;  
And where he should protect, destroys.

Past twelve o'clock, the watchman cried;  
His brief the studious lawyer plied,  
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,  
The earnest of to-morrow's lie.  
Sudden the furious winds arise,  
The jarring casement shatter'd flies;  
The doors admit a hollow sound,  
And rattling from the hinges bound;  
When Justice, in a blaze of light,  
Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.

The wretch with thrilling horror shock;  
Loose every joint, and pale his look;  
Not having seen her in the courts,  
Or found her mentioned in reports,  
He ask'd, with fault'ring tongue, her name,  
Her errand there, and whence she came?

Sternly the white-robd Shade replied  
(A crimson glow her visage dy'd);  
Caust thou be doubtful who I am?  
Is Justice grown so strange a name?  
Were not your courts for Justice rais'd?  
'Twas there of old my altars blaz'd.

My guardian thee I did elect,  
My sacred temple to protect,  
That thou and all thy venal tribe,  
Should spurn the goddess for the bribe  
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,  
Justice has neither ears nor eyes;  
In foul alliance with the bar,  
'Gainst me the judge denounces war,  
And rarely issues his decree  
But with intent to baffle me.

She paus'd—her breast with fury burn'd:  
The trembling Lawyer thus return'd:

I own the charge is rightly laid,  
And weak the excuse that can be made;  
Yet search the spacious globe, and see  
If all mankind are not like me.

The gown-man, skill'd in Romish lies,  
By faith's false glass deludes our eyes:  
O'er conscience rides without control,  
And robs the man to save his soul.

The doctor, with important face,  
By sly design mistakes the case;  
Prescribes, and spins out the disease,  
To trick the patient of his fees.

The soldier, rough with many a scar,  
And red with slaughter, leads the war;  
If he a nation's trust betray,  
The foe has offer'd double pay.

When vice o'er all mankind prevails,  
And weighty interest turns the scales,  
Must I be better than the rest,  
And harbour Justice in my breast;  
On one side only take the fee,  
Content with poverty and thee?

Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,  
Th' exasperated Shade rejoind,  
If virtue from the world is flown,  
Will other's fault excuse your own?  
For sickly souls the priest was made;  
Physicians for the body's aid;  
The soldier guarded liberty;  
Man, woman, and the lawyer thee.  
If all are faithless to their trust,  
They leave not thee the least unjust.  
Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,  
And bar the sanction of thy name;  
Within your courts it shall be read,  
That Justice from the law is fled.

She spoke; and hid in shades her face,  
Till Hardwicke sooth'd her into grace.

=

## FABLE IX.

THE FARMER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

WHY knits my dear her angry brow?  
What rude offence alarms you now?  
I said that Delia's fair, 'tis true,  
But did I say she equal'd you?

Can't I another's face commend,  
Or to her virtues be a friend,  
But instantly your forehead frowns,  
As if her merit lessens yours?  
From female envy never free,  
All must be blind because you see.

Survey the garden, fields, and bow'rs,  
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs;  
Then tell me where the woodbine grows,  
That vies in sweetness with the rose;  
Or where the lily's snowy white,  
That throws such beauties on the sight?  
Yet folly is it to declare,  
That these are neither sweet nor fair.  
The crystal shines with fainter rays  
Before the diamond's brighter blaze;  
And fops will say the diamond dies  
Before the lustre of your eyes:  
But I, who deal in truth, deny  
That neither shine when you are by.

When zephyrs o'er the blossom stray,  
And sweets along the air convey,  
Shan't I the fragrant breeze inhale,  
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?

Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field;  
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield;  
Sweet is the summer gale that blows;  
And sweet, oh! sweeter you, the rose.

Shall envy then torment your breast,  
If you are lovelier than the rest?  
For while I give to each her due,  
By praising them I flatter you;  
And praising most I still declare  
You fairest, where the rest are fair.

As at his board a farmer sate,  
Replenish'd by his homely treat,  
His favourite Spaniel near him stood,  
And with his master shar'd the food;  
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,  
His lapping tongue the trenchers strow'd;  
Till, satiated now, supine he lay,  
And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry Cat, in turn, drew near,  
And humbly crav'd a servant's share;  
Her modest worth the master knew,  
And straight the fatt'ning morsel threw;  
Enrag'd, the sparkling Cur awoke,  
And thus with spiteful envy spoke:

They only claim a right to eat,  
Who earn by services their meat;  
Me, zeal and industry inflame  
To scour the fields and spring the game;  
Or, plung'd in the wintry wave,  
For man the wounded bird to save.  
With watchful diligence I keep  
From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep;  
At home his midnight hours secure  
And drive the robber from his door

For this his breast with kindness glows,  
For this his hand the food bestows;  
And shall thy indolence impart  
A warmer friendship to his heart,  
That thus he robs me of my due,  
To pamper such vile things as you!  
I own (with meekness Puss replied)  
Superior merit on your side;  
Nor does my breast with envy swell,  
To find it recompenc'd so well;  
Yet I, in what my nature can,  
Contribute to the good of man.  
Whose claws destroy the pilfering mouse?  
Who drives the vermin from the house?  
Or watchful for the lab'ring swain,  
From lurking rats secures the grain?  
From hence, if he rewards bestow,  
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?  
Why pine my happiness to see,  
Since there's enough for you and me?  
Thy words are just, the farmer cried,  
And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

FABLE 'X.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

THE nymph who walks the public streets,  
And sets her cap at all she meets,  
May catch the fool who turns to stare;  
But men of sense avoid the snare.  
As on the margin of the flood,  
With silken line, my Lydia stood,  
I smil'd to see the pains she took  
To cover o'er the fraudulent hook.  
Along the forest as we stray'd,  
You saw the boy his lime-twigs spread;  
Guess'd you the reason of his fear,  
Left, heedless, we approach too near?  
For as behind the bush we lay,  
The insect flutter'd on the spray.  
Needs there such caution to delude  
The scaly fry, and feather'd brood?  
And thank you, with inferior art,  
To captivate the human heart?  
The maid who modestly conceals  
Her beauties, while she hides reveals.

Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws  
Whatever the Grecian Venus was.  
From Eye's first signal to brocade,  
All dress was meant for fancy's aid;  
Which evermore delighted dwells  
On what the bashful nymph conceals.  
When Cælia struts in man's attire,  
She shews too much to raise desire;  
But from the hoop's bewitching round,  
Her very shoe has pow'r to wound.  
The roving eye, the bosom bare,  
The forward laugh, the wanton air,  
May catch the sop: for gudgeons strike  
At the bare hook and bait alike;  
While salmons play regardless by,  
Till art like nature forms the fly.  
Beneath a peasant's homely thatch  
A Spider long had held her watch;  
From morn to night with restless care,  
She spun her web, and wove her snare.  
Within the limits of her reign  
Lay many a heedless captive slain;  
On slutt'ring struggled in the toils,  
To burst the chains, and shun her wiles.  
A straying Bee, that perch'd hard by,  
Beheld her with disdainful eye,  
And thus began: Mean thing! give o'er,  
And lay thy slender threads no more;  
A thoughtless fly or two at most,  
Is all the conquest thou canst boast;  
For bees of sense thy arts evade,  
We see so plain the nets are laid.  
The gaudy tulip, that displays  
Her spreading foliage to gaze;  
That points her charms at all she sees,  
And yields to ev'ry wanton breeze,  
Attracts not me; where blushing grows,  
Guarded with thorns, the modest rose,  
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,  
Or on her fragrant bosom lie;  
Reluctant she my ardour meets,  
And bashful renders up her sweets.  
To wiser heads attention lend,  
And learn this lesson from a friend:  
She who with modesty retires,  
Adds fuel to her lover's fires;  
While such incautious jilts as you  
By folly your own schemes undo.

## FABLE XI.

## THE YOUNG LION AND THE APE.

'Tis true, I blame your lover's choice,  
Though flatter'd by the public voice;  
And perish grow, and sick, to hear  
His exclamations, O how fair!  
I listen not to wild delights,  
And transports of expected nights;  
What is to me your hoard of charms?  
The whiteness of your neck and arms?  
Needs there no acquisition more  
To keep contention from the door?  
Yes; pass a fortnight, and you'll find  
All beauty cloy'd, but of the mind.

Sense and good humour ever prove  
The surest cords to fasten love,  
Yet, Phillis, simplest of your sex,  
You never think but to perplex;  
Coquetting it with ev'ry ape  
That struts abroad in human shape;  
Not that the coxcomb is your taste,  
But that it stings your lover's breast.  
To-morrow you resign the sway,  
Prepar'd to honour and obey:  
The tyrant mistress change for life,  
To the submission of a wife.

Your follies, if you can, suspend,  
And learn instruction from a friend.

Reluctant hear the first address,  
Think often ere you answer Yes:  
But, once resolv'd, throw off disguise,  
And wear your wishes in your eyes;  
With caution ev'ry look forbear  
That might create one jealous fear,  
A lover's ripening hopes confound;  
Or give the gen'rous breast a wound;  
Contemn the girlish arts to tease,  
Nor use your pow'r, unless to please;  
For fools alone with rigour sway,  
When, soon or late, they must obey.

The King of brutes, in life's decline,  
Resolv'd dominion to resign;  
The beasts were summon'd to appear,  
And bend before the royal heir.  
They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd  
Before their future monarch bow'd.

A dapper Monkey, pert and vain,  
Stepp'd forth, and thus address'd the train:  
Why cringe, my friends, with slavish awe,  
Before this pageant king of straw?  
Shall we anticipate the hour,  
And, ere we feel it, own his pow'r?  
The counsels of experience prize,  
I know the maxims of the wise;  
Subjection let us cast away,  
And live the monarchs of to-day;  
'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,  
And play the tyrant each in turn.

So shall he right from wrong discern,  
And mercy from oppression learn;  
At others' woes be taught to melt,  
And loath the ills himself has felt.

He spoke—his bosom swell'd with pride;  
The youthful Lion thus replied:

What madness prompts thee to provoke  
My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke?  
Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart  
Compassion to the feeling heart?

Or teach the grateful breast to glow,  
The hand to give, or eye to flow?  
Learn'd in the practice of their schools,  
From women thou hast drawn thy rules:  
To them return; in such a cause,  
From only such expect applause;  
The partial sex I don't condemn,  
For liking those who copy them.

Wouldst thou the gen'rous lion bind?  
By kindness bribe him to be kind;  
Good offices their likeness get,  
And payment lessens not the debt;  
With multiplying hand he gives  
The good from others he receives;  
Or for the bad makes fair return,  
And pays with int'rest scorn for scorn.

## FABLE XII.

## THE COLT AND THE FARMER.

TELL me, Corinna, if you can,  
Why so averse, so coy to man?  
Did Nature, lavish of her care,  
From her best pattern form you fair,  
That you, ungrateful to her cause,  
Should mock her gifts, and spurn her laws?  
And, miser-like, withhold that store,  
Which, by imparting, blesses o'er?

Beauty's a gift by Heaven assign'd  
The portion of the female kind;  
For this the yielding maid demands  
Protection at her lover's hands;  
And though by wasting years it fade,  
Remembrance tells him once 'twas paid.

And will you then this wealth conceal,  
For age to rust, or time to steal?  
The summer of your youth to rove  
A stranger to the joys of love?  
Then, when life's winter hastens on,  
And youth's fair heritage is gone,  
Dow'rless to court some peasant's arms,  
To guard your wither'd age from harms;  
No gratitude to warm his breast,  
For blooming beauty once possess'd;  
How will you curse that stubborn pride  
Which drove your bark across the tide,  
And sailing before folly's wind,  
Left sense and happiness behind!

Corinna, lest these whims prevail,  
To such as you I write my tale.

A Colt, for blood and mettled speed  
The choicest of the running breed,  
Of youthful strength and beauty vain,  
Refus'd subjection to the rein.

In vain the groom's officious skill  
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will;  
In vain the master's forming care  
Restrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with  
prayer;

Of freedom proud, and scorning man,  
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.

Where'er luxuriant nature spread  
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,  
Or bubbling streams soft gliding pass,  
To cool and freshen up the grass,  
Disdaining bounds, he cropt the blade,  
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer pass'd,  
Revolving winter came at last;  
The trees no more a shelter yield,  
The verdure withers from the field,  
Perpetual snows invest the ground,  
In icy chains the streams are bound,  
Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail,  
His lank unshelter'd sides assail.  
As round he cast his rueful eyes,  
He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise;  
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,  
And promis'd kind deliverance near.  
A stable, erst his scorn and hate,  
Was now become his wish'd retreat;  
His passion cool, his pride forgot,  
A farmer's welcome yard he sought.

Th' master saw his woe'sful plight,  
His limbs that totter'd with his weight:  
And, friendly, to the stable led,  
And saw him litter'd, dress'd and fed.  
In slothful ease all night he lay,  
The servants rose at break of day;  
The market calls—along the road  
His back must bear the ponderous load;  
In vain he struggles or complains,  
Incessant blows reward his pains.  
To-morrow varies but his toil;  
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the soil;  
While scanty meals at night repay  
The painful labours of the day.

Subdued by toil, with anguish rent,  
His self-upbraidings found a vent.  
Wretch that I am! he sighing said,  
By arrogance and folly led:  
Had but my restive youth been brought  
To learn the lesson nature taught,  
Then had I, like my sires of yore,  
The prize from ev'ry courser bore.  
While man bestow'd rewards and praise,  
And females crown my latter days.

Now lasting servitude's my lot,  
My birth condemn'd, my speed forgot;  
Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear  
A living death from year to year.

### FABLE XIII.

#### THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

To know the mistress' humour right,  
See if her maids are clean and tight;  
If Betty waits without her stays,  
She copies but her lady's ways.  
When Miss copies in with boisterous shout,  
And drops no lurtsey going out,  
Depend upon't, mamma is one  
Who reads, or drinks too much alone.

If bottled her let this assuage,  
She feels enthusiastic rage,  
And burns with ardour to inherit  
The gifts and workings of the spirit.  
If learning crack her giddy brains,  
No remedy but death remains.  
Sum up the various ills of life,  
And all are sweet to such a wife.  
At home superior wit she vaunts,  
And twits her husband with his wants;  
Her ragged offspring all around,  
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground;  
Impatient ever of controul,  
She knows no order but of soul;  
With books her litter'd floor is spread,  
Of nameless authors, never read;  
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,  
Fill up the intermediate space.  
Abroad, at visitings, her tongue  
Is never still, and always wrong;  
All meanings she defines away,  
And stands with truth and sense at bay.

If e'er she meets a gentle heart,  
Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,  
Who makes her family her care,  
And builds contentment's temple there,  
She stais at such mistakes in nature,  
And cries, Lord help us! what a creature's  
Melissa, if the moral strike,  
You'll find the fable not unlike.

An Owl, puff'd up with self-conceit,  
Lov'd learning better than his meat;  
Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,  
And rummag'd ev'ry grocer's shop;  
At pastry cooks was known to ply,  
And strip for science ev'ry pye.  
For modern poetry, and wit,  
He had read all that Blackmore writ;  
So intimate with Curl was grown,  
His learned treasures were his own;  
To all his authors had access,  
And sometimes would correct the press.

In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,  
 You'd swear him fellow of a college;  
 Alike to ev'ry art and science  
 His daring genius bid defiance,  
 And swallow'd wisdom with that haste  
 That cits do custards at a feast.  
 Within the shelter of a wood,  
 One evening, as he musing stood,  
 Hord by, upon a leafy spray,  
 A Nightingale began his lay.  
 Sudden he starts, with anger stung,  
 And screeching, interrupts the song:  
 Pert, busy thing! thy airs give o'er,  
 And let my contemplation soar.  
 What is the music of thy voice,  
 But jarring dissonance and noise?  
 Be wise; true harmony thou'lt find  
 Not in thy throat, but in the mind;  
 By empty chirping not attain'd,  
 But by laborious study gain'd,  
 Go, read the authors Pope explodes;  
 Fathom the depths of Cibber's odes;  
 With modern plays improve thy wit  
 Read all the learning Henley writ;  
 And if thou needs must sing, sing then,  
 And emulate the ways of men;  
 So shalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,  
 And bring improvement to thy kind.  
 Thou wretch, the little warbler cried,  
 Made up of ignorance and pride!  
 Ask all the birds, and they'll declare  
 A greater blockhead wings not air.  
 Read o'er thyself, thy talents scap,  
 Science was only meant for man.  
 No senseless authors me molest,  
 I mind the duties of my nest;  
 With careful wing protect my young,  
 And cheer their evenings with a song:  
 Make short the weary traveller's way,  
 And warble in the Poet's lay.  
 Thus following nature and her laws,  
 From men and birds I claim applause;  
 While nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,  
 An Owl is scorn'd alike by both.

## FABLE XIV.

## THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE.

It was, as learn'd traditions say,  
 Upon an April's blithesome day,  
 When pleasure, ever on the wing,  
 Return'd, companion of the spring,  
 And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat,  
 Instructing little hearts to beat;  
 A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,  
 Of bold address, and flippant tongue,  
 Just left his lady of a night,  
 Like him to follow new delight.

The youth, of many a conquest vain,  
 Flew off to seek the chirping train;  
 The chirping train he quickly found,  
 And with a saucy ease bow'd round.  
 For ev'ry she his bosom burns,  
 And this and that he woo's by turns;  
 And here's a sigh, and there's a bill;  
 And here—those eyes, so form'd to kill!  
 And now, with ready tongue, he strings  
 Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;  
 With vows and dem-me's skill'd to woo,  
 As other pretty fellows do.  
 Not that he thought this short essay  
 A prologue needful to his play;  
 No, trust me, says our learned letter,  
 He knew the virtuous sex much better  
 But these he held as specious arts,  
 To shew his own superior parts;  
 The form of decency to shield,  
 And give a just pretence to yield.

Thus finishing his courtly play,  
 He mark'd the fav'rite of a day;  
 With careless impudence drew near,  
 And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear;  
 A hint, which like the mason's sign,  
 The conscious can alone divine.

The fluttering nymph, expert at feigning,  
 Cried, Sir!—pray, Sir, explain your meaning—  
 Go prate to those that may endure ye!  
 To me this rudeness!—I'll assure ye!  
 Then off she glided like a swallow,  
 As saying—you guess where to follow.

To such as know the party set,  
 'Tis needless to declare they met;  
 The parson's barn, as authors mention,  
 Confess'd the fair had apprehension.  
 He honour there accure from stain,  
 She held all further trifling vain;  
 No more affected to be coy,  
 But rush'd, licentious, on the joy.  
 Hist, love! the male companion cried;  
 Retire a while, I fear ye're spied.  
 Nor was the caution vain: he saw  
 A Turtle rustling in the straw;  
 While o'er her callow brood she hung,  
 And fondly thus address'd her young:  
 Ye tender objects of my care!  
 Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair;  
 Anon he comes, your gentle sire,  
 And brings you all your hearts require.  
 For us, his infants, and his bride,  
 For us, with only love to guide,  
 Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,  
 And like a lion dares to bleed.  
 Nor yet by wintry skies confin'd,  
 He mounts upon the rudest wind,  
 From danger tears the vital spoil,  
 And with affection sweetens toil.



Ah cease, too vent'rous, cease to dare ;  
In thine, our dearer safety spare !  
From him, ye cruel fálous, stray ;  
And turn, ye fowlers, far away !

Should I survive to see the day  
That tears me from myself away ;  
That cancels all that Heaven could give,  
The life by which alone I live,  
Alas, how more than lost were I,  
Whop'n the thought already die.

Ye pow'rs whom men and birds obey,  
Great rulers of your creatures say,  
Why mourning comes by bliss convey'd,  
And even the sweets of love allay'd ?  
Where grows enjoyment, tall and fair,  
Around it twines entangling care ;  
While fear for what our souls possess  
Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bliss :

Yet friendship forms the bliss above ;  
And life, what art thou without love !

Our hero, who had heard apart,  
Felt something moving in his heart ;  
But quickly, with disdain, suppress'd  
The virtue rising in his breast ;  
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud ;  
And next, approaching smil'd and bow'd :

Madam, you must not think me rude ;  
Good manners never can intrude ;  
I'vov I'come through pure godd nature—  
(Upon my soul a charming creature !)  
Are these the comforts of a wife ?  
This careful, cloister'd, moping life ?  
No doubt, that odious thing call'd Duty,  
Is a sweet province for a beauty.  
Thou pretty ignorance ! thy will  
Is measur'd to thy want of skill ;  
That good old fashion'd dame, thy mother,  
Has taught thy infant years no other ;  
The greatest ill in the creation  
Is sure the want of education.

But think ye—tell me without feigning—  
Have all these charms no farther meaning !  
Dame Nature, if you don't forget her,  
Might teach your ladyship much better.  
For shame, reject this mean employment,  
Enter the world and taste enjoyment,  
Where time by circling bliss we measure ;  
Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure :  
Come, prove the blessing, follow me,  
Be wise, be happy, and be free.

Kind Sir, replied our matron chaste,  
Your zeal seems pretty much in haste ;  
I own the fondness to be blest  
Is a deep thirst in ev'ry breast ;  
Of blessings too I have my store,  
Yet quarrel not should Heaven give more ;  
Then prove the change to be expedient,  
And think me, Sir, your most obedient.

Here, turning, as to one inferior,  
Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior ;  
Methinks, to quit your boasted station  
Requires a world of hesitation ;  
Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,  
The case, I doubt, is just redressing.  
Why, child, suppose the joys I mention  
Were the mere fruits of my invention,  
'You've cause sufficient for your carriage,  
In flying from the curse of marriage ;  
That sly decoy, with varied snares,  
That takes your widgeons in by pairs ;  
Alike to husband and to wife,  
The cure of love and bane of life ;  
The only method of forecasting,  
To make misfortunes firm and lasting ;  
The sin, by Heaven's peculiar sentence,  
Unpardon'd through a life's repentance.  
It is the double snake that weds  
A common tail to different heads,  
That leads the carcass still astray,  
By dragging each a different way.  
Of all the ills that may attend me,  
From marriage mighty gods defend me !

Give me frank Nature's wild demesne ;  
And boundless tract of air serene,  
Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,  
Delights to sport, delights to range :  
There, Liberty ! to thee is owing  
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing :  
Delights still vari'd, and divine,  
Sweet goddess of the hills ! are thine,  
What say you now, you pretty pink, you ?  
Have I for once spoke reason, think you ?  
You take me now for no romancer—  
Come, never study for an answer !  
Away, cast ev'ry care behind ye,  
And fly where joy alone shall find ye.

Soft yet, return'd our female fencer ;  
A question more, or so—and then, Sir.  
You've rallied me with sense exceeding,  
With much fine wit, and better breeding ;  
But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it ?  
Do those of your world never wive it ?  
" No, no." How then ? " Why, dare I tell ?"  
" What does the business full as well."  
Do you ne'er love ? " An hour at leisure."  
Have you no friendships ? " Yes, for pleasure."  
No care for little ones ? " We get 'em ;"  
" The rest the mothers mind—and let 'em."

Thou wretch, rejoind the kindling Dove,  
Quite lost to life, as lost to love !  
Whene'er misfortune comes, how just !  
And come misfortunes surely must.  
In the dread season of dismay,  
In that your hour of trial, say,  
Who then shall prop your sinking heart ?  
Who bear affliction's weightier part ?

Say, when the black-bow'd welkin bends,  
 And winter's gloomy form impends,  
 To mourning tunes all transient cheer,  
 And blasts the melancholy year;  
 For tings at no persuasion stay,  
 Nor vice can find perpetual May;  
 Then where's that tongue by folly fed,  
 That soul of pertness, whither fled;  
 All shrunk within thy lonely nest,  
 Forlorn, abandon'd, and unblest.  
 No friends, by cordial bonds allied,  
 Shall seek thy cold unsocial side;  
 No chirping prattlers to delight,  
 Shall turn the long-enduring night;  
 No hude her words of balm impart,  
 And warm thee at her constant heart.  
 Freedom restrain'd by reason's force,  
 Is as the sun's unvarying course;  
 Benignly active, sweetly bright,  
 Affording warmth, affording light;  
 But, torn from virtue's sacred rule,  
 Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools;  
 Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,  
 And fraught with all the plagues of life.

Thou fool! by union ev'ry creature  
 Subsists, through universal nature;

And this, to beings void of mind,  
 Is wedlock of a meaner kind.

While wou'd in space, primæval clay  
 A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,  
 The Source of endless good above  
 Shot down his spark of kindling love;  
 Touch'd by the all-enlivening flame,  
 Then motion first exulting came;  
 Each atom sought its separate class  
 Through many a fair enamour'd mass;  
 Love cast the central charm around,  
 And with eternal nuptials bound.  
 Then form and order o'er the sky  
 First train'd their bridal pair on high;  
 The sun display'd his orb to sight,  
 And burnt with hymeneal light.

Hence nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,  
 And with the genial burden heav'd;  
 Forth came the oak, her first-born heir,  
 And scal'd the breathing steep of air;  
 Then infant steps of various use,  
 Imbib'd her soft maternal juice;  
 The flow'rs, in early bloom disclos'd,  
 Upon her fragrant breast repos'd;  
 Within her warm embraces grew  
 A race of endless form and hue:  
 Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,  
 And fondly cloth'd their parent ground.

Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,  
 By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;  
 But thence, subliming, and refin'd,  
 Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred mind.

Caught in the fond celestial fire,  
 The mind perceiv'd unknown desire;  
 And now with kind effusion flow'd,  
 And now with cordial ardours glow'd,  
 Beheld the sympathetic fair,  
 And lov'd its own resemblance there;  
 On all with circling radiance shone,  
 But cent'ring fix'd on one alone;  
 There clasp'd the heaven appointed wife,  
 And doubled every joy of life.

Here ever blessing, ever blest  
 Resides this beauty of the breast;  
 As from his palace here the god  
 Still beams effulgent bliss abroad;  
 Here gems his own eternal round,  
 The ring by which the world is bound;  
 Here bids his seat of empire grow,  
 And builds his little heaven below.  
 The bridal partners thus allied,  
 And thus in sweet accordance tied,  
 One body, heart, and spirit live,  
 Enrich'd by ev'ry joy they give;  
 Like echo, from her vocal hok,  
 Return'd in music twenty-fold.  
 Their union firm, and undecay'd,  
 Nor time can shake, nor pow'r invade;  
 But as the stem and scion stand,  
 Ingrafted by a skilful hand,

They check the tempest's wintry rage,  
 And bloom and strengthen into age.  
 A thousand amities unknown,  
 And pow'rs perceiv'd by love alone,  
 Endearing looks and chaste desire,  
 Fan and support the mutual fire;  
 Whose flame, perpetual as refin'd,  
 Is fed by an immortal mind.

Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends;  
 Like Nile it opens, and descends;  
 Which, by apparent windings led,  
 We trace to its celestial head.  
 The fire, first springing from above,  
 Becomes the source of life and love,  
 And gives his filial heir to flow  
 In fondness down on sons below:  
 Thus, roll'd in one continued tide,  
 To time's extremest verge they glide;  
 While kindred streams on either hand,  
 Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.

Thee, wretch! no lisping babe shall name,  
 No late returning brother claim,  
 No kinsman on thy sight rejoice,  
 No sister greet thy ent'ring voice;  
 With partial eyes no parent see,  
 And bless their years restor'd in thee.

In age rejected or declin'd,  
 An alien even among thy kind,  
 The partner of thy scorn'd embrace  
 Shall play the wanton in thy face;

Each spark unplume thy little pride,  
All friendship fly thy faithless side.  
Thy name shall like thy carcass rot,  
In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.

All-giving Pow'r! great Source of life!  
Oh hear the parent, hear the wife!  
That life thou lendest from above,  
Though little, make it large in love;  
O bid my feeling heart expand  
To ev'ry claim, on ev'ry hand;  
To those from whom my days I drew,  
To thee in whom those days renew.  
To all my kin, however wide,  
In cordial warmth as blood allied,  
To friends with steely fetters twin'd,  
And to the cruel not unkind!

But chief the lord of my desire,  
My life, myself, my soul, my sire,  
Friends, children, all that wish can claim,  
Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name—  
O spare him, spare him, gracious Pow'r!  
O give him to my latest hour!  
Let me my length of life employ  
To give my sole enjoyment joy.  
His love let mutual love excite,  
Turn all my cares to his delight;  
And ev'ry needless blessing spare,  
Wherein my darling wants a share.  
When he with graceful action wags,  
And sweetly bills, and fondly coos,  
Ah! deck me, to his eyes alone,  
With charms attractive as his own;  
And, in my circling wings caress'd,  
Give all the lover to my breast.  
Then in our chaste connubial bed,  
My bosom pillow'd for his head,  
His eyes with blissful slumbers close,  
And watch, with me, my lord's repose;  
You, peace around his temples twine,  
And love him with a love like mine.

And, for I know his gen'rous flame,  
Beyond what'er my sex can claim,  
Me too to your protection take,  
And spare me for my husband's sake.  
Let one unruffled, calm delight  
The loving and belov'd unite;  
One pure desire our bosoms warm,  
One will direct, one wish, inform;  
Through life, one mutual aid sustain;  
In death one peaceful grave contain.

While swelling with the darling theme,  
Her accents pour'd an endless stream,  
The well-known wings a sound impart,  
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart;  
Quick dropp'd the music of her tongue,  
And forth with eager joy she sprung.  
As swift her ent'ring consort flew,  
And plum'd and kindled at the view;

Their wings, their souls, embracing meet;  
Their hearts with answering measure beat;  
Half lost in secret sweets, and bless'd  
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.

Straight to her humble roof she led  
The partner of her spotless bed;  
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,  
Their welcome sparkling in their eyes;  
Transported, to their sire they bound,  
And hang with speechless action round.  
In pleasure wrapt the parents stand,  
And see their little wings expand;  
The sire his life-sustaining prize  
To each expecting bill applies,  
There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,  
With transport giv'n, tho' won with toil;  
While all-collected at the sight,  
And silent through supreme delight,  
The fair high heaven of bliss beguiles,  
And on her lord and infants smiles.

The Sparrow, whose attention hung  
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,  
Of all his little slights disarm'd,  
And from himself by virtue charm'd,  
When now he saw what only seem'd  
A fact, so late a fable deem'd,  
His soul to envy he resign'd,  
His hours of folly to the wind;  
In secret wish a Turtle too,  
And, sighing to himself, withdrew.

## FABLE XV.

### THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'Tis said a widow, maid, and wife,  
That honour is a woman's life;  
Unhappy sex! who only claim  
A being in the breath of fame;  
Which, tainted, not the quick'ning gales  
That sweep Sahara's spicy vales,  
Nor all the healing sweets restore,  
That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The traveller, if he chance to stray,  
May turn uncensur'd to his way;  
Polluted streams again are pure,  
And deepest wounds admit a cure:  
But woman no redemption knows,  
The wounds of honour never close.

Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,  
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,  
If once her feeble bark recede,  
Or deviate from the course decreed,  
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,  
Her swifter folly flies before!  
The circling ports against her close,  
And shut the wand'rer from repose;  
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,  
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.

Are there no offerings to atone  
For but a single error?—None.  
Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,  
Nay daughter of celestial mould,  
Her tempering not without alloy,  
And form'd but of the finer clay,  
We challenge from the mortal dome  
The strength angelic features claim;  
Nay more—for sacred stories tell  
That even immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere  
Of humid earth, and ambient air,  
With varying elements endued,  
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know;  
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;  
The moon repletes her waning face,  
All beauteous from her tale disgrace;  
And suns, that mourn approaching night,  
Refulgent rise with new-born light.

In vain may death and time subdue,  
While nature mints her race anew;  
And holds some vital spark apart,  
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart.  
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,  
To clothe a naked world in green.  
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,  
Again the gates of life unfold;  
Again each insect tries his wing,  
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;  
Again from ev'ry latent root  
The bladed stem and verdant shoot,  
Exhaling incense to the skies,  
Again to perish, and to rise.

And must weak woman then disown  
The change to which a world is prone  
In one meridian brightness shine,  
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline?  
Resolv'd and firm alone? Is this  
What we demand of woman?—Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire  
In some unguarded hour expire;  
Or should the nightly thief invade  
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,  
Of all the blooming spoil possess'd,  
The dragon Honour charn'd to rest,  
Shall virtue's flame no more return?  
No more with virgin splendour burn?  
No more the ravag'd garden blow  
With spring's succeeding blossom?—No  
Pity may mourn, but not restore  
And woman falls—to rise no more!

Within this sublunary sphere  
A country lies—no matter where;  
The clime may readily be found;  
By all who tread poetic ground;  
A stream call'd Life, across it glides,  
And equally the land divides;

And here, of vice the province lies;  
And there the hills of virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,  
Whose summit look'd to either land,  
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,  
As well for prospect as repose;  
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,  
And Temperance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divinè  
Confess'd the honours of their line,  
But in a little daughter fair  
Was ceas'd more than half their care;  
For Heaven to gratulate her birth,  
Gave signs of future joy to earth;  
White was the robe this infant wore,  
And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew  
(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)  
Oft through her native lawns she stray'd,  
And wrestling with the ambkins play'd;  
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,  
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd;  
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,  
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd;  
And nature yearly took delight,  
Like her to dress the world in white.  
But when her rising form was seen  
To reach the crisis of fifteen,  
Her parents up the mountain's head  
With anxious step their darling led;  
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,  
And thus the fears of age express'd:

O joyful cause of many a care!  
O daughter too divinely fair!  
Yon world, on this important day,  
Demands thee to a dangerous way;  
A painful journey all must go,  
Whose doubtful period none can know;  
Whose due direction who can find,  
Where reason's mute, and sense is blind?  
Ah, what unequal leaders these,  
Tho' such a wide perplexing maze!  
Then mark the warnings of the wise,  
And learn what love and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,  
Where yonder towering hills ascend;  
Lo! there the arduous path's in view  
Which Virtue and her sons pursue;  
With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,  
And gain, and gain upon the skies.  
Narrow's the way her children tread,  
No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,  
But rough, and difficult, and steep,  
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lauds dispense,  
A food indelicate to sense,  
Of taste unpleasant: yet from those  
Pure health, with cheerful vigour flows;

And strength, unfeeling of decay,  
Throughout the long laborious day.

Hence, as they scale that heavenly road,  
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;  
From earth refining still they go,  
And leave the mortal weight below;  
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,  
And smooth the rugged path appears;  
For custom turns fatigue to ease,  
And, taught by virtue, pain can please.

At length, the toilsome journey o'er,  
And not the bright celestial shore,  
A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,  
Appears, of either world the bound,  
Through darkness leading up to light;  
Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight;  
For there the transitory train  
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,  
Affu'mpter's gross incumbering mass,  
Man's late associates, cannot pass;  
But sinking, quit th' immortal charge,  
And leave the wond'ring soul at large;  
Lightly she wings her obvious way,  
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, oh thither wing thy speed,  
Tho' pleasure charm or pain impede;  
To such th' all-bounteous Pow'r has given,  
For present earth a future heaven;  
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain;  
And endless bliss for transient pain.

'T hen fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight  
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite:  
Wide on the left the pathway bends,  
And with pernicious ease descends;  
There, sweet to sense, and fair to show,  
New-planted Edens seem to blow,  
Tress that delicious poison bear;  
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,  
Each sinew slackning at the taste,  
The soul to passion yields her throne,  
And sees with organs not her own;  
While, like the slumberer in the night,  
Plen'd with the shadowy dream of light,  
Before her alienated eyes  
The scenes of fairy land arise;  
The puppet world's amusing show,  
Dipp'd in the gaily-colour'd how,  
Sceptres and wreaths, and glittering things,  
The toys of infants and of kings,  
That tempt along the baneful plain,  
The idly wise and lightly vain,  
Till verging on the gulfy shore,  
Sudden they sink—and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare;  
Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,  
If once thy sliding foot should stray,  
Once quit yon Heaven-appointed way,

For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,  
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;  
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,  
On thy returning steps shall wait;  
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,  
And ev'ry foot thy presence fly.

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,  
Like guardian angels plac'd around,  
A charm by truth divinely cast,  
Forward o'er young advent'rer pass'd;  
Forth from her sacred eyelids sent,  
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,  
While Honour, handmaid late assign'd,  
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-struck, the much admiring crowd  
Before the virgin-vision bow'd;  
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,  
And caught fresh virtue at the sight;  
For not of earth's unequal frame  
They deem the heaven-compounded Dame;  
If matter, sure the most refin'd,  
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,  
Some darling daughter of the day,  
And bodied by the native ray.

Where'er she passes, thousands bend,  
And thousands where she moves attend;  
Her ways observant eyes confess,  
Her steps pursuing praises bless;  
While to the elevated Maid  
Oblations, as to heaven, are paid.

'T was on an ever-blissful day,  
The jovial birth of rosy May,  
When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,  
Now melts the frost in ev'ry breast.  
The cheek with secret flushing dyes,  
And looks kind things from the softest eyes;  
The sup with healthier visage glows,  
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,  
And dances up th' ethereal plain,  
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,  
While nature, as from bonds set free,  
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

And now, for momentary rest,  
The nymph her travell'd step repress'd,  
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,  
And gloried in the height she gain'd  
Outstretch'd before her wide survey  
The realms of sweet perdition lay,  
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,  
To see a world so lost below;  
When straight the breeze began to breathe  
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,  
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,  
And reach'd her sympathy of sense;—  
No sounds of discord, that disclose  
A people sunk and lost in woes,  
But as of present good possess,  
The very triumph of the blest.

The Maid in rapt attention hung,  
While thus approaching Sirens sung :

Hither, fairest, hither haste,  
Brightest beauty, come and taste  
What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,  
Joys too mighty to be told:  
Taste what ecstasies they give;  
Dying raptures taste, and live.  
In thy lap, disdaining measure,  
Nature empties all her treasure,  
Soft desires, that sweetly languish:  
Fierce delights, that rise to anguish;  
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?  
Brightest beauty, come away.  
List not, when the froward chide,  
Sons of pedantry and pride,  
Snarlers, to whose feeble sense  
April's sunshine is offence;  
Age and envy will advise  
Even against the joy they prize.  
Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl  
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,  
Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting  
With enjoyment past the pairing;  
Fairest, dost thou yet delay  
Brightest beauty, come away.

So sung the Sirens, as of yore,  
Upon the false Ansonian shore;  
And O! for that preventing chain,  
That bound Ulysses on the main,  
That so our Fair One might withstand  
The covert ruin, now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,  
When now the tempters stood in view;  
Curiosity, with prying eyes,  
And hands of busy bold emprise;  
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet;  
And, like fore-running Fancy, fleet;  
By search untaught, by toil untild,  
To novelty she still aspir'd,  
Tasteless of every good possess'd,  
And but in expectation blest.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,  
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,  
Her when all swimming in delight,  
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight,  
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,  
And caught the kissing winds around,  
As erst Medusa's looks were known  
To turn beholders into stong;  
A dire reversion here they felt,  
And in the eye of Pleasure melt.  
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,  
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel disarm'd;  
No safety ev'n the flying fud,  
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring Maid,  
While distant, more than half betray'd.

With smiles, and adulation bland,  
They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand;  
Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,  
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd;  
While half consenting, half denying,  
Reluctant now, and now complying,  
Amidst a war of hopes and fears,  
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,  
Still down and down, the winning pair  
Compell'd the struggling, yielding fair,  
As when some stately vessel, bound  
To blest Arabia's distant ground,  
Borne from her courses, haply lights  
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,  
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land  
Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous sand;  
The pilot warns, with sail and oar  
To shun the much-suspected shore,  
In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,  
Still bears the wrestling bark along,  
Till, found'ring, she resigns to fate,  
And sinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,  
And Heaven's own pilot plac'd within,  
Along the devions, smooth descent,  
With pow'rs increasing as they went,  
The dames, accusom'd to subdug,  
As with a rapid current drew,  
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd  
The lost, the long-reluctant Maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware  
Nor send your fond affections there  
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,  
May turn to you and heav'n restor'd;  
Till then, with weeping Honour wait,  
The servant of her better fate;  
With Honour, left upon the shore,  
Her friend and handmaid now no more;  
Nor, with the guilty world, unpaid  
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;  
But o'er her failing cast a veil,  
Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail.

And now from all-enquiring light,  
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;  
The damsel, from a short repose,  
Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when with slumb'rous weight oppress,  
Some weakly miser sinks to rest,  
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,  
And steal his hoard of joys away;  
He, borne where golden Indus streams,  
Of pearl and quarry'd diamond dreams;  
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,  
And stands all rapt amidst his store;  
But waken'd, naked and despoil'd,  
Of that for which his years had toil'd:

So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,  
And turn'd, like Niobe, to ston;

Within, without, obscure and void,  
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.  
And, O thou curs'd, insidious coast!  
Are these the blessings thou canst boast?  
These, Virtue! these the joys they find,  
Who leave thy heaven-topt hills behind?  
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns hide,  
Ye mountains, cover me, she cried.

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,  
And told the tidings to the sky;  
Contempt discharg'd a living alarm,  
A side-long viper to her heart;  
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,  
And foil'd and blasted ev'ry grace;  
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,  
Still turn'd the mirror to her view,  
While these in crimes the deepest dyed  
Approach'd to whiten at her side:  
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame  
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? Attempt once more  
To gain the late deserted shore?  
So trusting, back the mourner flew,  
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,  
Again the land of virtue gain'd;  
But echo gathers in the wind,  
And shews her instant foes behind.  
Amaz'd with headlong speed she tends,  
Where late she left an host of friends;  
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,  
Nor longer own that form divine.  
With fear they mark the following cry,  
And from the lonely trembler fly,  
Or backward drive her on the coast,  
Where peace was wreck'd and honour lost.  
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,  
To Heaven not daring to complain;  
No trace by hostile clamour given,  
And from the face of friendship driven,  
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground  
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky,  
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,  
All radiant sat, as in a shine,  
Virtue, first effluence divine;  
Far, far above the scenes of woe,  
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;  
Superior goddess, essence bright,  
Beauty of uncreated light,  
Whom should mortality survey,  
As doom'd upon a certain day,  
The breath of frailty must expire,  
The world dissolve in living fire,  
The gems of heaven and solar flame,  
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,  
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,  
To rise a new-born phoenix die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,  
A veil around her form she threw,  
Which three sad sisters of the shade,  
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.  
Thro' this her all enquiring eye  
Attentive from her station high,  
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,  
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;  
And with a voice whose awful sound  
Appall'd the guilty world around,  
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,  
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,  
Uncurl'd the surging of the main  
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain;  
The golden harp of heaven she strung,  
And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

Lovely Penitent arise,  
Come, and claim thy kindred skies;  
Come, thy sister angels say  
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide  
Twixt the good and evil tried;  
In the smooth, enchanted ground,  
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,  
Sands, that trip the fitting streams;  
Down, that anchors on the air;  
Clouds, that paint their changes there,

Seas, that smoothly limpling lie,  
While the storm impends on high,  
Shewing, in an obvious glass,  
Joys that in possession pass;

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,  
Flatt'ring, only to betray;  
What, alas, can life contain!  
Life! like all its circles—vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,  
On the hill build her nest?  
Will the bee demand his store  
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,  
Ever turns from wisdom's way;  
Lays up wealth in foreign land,  
Sows the sea, and ploughs the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,  
Soon the incumb'ring world shall pass;  
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,  
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,  
Where is your asylum then?  
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,  
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,  
Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,

Dews exhal'd from morning glades,  
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?  
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;  
From an universe depriv'd,  
From the wreck of nature sav'd.

Like the life-supporting grain,  
Fruit of patience and of pain,  
On the swain's autumnal day,  
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,  
Thou hast plenteous crops in store,  
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,  
More than all thy scorers own.

What tho' hostile earth despise,  
Heaven beholds with gentler eyes;  
Heaven thy friendless steps shall guide,  
Cheer thy hours and guard thy side.

When the fatal trump shall sound,  
When th' immortals pour around,  
Heaven shall thy return attest,  
Hail'd by myriads of the blest.

Little native of the skies,  
Lovely penitent, arise;  
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,  
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes  
Than the rapture pleasure knows:  
Richer far the weeds I bring  
Than the robes that grace a king,

On my wars of shortest date,  
Crowns of endless triumph wait;  
On my cares a period blest  
On my toils eternal rest.

Come, with Virtue at thy side;  
Come, be ev'ry bar defied,  
Till we gain our native shore;  
Sister, come, and turn no more.

## FABLE XVI.

## LOVE AND VANITY.

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,  
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil their bloom,  
Up with the sun, from short repose,  
Gay health and lusty labour rose;  
The milkmaid caroll'd at her pail,  
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale:  
When Love, who led a rural life,  
Retot'd from bustle, state, and strife,  
Forth from his thatch-roof'd cottage stray'd,  
And stroll'd along the dewy glade.

A Nymph, who lightly tripp'd it by,  
To quick attention turn'd his eye;

He mark'd the posture of the fair,  
Her self-sufficient grace and air,  
Her steps that mincing, meant to please,  
Her studied negligence and ease;  
And curious to inquire what meant  
This thing of prettiness and paint,  
Approaching spoke, and how'd observant;  
The lady slightly,—Sir, your servant.

Such beauty in so rude a place!  
Fair one, you do the country grace;  
At court no doubt the public care,  
But Love has small acquaintance there.

Yes, Sir, replied the flut'ring Dame,  
This form confesses whence it came;  
But dear variety, you know,  
Can make us pride and pomp forego.

My name is Vanity. I sway  
The utmost islands of the sea;  
Within my court all honour centres;  
I raise the meanest soul that enters,  
Endow with latent gifts and graces,  
And model fools for posts and places.

As Vanity appoints at pleasure,  
The world receives its weight and measure;  
Hence all the grand concerns of life,  
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace, and strife.

Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,  
When I step in where nature fails,  
And ev'ry breach of sense repairing,  
Am bounteous still where heaven is sparing.

But chief in all their arts and airs,  
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs;  
Their various habits, and complexions,  
Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,  
Their robing, curling, and adorning,  
From noon to night, from night to morning,  
From six to sixty, sick or sound,  
I rule the female world around.

Hold there a moment, Cupid tried,  
Nor boast dominion quite so wide.  
Was there no province to invade,  
But that by Love and Meekness sway'd?  
All other empire I resign;

But be the sphere of beauty mine.

For in the downy lawn of rest,  
That opens on a woman's breast,  
Attended by my peaceful train,  
I choose to live, and choose to reign.

Far sighted faith I bring along,  
And truth above an army strong;  
And chastity of icy mould,  
Within the burning tropics cold;  
And lowliness to whose mild brow  
The pow'r and pride of nations bow;  
And modesty, with downcast eye,  
That lends the morn her virgin dye;  
And innocence, array'd in light;  
And honour, as a tow'r upright;



With sweetly winning graces more  
Than poets ever dreamt of yore,  
In unaffected conduct free,  
All smiling sisters, three times three;  
And rosy peace, the cherub blest,  
That nightly sing: as all to rest.

Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,  
From the first step of infant time,  
Woman, th' world's appointed light,  
Has skirted ev'ry shade with white;  
Has stood for imitation high;  
To ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye,  
From ancient deeds of fair renown,  
Has brought her bright memorials down:  
To time affix'd perpetual youth,  
And form'd each tale of love and truth.

Upon a new Promethean plan  
She moulds the essence of a man,  
Temper his mass, his genius fires,  
And as a better soul inspires.

The rude she softens, warms the cold,  
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,  
Calls sloth from his supine repose,  
Within the coward's bosom glows,  
Of pride unplumes the lofty crest,  
Bids bashful merit stand confest,  
And, like coarse metal from the mines,  
Collects, irradiates, and refines.  
The gentle science she imparts,  
All manners smooths, informs all hearts,  
From her sweet influence are felt  
Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;  
The stormy rage she bids controul,  
And sinks serenely on the soul,  
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,  
And tames the warring world to peace.

She arm'd to all that's light and vain,  
And freed from thy fantastic chain,  
She fills the sphere by Heaven assign'd,  
And rul'd by me; o'er-rules unkind.

He spoke. The Nymph impatient stood,  
And, laughing, thus her speech renew'd:

And pray, Sir, may I be so bold  
To hope your pretty tale is told;  
And next demand without a cavil,  
What new Utopia do you travel?  
Upon my word these high-flown fancies,  
Shew depth of learning—in romances.

Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us  
Of buckram dames and tiptoe fellows!  
Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,  
You'll shoot your next opinion surer.

O such a pretty knack at painting!  
And all for soft'ning and for sainting!  
Guess now, who can, a single feature,  
Thro' the whole piece of female nature;  
Then mark, my lousier hand may fit  
The lines, too coarse for Love to hit.

'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,  
Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,  
On life's uncertain ocean riding,  
No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,  
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,  
Eccentric, ominous, and bright;  
Trackless, and shifting as the wind;  
A sea, whose fathom none can find;  
A moon, still changing and revolving;  
A riddle, past all human solving;  
A bliss, a plague, a heaven, a hell;  
A—something that no man can tell.

Now learn a secret from a friend,  
But keep your counsel, and attend.

Tho' in their tempers thought so distant,  
Nor with their sex nor selves consistent,  
'Tis but the difference of a name,  
And ev'ry woman is the same;  
For as the world, however varied,  
And through unnumber'd changes carried,  
Of elemental modes and forms,  
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms and storms,  
Though in a thousand suits array'd,  
Is of one subject matter made;  
So, Sir, a woman's constitution,  
The world's enigma, finds solution;  
And let her form be what you will,  
I am the subject essence still.

With the first spark of female sense,  
The speck of being, I commence,  
Within the womb makes fresh advances,  
And dictate future qualms and fancies;  
Thence in the growing form expand,  
With childhood travel hand in hand,  
And give a taste for all their joys  
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.  
And now, familiar and unaw'd,  
I send the fluttering soul abroad.

Prais'd for her shape, her air, her mien,  
The little goddess, and the queen,  
Takes at her infant shrine obligation,  
And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.

Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,  
To dress becomes her darling care;  
The realms of beauty then I bound;  
I swell the hoop's enchanting round,  
Shrink in the waist's descending size,  
Heav'd in the snowy bosom, rise,  
High on the flowing lappet sail,  
Or, curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale,  
Then to her glass I lead the fair,  
And shew the lovely idol there;  
Where, struck as by divine emotion,  
She bows with most sincere devotion,  
And numbring ev'ry beauty o'er,  
In secret bids the world adore.

Then all for parking and parading,  
Coquetting, dancing, masquerading;

For balls, plays, courts, and crowds what passion!  
 And churches, sometimes—if the fashion;  
 For woman's sense of right and wrong  
 Is rul'd by the almighty throng;  
 Still turns to each meander tame,  
 And swims the straw of ev'ry stream.  
 Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,  
 Accomplish'd only in defects;  
 Such excellence is her ambition,  
 Folly her wisest acquisition;  
 And even from pity and disdain  
 She'll cull some reason to be vain.

Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form and feature,  
 The wealth and wants of female nature,  
 And ev'n from vice, which you'd admire,  
 I gather fuel to my fire;  
 And on the very base of shame  
 Erect my monument of fame.

Let me another truth attempt,  
 Of which your godship has not dreamt.\*

Those shining virtues, which you muster,  
 Whence think you they derive their lustre?  
 From native honour and devotion?  
 O yes, a mighty likely notion!

Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,  
 'Tis I make saints, who'er makes sinners;  
 'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,  
 And hold presumptuous man in awe;  
 For female worth, as I inspire,  
 In just degrees still mounts the higher;  
 And virtue, so extremely rare,  
 Demands long toil and mighty price.  
 Like Samson's pillars, fix'd and late,  
 I hear the sex's tottering state,  
 Sap these, and in a moment's space  
 Down sinks the fabric to its base.

Alike from titles and from toys  
 I spring, the fount of female joys;  
 In ev'ry widow, wife, and miss,  
 The sole artificer of bliss;  
 For them each topic I explore,  
 I cleave the sand of ev'ry shore;  
 To them, uniting ludias sail,  
 Sabæa breathes her farthest gale;  
 For them the bullion I refine,  
 Dig sense and virtue from the mine,  
 And from the bowels of invention  
 Spin out the various arts you mention.

Nor bliss alone my powers bestow,  
 They hold the sov'reign balm of woe.  
 Beyond the stoic's boasted art  
 I sooth the heavings of the heart;  
 To pain give splendor and relief,  
 And gild the palid face of grief.  
 Alike the palace and the plain  
 Admit the glories of my reign!  
 Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,  
 Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station.

Whate'er a woman says, I say;  
 Whate'er a woman spends, I pay;  
 Alike I fill my empty bags,  
 Flutter in finery and rage,  
 With light coquettes thro' folly range,  
 And with the prude disdain to change.  
 Ay, now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,  
 That things were ripe for a reply—  
 But soft, and while I'm in the mood,  
 Kindly permit me to conclude,  
 Their utmost mazes to unravel,  
 And touch the farthest step they travel.

When ev'ry pleasure's run aground,  
 And folly tir'd thro' many a round,  
 The nymph, conceiving discontent hence,  
 May ripen at an hour's repentance,  
 And vapours, shed in pious moisture,  
 Dismiss her to a church, or cloyster;  
 Then on I lead her, with devotion  
 Conspicuous in her dress and motion,  
 Inspire the heavenly-breathing air,  
 Roll up the lucid eye in prayer,  
 Soften the voice, and in the face  
 Look melting harmony and grace.

Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,  
 Nor quits her in her latest hour;  
 The couch of decent pain I spread,  
 In form recline her languid head;  
 Her thoughts I methodize in death,  
 And part not with her parting breath;  
 Then do I set, in order bright,  
 A length of fun'ral pomp to sight.  
 The glittering tapers and attire,  
 The plumes that whiten o'er the bier;  
 And last, presenting to her eye  
 Angelic fineries on high,  
 To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,  
 And form the heaven she hopes hereafter.

In truth, rejoin'd love's gentle god,  
 You've got a tedious length of road,  
 And, strange, in all the toilsome way  
 No house of kind refreshment lay;  
 No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted  
 To hold her from her sex exempted.  
 For one we'll never quarrel, man;  
 Take her, and keep her, if you can;  
 And pleas'd I yield to your petition,  
 Since ev'ry fair, by such permission,  
 Will hold herself the one selected;  
 And so my system stands protected.

O, deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,  
 To truths divinely vouch'd in story!  
 The godhead in his zeal return'd,  
 And, kindling at her malice, burn'd:  
 Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told  
 Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;  
 Hypsipyle, who sav'd her sire,  
 And Portia's love, approv'd by fire;

Alike Penelope was quoted,  
 Nor laurel'd Daphne pass'd unnoted,  
 Nor Loadamia's fatal grater,  
 Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour'd martyr,  
 Alceste's voluntary steel,  
 And Catharine, smiling on the wheel.  
 But who can hope to plant conviction  
 Where cavil grows on contradiction?  
 Some she evades or disavows,  
 Demurs to all, and none allows—  
 A kind of ancient thing called fables  
 And thus the goddess turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,  
 And choler flash'd from either eye;  
 No wonder each refus'd to yield  
 The conquest of so fair a field.

When happily arriv'd in view  
 A goddess whom our grand-dames knew,  
 Of aspect grave, and sober gait,  
 Majestic, awful, and sedate,  
 As heaven's autumnal eve serene,  
 When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene;  
 Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,  
 And in old Rome Cornelia nam'd.  
 Quick at a venture both agree  
 To leave their strife to her decree.

And now by each the facts were stat'd,  
 In form and manner as related.  
 The case was short. They crav'd opinion,  
 Which held o'er females chief dominion:  
 When thus the goddess, answer'ing mild,  
 First shook her gracious head, and smil'd:

Alas, how willing to comply,  
 Yet how unfit a judge am I!  
 In times of golden date, 'tis true,  
 I shar'd the fickle sex with you;  
 But from their presence long precluded,  
 Or held as one whose form intruded,  
 Full fifty annual suns can tell,  
 Prudence has bid the sex farewell.

In this dilemma, what to do,  
 Or who to think of, neither knew;  
 For both, still biassed in opinion,  
 And arrogant of sole dominion,

Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,  
 Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick, a rural fair,  
 Of inexperience'd gait and air,  
 Who ne'er had cross'd the neigh'ring lake,  
 Nor seen the world beyond a wake,  
 With cambric coif, and kerchief clean,  
 Tripp'd lightly by them o'er the green.  
 'Now, now!' cried Lo.'s triumphant child,  
 And at approaching conquest smil'd,

If Vanity will once be guided,  
 Our difference soon may be decided;  
 Behold you wench, a fit occasion  
 To try your force of gay persuasion.  
 Go you, while I retire aloof,  
 Go, put those boasted pyws to proof;  
 And if your prevalence of art  
 Transcends my yet unerring dart,  
 I give the fav'rite contest o'er,  
 And ne'er will boast my empire more.

At once, so said, and so consented;  
 And well our Goddess seem'd contented;  
 Nor pausing made a moment's stand,  
 But tripp'd, and took the girl in hand.

Meanwhile, the Godhead, unalarm'd,  
 As one to each occasion arm'd,  
 Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,  
 That erst had wounded many a heart;  
 Then bending, drew it to the head;  
 The bowstring twang'd, the arrow fled,  
 And to her secret-soul address'd,  
 Transfix'd the witkiness of her breast.  
 But here the Dame, whose guardian care  
 Had to a moment watch'd the fair,  
 At once her pocket-mirror drew,  
 And held the wonder full in view;  
 As quickly rang'd in order bright,  
 A thousand beauties rush to sight,  
 A world of charms, till now unknown,  
 A world reveal'd to her alone;  
 Enraptur'd stands the love-sick maid,  
 Suspended o'er the charling shade,  
 Here only fixes to admire,  
 And centres ev'ry fond desire.

THE BEAUTIES  
OF  
BURNS.

DESPONDENCY.—AN ODE.

OPpress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,  
A burden more than I can bear,  
I sit me down and sigh:  
O life! thou art a galling load,  
Along a rough, a weary road,  
To wretches such as I!  
Dim backward as I cast my view,  
What sick'ning scenes appear?  
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,  
Too justly I may fear!  
Still caring, despairing  
Must be my bitter doom;  
My woes here shall close ne'er,  
But with the closing tomb!  
Happy! ye sons of busy life,  
Who, equal to the bustling strife,  
No other view regard!  
Ev'n when the wished end's denied,  
Yet, while the busy means are plied,  
They bring their own reward:  
Whilst I a hope-abandon'd wight,  
Unfitted with an aim,  
Meet ev'ry sad returning night  
And joyless morn the same.  
You, bustling and justling  
Forget each grief and pain;  
I, listless yet restless  
Find ev'ry prospect vain.  
How blest the Solitary's lot,  
Who all forgetting, all forgot,  
Within this humble cell,  
The cavern wild with tangling roots,  
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,  
Beside his crystal well!  
Or haply to his ev'ning thought,

By unfrequented stream,  
The ways of men are distant brought,  
A faint collected dream:  
While praising, and raising  
His thoughts to Heav'n on high,  
As wand'ring, meand'ring,  
He views the solemn sky,  
Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd  
Where never human footstep trac'd,  
Less fit to play the part,  
The lucky moment to improve,  
And just to stop and just to move,  
With self respecting art:  
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,  
Which I too keenly taste,  
The Solitary can despise,  
Can want, and yet be blest!  
He needs not, he heeds not,  
Or human love or hate;  
Whilst I, here, must cry here,  
At perfidy ingrate!  
Oh! enviable early days,  
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maza  
To Care, to Guilt unknown!  
How ill exchanged for riper times,  
To feel the follies or the crimes  
Of others, or my own!  
Ye tiny elves, that guiltless sport  
Like linnets in the bush,  
Ye little know the ills ye court,  
When manhood is your wish!  
The losses, the crosses,  
That active man engage;  
The fears all, the tears all,  
Of dim declining age!

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,  
Wi' bickering brattle!  
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,  
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion,  
Has broken nature's social union,  
And justifies that ill opinion,  
Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,  
An' fellow-mortal.

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;  
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live:  
 A diamen-icker in a thrave  
     'S a sma' request;  
 I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,  
     An' never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!  
 Its silly wa's the winns are strewing:  
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane  
     O' faggage green!  
 An' bleak December's wind enshuing,  
     Baith anell and keen!

Thou saw the field laid bare and waste,  
 An' weary winter coming fast,  
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
     Thou thought to dwell,  
 Till, crash! the cruel conlter past  
     Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' lea's an' stibble  
 Has cost thee monie a w'ary nibble!  
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
     But house or hald,  
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,  
     An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art na' thy lane,  
 In proving foresight may be vain:  
 The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men  
     Gang aft a-gley,  
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,  
     For promis'd joy!

Still thou art bleat, compar'd wi' me!  
 The present only toucheth thee:  
 But, och! I backward cast thy e'e  
     On prospects drear!  
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
     I guess an' fear.

### TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH.

WE, modest, crimson-tipped 'flow'r,  
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;  
 For I maun crush amang the stour  
     Thy slender stem:  
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
     Thou bonie gem!

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet  
 The bonie lark, companion meet!  
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat!  
     Wi' spreckl'd breast,  
 When upwards springing, blythe to greet  
     The purpling east:

Could blew the bitter biting-north  
 Upo' a thy early humble birth;  
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
     Amid the storm,  
 Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth  
     Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,  
 High sheltering woods an' wa's maun shield;  
 But thou, beneath the random bield  
     O' clod or stane,  
 Adorns the histic stibble-field,  
     Unseen, alone.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,  
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,  
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head

In humble guise;  
 But now, the share-up tears thy bed,  
     And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
 Sweet flowret of the rural shade  
 By love's simplicity betray'd,  
     And guileless trust,  
 Till she, like thee, all soyl'd is laid  
     Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!  
 Unskill'd he to note the card  
     Of prudent lore,  
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
     And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,  
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,  
 By human pride or cunning driv'n  
     To mis'ry's brink,  
 Till wretch'd of ev'ry stay but Heaven,  
     He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
 That fate is thine—no distant date:  
 Stern ruin's ploughshare dries thy clate,  
     Full on thy bloom,  
 Till crush'd, beneath the furrow's weight,  
     Shall be thy doom!

THE BEAUTIES  
OF  
BLAIR.

THE GRAVE.

"The house appointed for all living." JOB.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,  
Some flee the city, some the hermitage,  
Their aims as various as the roads they take  
In journeying through life; the task be mine  
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;  
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all  
These travellers meet. Thy succours I implore,  
Eternal King, whose potent arm sustains  
The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread  
thing!  
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd. Nature ap-  
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how  
dark  
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes;  
Where nought but silence reigns, and night,  
dark night,  
Dark as was Chaos ere the infant Sun  
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams  
Althwart the gloom, profound! The sickly  
taper,  
By glimmering thro' thy low-brow'd misty  
Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy  
slime,  
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,  
And only serves to make thy night more irk-  
some.  
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,  
Cheerless, unsocial plant! That loves to dwell  
Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;  
Where light-heel'd ghosts and visionary shades,  
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)  
Embodied thick, perform the mystic rounds.  
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.  
See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work  
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,  
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which  
were:  
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.  
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Me-  
thinks  
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary:  
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's  
foul bird  
Rook'd in the spire screams loud, the gloomy  
aisles  
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds  
of scutcheons,  
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the

Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,  
The insinuations of the dead. Rous'd from their  
slumbers,  
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,  
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen,  
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.  
Again! the screech owl shrieks: ungracious  
sound!  
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run  
Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend  
Cœval near with that, all ragged shew,  
Long lash'd by the rude winds: some fift half  
down  
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a top,  
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same  
tree.  
Strange things, the neighbours say, have hap-  
pen'd here:  
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow  
tombs;  
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;  
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, un-  
touch'd.  
Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping.  
When it draws near to witching time of night.  
Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,  
By glimpse of moonshine, chequ'ring thro' the  
trees,  
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,  
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,  
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones  
(With nettles skated, and with moss o'er-  
grown)  
That tell in homely phrase who lie below;  
Sudden he starts and hears, or thinks he hears,  
The sound of something purring at his heels,  
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind  
him,  
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;  
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale  
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,  
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand  
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to  
tell!  
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.  
The new-made widow too I've sometimes  
spied,  
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead,  
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,

While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,  
Fast falling down her now unlasted cheek.  
Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man  
She drops: whilst busy meddling Memory,  
In barbarous succession, husters up  
The past endearments of their softer hours,  
Tunacions of its theme. Still, still she thinks  
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,  
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,  
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in  
rinder

Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!  
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.  
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!  
Sweetner of life, and solder of society!  
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,  
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.  
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,  
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart  
Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I  
In some thick wood have wandered heedless  
on,

Hid from the vulgar eye, and set us down  
Upon the sloping cowslip cover'd bank,  
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along.  
In grateful errors thro' the underwood  
Sweet murm'ring; methought, the shrill-  
tongued thrush

Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird  
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note;  
The egletine smelt'd sweeter, and the rose  
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flow'r  
Vied with his fellow plant in luxury  
Of dyes. Oh! then the longest summer's  
day

Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full  
heart

Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness  
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,  
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of  
youthful blood,

Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of  
mirth,

And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;  
Branding our laughter with the name of mad-  
ness.

Where are the jesters now? the man of health  
Complexionally pleasant? where the droll?  
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke  
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,  
And made e'en thick-lipp'd musing Melan-  
choly

To gather up her face into a smile  
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,  
And dum as the green turf that covers them!

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?  
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,

The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd  
youth?

Who the tiara at his pleasure tore  
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;  
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was nam-  
ed;

And had not rostrum enough to do its work?  
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim!  
And ermin'd into a space we blush to name.  
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!  
How blank thy features, and how wan thy  
hue!

Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?  
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,  
And the majestic menace of thine eyes  
Felt from afar? Plant and powerless now,  
Like new born infant bound up in his swatches,  
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back  
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:  
Mate must thou bear the strife of little  
tongues,

And coward insults of the base-born crowd,  
That grudge a privilege thou never badst,  
But only hop'd for in the peaceful grave,  
Of being unmolested and alone.

Araby's gems, and Adoniferous drugs,  
And honours by the heralds duly paid  
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;  
O'eruel irony! these come too late;  
And only mock whom they were meant to  
honour

Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's  
buried

In the high way unshrouded and uncossin'd,  
But lies as cold, and sleeps as sound, as he.  
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent  
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state!

But see the well plum'd hearse comes nod-  
ding on,

Stately and slow; and properly attended  
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch  
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,  
By letting out their persons by the hour  
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad!  
How rich the trappings, now they're all un-  
rich'd

And glitt'ring in the sun! triumphant entries  
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,  
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people  
Retard the unwieldy show; whilst from the  
casements,

And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close  
wedg'd

Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?  
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase

That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril  
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,

Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,  
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which

You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:  
What would open the eye in a good picture,  
The Painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!

Below the envy of the private man!  
Honour, that meddling officious ill,  
Pursues thee e'en to death, nor there stops short.

Strange persecution! when the grave itself  
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to over-reach the grave!  
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!  
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame  
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.  
The far fam'd sculptor, and the laurel bough,  
Those bold insurers of a eternal fame,  
Supply then little noble aids in vain,  
The tapping pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,  
And wonder of the world! whose spiky top  
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-  
lived

The angry shaking of the winter's storm;  
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n,  
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with  
years,

The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,  
Gives way: O lamentable sight! at once  
The labour of whole ages lumbrous down;  
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.  
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain  
With all-subduing Time! her cank'ring hand  
With calm deliberate malice wastes them:  
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,  
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,  
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.  
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,  
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth  
Who swam to sov'reign rule, thro' seas of  
blood;

Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,  
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires  
waste,

And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r,  
Thiugh'd states of half their people, and gave up  
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent  
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy  
covert, [scorn

Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral  
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd  
ghost

Implacable Here too, the petty tyrant,  
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,  
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as  
short,

Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,  
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,  
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,

And piteous plaintive voice of misery  
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,  
Of the same common nature with his lord);

Now tame and humble, like a child that's  
whipp'd [leisurely;

Shakes hands with dust, and calls the world his  
Nor pleads his rank and birthright Under  
ground

Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,  
Grossly familiar, side by side consue.

When self-esteem, or others adulation,  
Would cunningly persuade us we were some-  
thing

Above the common level of our kind;

The Grave gainsays the smooth complexion'd  
distray, [fare.

And with blunt truth acquaints us what we  
Beauty! thou pretty plaything! deen deest!  
That steals so softly o'er the stupefying heart,  
And gives it a new pulse unknown before;

The grave discredits thee: thy claims ex-  
pung'd,

Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,  
What hast thou more to boast of! Will thy  
lovers

Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee  
homage?

No thanks! I see thee with thy head low hid;  
What surfeited upon thy damask cheek,

The high fed worm in lazy volumes roll'd,  
Roots unscath'd. For this was all thy caution!

For this thy painful toils at thy glass,  
To improve those charms, and keep them in  
repair,

For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul  
fader!

Coarse fare and carion please thee full as well,  
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.

Look how the fair one weep'd! the conscious  
tears

Stand thick as dew drops on the bells of flow'rs:  
Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain

Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.  
Strength too! thou, surely, and less gentle  
boast

Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!  
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,

With greater ease than e'er thou didst the  
stuppling

That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.  
What groan was that I heard? deep groan  
indeed!

With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it;  
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong  
man

By stronger arm belabour'd, grasps, for breath  
Like a hard hunted beast. How his great heart

Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant  
To give the lungs full play! What now avail



The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread  
shoulders!

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,  
Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold  
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it  
hard,

Just like a creature drowning: hideous sight!  
Oh! how his eyes stand out and stare full  
ghastly!

Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom  
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,  
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that  
groan?

It was his last. See how the great Goliath,  
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,  
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty  
boaster!

To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the  
"kull, [ard,  
Unconscious of his strength, to play the cow-  
And flee before a feeble thing like man,  
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,  
Trusts only in the well-invented knife!

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,  
The star surveying sage close to his eye  
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;  
And trav'ling thro' the boundless length of  
space,

Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,  
That roll with regular confusion there,  
In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man!  
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head!  
Soon, very soon, thy finest footing fails;  
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome  
place,

Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.  
Here the tongue-warrior lies! disabled now,  
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's  
gagg'd,

And cannot tell his ail to passers-by.  
Great map of language whence this mighty  
change?

This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?  
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,  
And sly insinuation's softer arts  
In ambush lay about thy frowning tongue:  
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and  
silence

Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast  
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,  
The strength of action, and the force of words,  
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd  
voice,

With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?  
Ah! dead for ever, as they ne'er had been!  
Raz'd from the book of fame, or, more pro-  
voking,

Perhaps some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler  
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb  
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes

With heavy halting pace that drawl along;  
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,  
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,  
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!  
Spite of their juleps and cathartics,  
Resign to fate. Proud Esculapius' son,  
Where are thy boasted implements of art,  
And all thy well-creamin'd magazines of health?  
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,  
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,  
I escap'd thy rising hand: from stubborn shrubs  
Thou wrung'st then shy retreating virtues out,  
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor insect,  
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.  
But why this apparatus? why this cost?  
Tell us thou doughty keeper from the grave!  
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,  
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?  
Alas! thou speakest not. The bold impostor  
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found  
out.

Here, the lank sided miser, worst of felons!  
Who meanly stole, discreditable shift!  
From back and belly too, their proper cheer;  
Eas'd of a tax it ill'd the wretch to pay  
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,  
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,  
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.  
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?  
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor  
indeed:

Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?  
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake  
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,  
First sterv'd in this, then damn'd in that to  
come. [Death!

How shocking must thy summons be, O  
To him that is at ease in his possessions;  
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,  
Is quite unfeeling for that world to come!

In that dread moment, how the frantic soul  
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,  
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,  
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks  
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!

A little longer, yet a little longer,  
O might she stay to wash away her stains,  
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!  
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan  
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,  
Like a staunch murder steady to his purpose,  
Pursues her close thro' ev'ry lane of life,  
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;  
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,  
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!  
What a strange moment must it be, when near  
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view  
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd

To tell what's doing on the other side!  
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,  
And ev'ry life-strain bleeds at thoughts of parting?

For part they must: body and soul must part;  
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.

This wings its way to its Almighty Source,  
The witness of its actions, now its judge;  
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,  
Like a disabled pitcher, of no use.

If death was nothing, and nought after death;

If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,  
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,  
Whence first they sprung; then might the

debauchee [the drunkard  
Untrembling mouth the heav'n's: then might  
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,  
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh  
At the poor bug-bear Death; then might the  
wretch

That's weary of the world, and fin'd of life,  
At once give each inquietude the slip,  
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,  
And by what way; whether by hemp or steel  
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who  
could force

The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,  
Or blame him if he goes? Sure! he does well  
That helps himself as timely as he can,  
When able. But if there is an hereafter,  
And that there is, conscience unfluenc'd,  
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man,  
Then must it be an awful thing to die;  
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.  
Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame,  
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring  
states.

Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,  
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?  
Forbid it, Heav'n! let not upon disgust,  
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er  
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful  
attempt!

Just, reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage  
To rush into the presence of our Judge!  
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,  
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard of  
tortures

Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;  
The common dunn'd shun their society,  
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.  
Our time is fix'd; and all our days are  
number'd; [know,

How long, how short, we know not: this we  
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,  
Nor dare to stir till Heav'n shall give  
permission. [stand,  
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd

And wait th' appointed hour, till they're  
reliev'd. [ground,

Those only are the brave who keep their  
And keep it to the last. To run away  
Is but a coward's trick: to run away  
From this world's ills, that at the very worst  
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend  
ourselves

By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,  
And plunging headlong in the dark; 'tis mad:  
No feign'd half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity  
To those you left behind disclose the secret?  
O! that some courteous ghost would blab it  
out,

What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.  
I've heard that souls departed have sometimes  
Forewarn'd men of their death: 'twas kindly  
done

To knock and give th' alarm. But what means  
This stinted charity? 'tis but lame kindness  
That does its work by halves. Why might you  
not

Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws  
Of your society forbid your speaking  
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;  
Sullen like lamps in sepulchres, your shrine  
Enlightens but yourselves: well—'tis no  
matter:

A very little time will clear up all,  
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.  
Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village  
swain, [round,

And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes  
And who so artful as to put it by?

'Tis long since death had the majority;  
Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.  
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,  
The scottish, hoary-headed chameleon!

Of hard unmeaning face, slow which ne'er stole  
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand  
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and  
acquaintance

By far his juniors! Scarce a scull's cast up,  
But well he knew its owner, and can tell  
Some passage of his life. Thus, hand in  
hand, [years;

The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty  
And yet ne'er younger on the green laughs  
louder,

Or clubs a smuttier tale, when drunkards meet,  
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand  
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he  
minds not

That soon some trusty brother of the trade  
Shall do for him what he has done for  
thousands. [friends

On this side, and on that, men see their  
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch  
out

Into fantastic schemes, which three long lives  
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days  
Could scarce have leasure for; fools that we  
are!

Never to think of death and of ourselves  
At the same time! as if to learn to die  
Were no concern of ours. O more than  
sottish!

For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood  
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,  
Unapprehensive; when for aught we know  
The very first swollen surge shall sweep us off,  
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on  
With a resistless unremitting stream,  
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight  
thief,

That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,  
And carries off his prize. What is this world?  
What but a spacious burial-field unwatch'd,  
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of  
animals,

Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?  
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd,  
And we that live must lend our carcasses  
To cover our own offspring: in then turns  
They too must cover them. 'Tis here all  
meet!

The shivering Iceland, and sun-burnt Moor;  
Men of all climes, that never met before;  
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the  
Christian. [prouder,

Here the proud Prince, and favourite yet  
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's  
scourge,

Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd  
The great negotiators of the earth,  
And celebrated masters of the balance,  
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of  
courts:

Now vain their crafty-skill! Death scorns to  
treat. [burthen

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his  
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel  
tyrant, [him

With all his guards and tools of pow'r about  
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,  
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought  
escapes,

Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.  
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,  
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,  
Time out of mind the favourite seats of love,  
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down  
Unblast'd by foul tongue. Here friends and  
foes

Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.  
The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter,  
Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,  
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams  
That some rude interposing rock had split.

Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child  
Of a span long, that ne'er saw the sun,  
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's  
parch [toss;

Here is the mother with her sons and daugh-  
The barren wife, the long-dumurring maid,  
Whose kindly unappreciated sweets  
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,  
Not to be come at by the willing hand.  
Rare are the pensive sevier, and gay coquette,  
The scholar widow, and the young green virgin,  
Crop'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,  
Or call'd its worth discov'rd. Strange welley  
her!

Here gaudious old age winds up his tale;  
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,  
Whose every day was made of melody,  
Hears not the voice of mirth, the shrill  
tongued shrew;

Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.  
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;  
The just, the good, the worthless, the proud,  
The downy clown, and perfectly well bred;  
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the  
mean,

The supple statesman, and the patriot stern,  
The wick of nations, and the spoils of time,  
With all the number of six thousand years.

Poor man! has happy once in thy first state!  
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's  
hand, [pleas'd

He stamp'd thee with his image, and well  
Smil'd on his last fair work! Then all was well.  
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;  
Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,  
That play'd then several parts. Nor head, nor  
heart, [should,

Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they  
For all was pure within; no fell remorse,  
Nor anxious castings up of what may be,  
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom: summer seas  
Shew not more smooth when kiss'd by south-  
ern winds,

Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,  
The generous soul with a luxuriant hand  
Offer'd the various produce of the year,  
And every thing most perfect in its kind.

Bless'd, thrice blessed days! but ah, how short;  
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,  
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.

O slippery state of things! What sudden turns,  
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf  
Of man's sad history! to-day most happy;  
And, ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!  
How scant the space between these vast ex-  
tremes! [Joy'd

Thus far'd it with our Sire: not long he cu-  
His paradise! scarce had the happy tenant  
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,  
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,

Never to return again. And must he go?  
Can ought compound for the first due offence  
Of erring man? Like one that's condemn'd,  
I am would he trifle time with idle talk,  
And part with his life. But 'tis in vain.  
Not all the lavish charms of the place,  
Offer'd in meane, can procure his pardon,  
Or mitigate his doom. A mid, my angel  
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,  
And drives the butcher forth, nor must he take  
One last and farewell sight. At once he lost  
His glory and his God. If mortal now,  
And suchy manna'd, no wonder! Man has  
sinn'd.

Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,  
Till he would needs try: nor tried in vain.  
(Dreadful experience! destructive measure!  
Where the worst thing could happen, is suc-  
cess.)

Alas! too well he sped. the good he scorn'd  
Stalk'd off reluctant, like a ill us'd ghost,  
Not to return; or, if it did, its visits  
Like those of angels short, and far between:  
Whilst the black demon, with his hell scap'd  
train,

Admitted once into its better room,  
Grew loud and riotous, nor would be gone;  
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late  
Saw the rash error which he could not mend;  
An error fatal not to him alone,  
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.  
Inglorious bondage! human gattye groans  
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,  
And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.

What havoc hast thou made, thou monster,  
Sin!

Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent  
Of woes of all dimensions! but for thee  
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things  
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils, [bonds.  
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their  
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails  
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,  
Involved in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,  
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues  
round,

And there it stops. The big-swolln inundation,  
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,  
Buries whole tracts of country, threatening more;  
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.  
More dreadful far than these, Sin has laid waste,  
Not here and there a country, but a world;  
Dispatching at a wide extended blow  
Engulf mankind, and for their sakes defacing  
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;  
Blasting the fruitful grain, the loaded branches,  
And marking all along its way with ruin.  
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find  
A proper name to call thee by, expressive  
Of all thy horrors; pregnant womb of ills!

Of temper so transcendantly malign,  
That tongs and serpents of most deadly kind  
Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sicknesses  
Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,  
And bluest plagues are thine! See how the fiend  
Profusely scatters the contagion round!  
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at  
her heels,

Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-  
morrow [daring,  
Shapes out new work of great uncommon  
And wily pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold! I've gone too far; too much dis-  
covered

My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.  
Here let me pause! and drop an honest tear,  
One drop of filial duty, and condolence,  
O'er all these ample deserts Death has spread,  
This chaos of mankind. O great woe eater!  
Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not fasted yet!  
(Unheard of picture! without a fellow!  
The voracious gluttons do not always cram;  
Some intervals of abstinence are sought  
To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.

methinks the countless swarms thou hast de-  
voured, [up,

And thousands that each hour thou gobblest  
This less than this, might gorge thee to the full.  
But ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:  
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,  
On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,  
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings  
(As if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,  
Famine and War, were not thy caterers.)

But know that thou must render up thy dead,  
And with high interest too! they are not thine;  
But only in thy keeping for a season,  
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;  
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump  
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy cap-  
tives,

And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,  
Day-light and liberty —  
Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal  
The mines that long lay forming under ground,  
In their dark cells unnumber'd, but now full ripe,  
And purchas'd silver from the crucible,  
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,  
Andquisition of the forge. We know,  
The illustrious Deliverer of mankind,  
The Son of God, thee told! Him in thy pow'r  
Thou couldst not hold. self-vigorous he rose,  
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook  
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent.  
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy  
thrall!)

Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,  
And shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses  
By proofs so strong, that the most slow-as-  
senting

Had not a scruple left. This having done,  
He mounted up to heav'n: Methinks I see him  
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along  
Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye,  
Flung backward in the chase, soon drops its hold  
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.  
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;  
Nor are his friends shut out: as some great  
prince

Not for himself alone procures admittance,  
But for his train; it was his royal will,  
That where he is, there should his followers be.  
Death only lies between! a gloomy path!  
Made yet more gloomy by our coward tears!  
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue  
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road  
To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd chil-  
dren,

Start we at transient hardships in the way  
That leads to purer air and softer skies,  
And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!  
We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom;  
But strait our wish revoke, and will not go.  
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,  
Fast by a riv'let's brink a youngster play!  
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!  
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd:  
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips  
His fears redouble, and he runs away  
From the inoffensive stream, unpin'd now  
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,  
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome  
Death!

That, after many a painful bleeding step,  
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe  
On the long wish'd-for shore. Prodigious  
change!

Our bauc turn'd to a blessing! Death disarm'd  
Loses his fellness quite; all thanks to Him  
Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end  
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!  
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,  
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.  
Behold him! in the evening-tide of life,  
A life well spent, whose early fate it was.  
His riper years should not upbraid his green:  
By unperceiv'd decays he wears away;  
Yet like the sun grows larger at his setting!  
High in his fair old hopes, look! how he  
reaches

After the prize in view! And, like a bird  
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away!  
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded  
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits  
Of the fast-coming harvest! Then! O then!  
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,  
Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs  
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!  
'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad soul  
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh  
Rests too in hope of meeting once again  
Its bitter half, never to sunder more.  
Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on  
When not a single spot of burial earth,  
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,  
But must give back its long-committed dust  
Inviolate: and faithfully shall these  
Make up the full account; not the least atom  
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.  
Each soul shall have a body ready-furnish'd;  
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye pho-  
plane!

Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same pow'r  
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,  
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,  
And put them as they were. Almighty God  
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd  
Thro' length of days, and what he can he will;  
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.  
When the dead trumpet sounds, the slumbering  
dust,

Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;  
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,  
With a new elegance of form, unknown  
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul  
Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd,  
Snugling its other half, into its arms  
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man.  
That's ne'er come home, who having long been  
absent,

With haste runs o'er ev'ry different room,  
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting  
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.  
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;  
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.  
Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird  
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely bough  
Cov'rs down, and doses till the dawn of day;  
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears  
away.

SUPPLEMENT  
TO  
*LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,*  
or,  
Bell's  
COURT AND FASHIONABLE  
MAGAZINE,

FOR THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

---

*The Fifty-fourth Number.*

---

CONTAINING  
*NIGHT THOUGHTS.*

BY  
YOUNG.

---

EMBELLISHMENT.  
PORTRAIT OF YOUNG.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR JOHN BELL, PROPRIETOR OF THE WEEKLY MESSENGER,  
SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, STRAND.

1810.



# NIGHT-THOUGHTS:

BY  
YOUNG.

## NIGHT I.—Sleep.

THOU'N nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!  
He, like the world, his ready visit pays  
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:

Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,  
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose  
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!  
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.  
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams  
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd, desponding  
thought,

From waves to wave of fancy'd misery  
At random drove, her helm of reason lost:  
Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,  
A bitter change; severer for severe:  
The day too short for my distress! and night  
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,  
Is sunshine, to the colour of my fate.

## Night.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebony throne,  
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world:  
Silence, how dead! and darkness how profound!  
Nor eye nor list'ning ear an object finds;  
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse  
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;  
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.  
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd:  
Fate! drop the curtain: I can lose no more.

## Invocation to Silence and Darkness.

Silence and Darkness! solemn-miserable twins  
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender  
thought

To reason, and on reason build resolve,  
(That column of true majesty in man)  
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;  
The grave, your kingdom: there this frame  
shall fall

A victim sacred to your dreary shrine:  
But what are ye? Thou who didst put to flight  
Primæval Silence, when the morning stars  
Exulted abouts o'er the rising ball;  
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness  
struck

That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my  
soul,

My soul which flies to thee, her trust, her  
treasure,

As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Thro' this opaque of nature, and of soul,  
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,  
To lighten and to cheer: O lead my mind,  
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)  
Lead it thro' various scenes of life and death,  
And from each scene, the noblest truths in-  
spire:

Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;  
Nor let the vial of thy vengeance, pour'd  
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain,

## Time.

The bell strikes one: we take no note of  
time,

But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,  
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
It is the knell of my departed hours;  
Where are they? with the years beyond the  
Flood?

It is the signal that demands dispatch—  
How much is to be done! my hopes and fears  
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge  
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;  
A dread eternity! how surely mine!  
And can eternity belong to me,  
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

## Mans.

How poor! how rich! how abject! how  
angust!

How complicate! how wonderful! Man!  
How passing wonder He who made him such!  
Who centred in our make such strange ex-  
tremes!

From different natures marvelously mixt,  
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!  
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!  
Midway from nothing to the Deity!  
A beam ethereal sullied, and absorb'd!  
Tho' sullied, and dishonour'd, still divine!  
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!  
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!



Helpless immortal! insect infinite!  
 A worm! a god! I tremble at myself;  
 And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,  
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd  
 agast,  
 And wondering at her own: how reason reels!  
 O what a miracle to man is man!  
 Triumphant distress'd, what joy, what dread!  
 Alternately transported and alarm'd!  
 What can preserve my life, or what destroy?  
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;  
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

*Deans.*

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:  
 While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion  
 spread,  
 What's ho' my soul phantastic measures trod  
 O'er fairy field; or mourn'd along the gloom  
 Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep  
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled  
 pool;  
 Or scal'd the cliff or danc'd on hollow winds,  
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?  
 Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her  
 nature  
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;  
 Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,  
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall:  
 Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:  
 Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day:  
 For human weal, heaven husbands all events,  
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in  
 vain.

*Trinity of Lamentation over the Deans.*

Why then their loss deplorest, that are yet  
 lost?  
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs  
 around,  
 In infidel distress? art angel's there?  
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?  
 They live! they greatly live a life on earth:  
 Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye  
 Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall  
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead.  
 This is the desert, this the solitude:  
 How populous! how vital, is the grave!  
 This is creation's melancholy vault,  
 The vale funeral, the sad cyprus gloom;  
 The land of apparitions, empty shades;  
 All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond  
 Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed;  
 How solid all, where change shall be no more!

*Life and Eternity.*

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn;  
 Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,  
 Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,

This gross impediment of clay remove,  
 And make us embryos of existence free.  
 From real life, but little more remote  
 Is he, not yet a candidate for light,  
 The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.  
 Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,  
 You ambient azure shell, and spring to life,  
 The life of gods—O transport! and of man.  
 Yet man, fool man! here buries all his  
 thoughts;

Inters celestial hopes without one sigh:  
 Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon.  
 Here pinions all his wishes: wing'd by heaven  
 To fly at infinite, and reach it there,  
 Where scap'le gather immortality,  
 On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.  
 What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow  
 In his full beam, and ripen for the Just,  
 Where momentary ages are no more!  
 Where time, and pain, and chance, and death  
 expire!

And is it in the flight of threescore years,  
 To push eternity from human thought,  
 And smother souls immortal in the dust!  
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires,  
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,  
 Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,  
 At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,  
 Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,  
 To waft a feather or to drown a fly, [myself.

Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms  
 How was my heart encrusted by the world!  
 O how self-fetter'd was my groveling soul!  
 How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and  
 round

In sick'ning thought, which reptile Fancy spun,  
 Till darken'd Reason lay quite clouded o'er  
 With soft conceit of endless comfort here,  
 Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Our waking dreams are fatal: how I dreamt  
 Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)  
 Of joys perpetual in perpetual change  
 Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!  
 Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!  
 How rich! were my noon-tide trances hung  
 With gorgeous tapestries of pictured joys!  
 Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!  
 Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue  
 Calls daily for his millions at a meal,  
 Starting, I woke, and found myself undone!  
 Where now my phrensy's pompous furniture!  
 The cobweb'd cottage with its ragged wall  
 Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me!  
 The spider's thread is cable to man's tie  
 On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

*Time and Death.*

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!  
 Full, above measure! lasting beyond bound!

Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,  
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,

And quite unparadise the realms of light.  
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres,  
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance  
Sheds sad vicissitudes on all beneath.  
Here teems with revolutions every hour;  
And rarely for the best; or the best,  
More mortal than the common births of fate:  
Each moment has its sickle, envious  
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep

Strikes empires from the root; each moment  
His little weapon in the narrower sphere  
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down  
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss. [vain!

Bliss! sublunary bliss! proud words, and  
Implicit treason to divine decree!  
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!  
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air,  
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,  
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!  
Death! great proprietor of all! 'Tis thine  
To tread but empire, and to quench the stars:  
The sun himself by thy permission shines;  
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere,

Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust  
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?  
Why thy peculiar rancour wreck'd on me?  
Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?  
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her  
O Cynthia! why so pale? dost thou lament  
Thy wretched neighbour? grieve, to see thy wheel

Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?  
In ev'ry varied posture, place, and hour,  
How widow'd every thought of every joy!  
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace,

Thro' the dark postern of time long elaps'd  
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,  
Strays, wretched rover! o'er the pleasing past,  
In quest of wretchedness, perpetually strays;  
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts  
Of my departed joys, a numerous train!  
I rue the riches of my former fate;  
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters make me sigh:  
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;  
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.  
Yet why complain? or why complain for one?  
Mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;  
In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd  
The mother's throes on all of woman born,  
Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain.

### Oppression, Want, and Disease.

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,  
Intestine broils, oppression with her heart  
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind:  
God's image, disinherited of day,  
Here plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made;  
There beings, deathless at their haughty lord,  
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;  
And plough the winter's wave, and reap de-

spair;  
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,  
In battle Joppa away, with half their limbs sav'd,  
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour  
If so the tyrant, or his minion doom;

Want and incurable Disease (fell pair!)  
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize  
At once; and make a refuge of the grave:  
How groaning hospitals eject their dead!  
What numbers groan for sad admission there!  
What numbers once, in Fortune's lap high-fed,  
Solicit the cold hand of charity!

To shock us more, solicit it in vain!

Not Prudence can defend, or Virtue save;  
Disease invades the chastest temperance;  
And punishment the guiltless; and a storm  
Thro' thickest shades pursues the fond of peace;

Man's caution often into danger turns,  
And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.  
Not Happiness itself makes good her name;  
Our very wishes gives us not our wish;  
How distant oft the thing we dote on most,  
From that for which we dote, felicity!  
The smoothest course of nature has its pains,  
And truest friend, thro' error, wound our rest;  
Without misfortunes, what calamities!  
And what hostilities without a foe! —  
Nor are ages wanting to the Jacobson earth;  
But useless is the list of human ills,  
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

### Reflections on viewing a Map of the World.

A part how small of this terraqueous globe  
Is tenanted by man! the rest a waste,  
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands;  
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, atings, and death:

Such is earth's melancholy map! but far  
More sad, this earth is a true map of man:  
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights  
To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles

Long sorrows howl; envelop'd passions bite;  
Ravenous calamities our vitals seize,  
And threat'ning fate wide opens to devour.

### Sympathy.

What then am I, who sorrow for myself?  
In age, in infancy, from other's aid

Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.  
That Nature's first, last lesson to mankind:  
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels;  
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts,  
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.  
Nor Virtue, more than Prudence, bids me give  
Sworn thought a second channel; who divide,  
They weaken too, the torment of their grief.

Take then, O world, thy much indebted fear:  
How sad a sight is human happiness . . .  
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an  
hour!

O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults!  
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?  
I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it  
from me,

Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,  
The salutary censure of a friend:  
Thou happy wretch! by blindness art thou  
blest;

By dolage dandled to perpetual smiles;  
Know, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;  
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,  
But rises in demand for her delay;  
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,  
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

*The Instability and Insufficiency of Human Joys.*

Lorenzo! Fortune makes her court to thee,  
Thy fond heart darts, while the syren sings.  
I would not damp; but to secure thy joys:  
Think not that fear is sacred to the storm:  
Stand on thy guard against the smiles of fate.  
Is heaven tremendous in its frown? most sure:  
And in its favours formidable too;

Its favours here are trials, not rewards:  
A fall to duty, not discharge from care;  
And should alarms, full as much as woes;  
O'er our scann'd conduct give a jealous eye;  
Awe Nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,  
Lest, while we clasp we kill them; nay invert,  
To worse than simple misery, their charms:  
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,  
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,  
With rage evenom'd rise against our peace.

Beware what earth calls happiness; beware  
All joys, but joys that never can expire:  
Who builds on less than an immortal base,  
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine died with thee, Philander! thy last  
sigh

Dissolv'd thee harm; the disenchanted earth  
Lost all her lustre; where, her glittering  
towers? [down

Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd  
To naked wastes, a dreary vale of tears!

The great magician's dead! thou poor pale  
piece

Of out-cast earth, in dayness! what a change  
From yesterday! thy darling hope so near,  
(Long-labour'd prize!) death's subtle seed  
within

(Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,  
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and  
beckon'd

The worm to riot on that rose so red,  
Unfaded ere it fell; our moment's prey!

*Man short sighted.*

The present moment terminates our sight;  
Clouds thick as those on doomsday, drown the  
next;

We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.  
Time is dealt out by particles: and each,  
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,  
By fate's inviolable oath is sworn  
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."

*Presumption of depending on To-morrow.*

By Nature's law, what may be, may be now;  
There's no prerogative in human hours:  
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,  
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's  
glown?

Where is to-morrow? In another world.  
For numbers this is certain; the reverse  
Is sure to none; and yet on this, perhaps,  
This peradventure, infamous for lies,  
As on a rock of adamant we build [schemes,  
Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal  
And big with life's futurities, expire.

*Sudden Death.*

Not ev'n Philander had bespoke his shroud;  
Nor had he cause, a warning was deny'd.  
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!  
As sudden, tho' for years admonitor'd home.  
Of human ill the last extreme beware,  
Beware, Lorenzo! slow-sudden death.  
How dreadful that deliberate surpris!  
Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer;  
Next day the fatal precedent will plead!  
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life;  
Procrastination is the thief of time,  
Year after year it steals, till all are dead,  
And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
The vast concerns of an eternal scene!  
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?  
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

*Man's Proneness to postpone Improvement.*

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears  
The palm, "that all men are about to live."  
For ever on the brink of being born:  
All pay themselves the compliment 'to think  
They, one day, shall not drivel; and their  
pride

On this revision takes up ready praise;  
At least, their own; their future selves ap-  
plauds;  
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!  
Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vail;  
That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign.  
All promise is poor dilatory man,  
And that thro' every stage: when young, in-  
deed,

In full content, we some times nobly rest,  
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,  
As dutious sons, our fathers were more wise:  
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;  
At fifty chides his infamous delay,  
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;  
In all the magnanimity of thought  
Resolves; and re-resolves: then does the same.

*Man insensible of his own Morality.*

And why! because he thinks himself im-  
mortal.

All men think all men mortal but them-  
selves;  
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate  
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden  
dread;

Dost their hearts wounded, like the wounded  
air, [found:  
Soon close; where pass'd the shaft, no trace is  
As, from the wing no scar the sky retains;  
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;  
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:  
E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds  
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.  
Can I forget Philander? that were strange;  
O my full heart! but should I give it vent,  
The longest night, tho' longer far, would fail,  
And the lark listen to my midnight song.

**NIGHT II.**—*Avarice of Time recommended.*

He mourns the dead, who lived as they de-  
sire.

Where is that thrift, that avarice of Time,  
(Blest avarice!) which the thought of death  
inspires.

O time! than gold more sacred; more a load  
Than lead, to tools; and fools reputed wise.  
What moment granted man without account?  
What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt  
unpaid?

Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,  
Insidious death, should his strong hand arrest,  
No composition sets the prisoner free.  
Eternity's inexorable chain

Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full  
arrear.

How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late  
Laz' call'd for her last refuge in despair!  
For why, calls thy disease? for moral aid.  
Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.  
Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor:  
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay  
No moment, but on purchase of its worth:  
And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can  
tell.

Part with it as with life, reluctant; big  
With holy hope of nobler time to come.  
Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain?  
And sport we like the natives of the bough,  
When verminous insipid? Amusement reigns  
Man's great demand: to trifle is to live:  
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?

Who wants amusement in the flame of battle?  
Is it not treason to the soul immortal,  
Her foes in vain, eternity the prize?  
Will toys amuse, when medicines cannot cure?  
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting  
scenes

Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight?  
(As lands, and cities with their glittering spires  
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm  
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there)  
Will toys amuse?—no; thrones will then be  
toys,

And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.  
Redeem we time?—its loss we dearly buy:  
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports?  
He pleads time's numerous blanks; he loudly  
pleads

The straw-like trifles on life's common stream,  
From whom those blanks and trifles, but from  
thee?

No blank, no trifle, nature made or meant:  
Virtue, of purpos'd virtue, still be thine:  
This cancels thy complaint at once; this  
leaves

In yet no trifle, and no blank in time.

This greatness, fills, immortalizes all!

This, the blest art of turning all to gold;

This, the good heart's prerogative to raise

A royal tribute, from the poorest hour.

Immense revenue! every moment pays.

If nothing more than purpose in thy power,

Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:

Who does the best his circumstance allows,

Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.

Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint;

'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer;

Guard well thy thoughts; our thoughts are  
heard in heaven.

On all important time, thro' every age,

Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urg'd;  
the man

Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.

"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cry'd

Had been an Emperor without his crown;  
 He spoke, as if deputed by mankind  
 So should all speak: so reason speaks in all:  
 From the soft whispers of that god in man,  
 Why fly to folly, why to phrensy fly,  
 For rescue from the blessing we possess?  
 Time, the supreme!—Time is eternity; a  
 Pregnant with all eternity can give,  
 Pregnant with all that makes arch-angels  
 smile.  
 Who murders time, he crushes in the birth  
 A power ethereal, only not admissible

#### *Inconsistency of Man.*

Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,  
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!  
 Like children babbling nonsense in their  
 sports.  
 We censure nature for a span too short;  
 That span too short, we tax as tedious too;  
 Torture invention all expedients tire,  
 To lash the ling'ring moments into speed;  
 And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves.  
 Ah, brainless art! our furious charioteer,  
 Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;  
 Death, most our dread, death thus more dread-  
 ful made.

O what a riddle of absurdity!  
 Leisure is pain; take off our chariot wheels:  
 How heavily we drag the load of life!  
 Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain  
 It makes us wander; wander earth around  
 To fly that tyrant, Thought. As Atlas groan'd  
 The world beneath, we groan beneath an  
 hour.

We cry for mercy to the next amusement;  
 Yet when death kindly tenders us relief,  
 We call him cruel: years to moments shrink.  
 Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,  
 And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;  
 Behold him, when past by; what then is seen  
 But his broad, unious swifter than the winds?  
 And all mankind, in contradiction strong,  
 Rueful, aghast! cry out at his career.

#### *Waste of Time.*

Leave to thy fess these errors, and these  
 ills:  
 To nature just, their cause and cure explore:  
 No nigard, nature; men are prodigal.  
 We throw away our auras, as made for sport;  
 We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not  
 live;  
 And barely breathing, man, to live ordain'd,  
 Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.  
 And why? since time was given for use, not  
 waste,  
 Enjoy'd to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,  
 To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man:

Time's use was deem'd a pleasure; waste, a  
 pain,  
 That man might feel his error, if unseen;  
 And feeling, fly to labour for his cure.  
 Life's cares are comforts; such by Heav'n de-  
 sign'd;  
 He that has none, must make them, or he  
 Cares are employments; and without employ  
 The soul is on a rack, the rack of rest;  
 To souls most adverse; 'tion all their joy.  
 Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, un-  
 folds; [fool.

Then time turns torment, when man turns a  
 We rave, we wax to with great nature's plan;  
 We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,  
 Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.  
 Hence our unnatural quarrel with ourselves;  
 Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broil.  
 We push time from us, and we wish him back;  
 Life we think long and short, death seek and  
 shun.

Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,  
 How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!  
 Gone! they ne'er go; when 'past, they haunt  
 us still;

The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd,  
 And smiles an angel; or a fury frowns.  
 Nor death nor life delights us. If time past,  
 And time possess, both pain us, what can  
 please?

That which the Deity to please ordain'd,  
 Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours  
 By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,  
 At once he draws the sting of life and death:  
 He walks with nature; and her path are peace.

Our error's cause, and cure, are seen: see  
 next

Time's nature, origin, importance, speed,  
 And thy great gain from urging his career.—  
 He looks on time, as nothing: nothing else  
 Is truly man's: what wonders can he do?  
 And will: to stand blank neuter he disdains.  
 Not on those terms was time (heaven's trans-  
 gressor sent

On his important embassy to man.  
 When the great sire, on emanation bent  
 And big with nature, arising in his night,  
 Call'd forth creation (for then time was born  
 By Godhead streaming thro' a thousand worlds;  
 Not on those terms, from the great days of  
 Heaven,

From old eternity's mysterious orb,  
 Was time cut off; and cast beneath the skies;  
 The skies, which watch him in his new abode,  
 Measuring his motions by revolving spheres:  
 Hours, days, and months, and years, his chil-  
 dren, play  
 Like numerous wings around him, as he flies:  
 Or rather, as unequal plumes, they shape

His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,  
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,  
And join anew eternity his sire;  
When worlds, that count his circles now, un-  
happ'd

(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush  
To timeless night, and chaos, whence they  
rose.

Why spur the speed? why with legacies  
New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid  
flight?

Man flies from time, and time from man: too  
In sad divorce this double flight must end;  
And then, where are we where, Lorenzo! then,  
Thy sports? thy pomp?—I grant thee, in a  
state

Not unambitious; in the ruffled shroud,  
Thy Parian tomb's triumphant arch beneath,  
Has seen his fopperies: then well may life  
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

*False Delicacy.*

Ye well array'd! ye lilies of our land!  
Ye lilies pale! who neither toil nor spin;  
Ye delicate! who nothing can support,  
Yourselves most unsupportable! for whom  
The winter rose must blow, and silky soft  
Favonius breathe still softer, or bechid;  
And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,  
And robes, and notions, fraud in foreign  
louins!

O ye who deem one moment ynnous'd,  
A misery, s—dreamers of gay dreams!  
How will you weather an eternal night,  
Where such expedients fail? where wit's a  
fool;

Mirth mourns; dreams vanish; laughter sinks  
in tears.

*Conscience.*

O treacherous conscience! while she seems  
to sleep,

On rose and myrtle, fall'd with syren song;  
While she seems nodding o'er her charge, to  
drop

On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein,  
The six informer minutes every fault,  
And her dread diary with horror fills:

Not the gross act alone employs her pen?  
She dawning purposes of heart explores,  
Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;  
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass  
Writes our whole history; which death shall

read

In every pale delinquent's private ear;  
And judgment publish: publish to more worlds  
Than this: and endless age in groans resound.  
And think'st thou that thou canst be wise too

*Man's Supineness.*

Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven  
invites,

Hell threatens; all exerts; in effort, all;  
More than creation labours!—Labours more!  
And is there in creation, what, amidst  
This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,  
And ardent energy, supinely yawns!  
Man sleeps; and man alone; and man, whose  
fate,

Fate irrevocable, entire, extreme,  
Eudless, hail-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the  
gulph

A moment trembles; drops! man, the sole cause  
Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,  
As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw years  
away?

Throw empire, and be blameless! moments  
Heaven's on their wing: a moment we may  
wish

When worlds wait wealth to buy. Bid day  
Bid him drive back his car, recall, retake

Fate's basty prey; implore him, re-impose  
The period past; re-give the given hour!  
Lorenzo—O for yesterday to come!

Such is the language of the man awake;  
And is his ardour vain? Lorenzo! no;  
To-day is yesterday return'd; return'd  
Full power to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,  
And reinkate us on the work of peace.  
Let it not share its predecessor's fate.  
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.  
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?  
More wretched for the clemencies of Heaven?

*The Depravity of Man.*

Where shall I find him? angels, tell me  
where!

You know him; he is near you: point him  
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?  
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flow'rs?  
Your golden wings, now hovering o'er him shed  
Protection; now, are waving in applause  
To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!

That awful independent on To-morrow!  
Whose work is done; who triumphs in the  
past;

Whose yesterdays look backwards with a  
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly;  
If not by guilt, they wound us by their sight,  
If folly bound our prospect by the grave:

All feeling of futurity benumb'd!  
All relish of realities expir'd;

Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies;  
Embruted every faculty divine;

Heart-buried in the rubbish of the world:  
The world, that gulph of souls, immortal  
souls,

Souls elevate, angelic wing'd with fire  
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there  
On thrones, which shall not mourn their mas-  
ters ching'd.

Tho' we from earth; ethereal, they that fell.  
Such veneration due, O man, to man!

*Instability of Life.*

Who venerate themselves the world despise.  
For what, gay fraud! is this eschutch'd  
world,

Which hangs out, Death is once a rural night?  
A night that glooms us in the noon tide ray,  
And wraps our thoughts at banquets, in the  
shroud.

Life's little stage is a small eminence.

Tuch high the grave above; that home of man,  
Where dwells the multitude. we gaze around,  
We read their monuments; we sigh, and while  
We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplo'd;  
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

Is death at distance! no: he has been on thee,  
And given sure earnest of the final blow.

Those hours, which lately smil'd, where are  
they now? [drown'd

Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all  
In that great deep, which nothing but our  
hagues;

And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small re-  
The rest are on the wing: how fleet their  
flight!

Already has the fatal train took fire;  
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;  
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust

*Vanity of Human Follies, taught by Ex-  
perience.*

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours:  
And ask them, what report they bore to  
heaven; [come news.

And how they might have borne more wel-  
Their answers form what men experience call:  
If Wisdom's friend, her best: if not, worst foe.  
O reconcile them! kind Experience cries,

"There's nothing here; but what as nothing  
weighs;

The more our joy, the more we know it vain;  
And by success are tutor'd to despair."

Nor is it only thus, but must be so:  
Who knows not this, tho' grey, is still a child.  
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,  
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime ex-  
plore.

*Death unavoidable.*

Since by life's passing breath, blown up from  
earth,

Light as the summer's dust, we take in air  
A moment's giddy flight; and fall again;

Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,  
And sleep till earth her all shall be no more;  
Since then (as insects) their small world o'er-  
thrown

We, sore amaz'd, from our earth's ruin crawl,  
And rise at fate extreme, of foul or fair,  
As man's own choice, contrivance of the skies!  
As man's despotic will, the hour, decrees;  
Should not each warning give a strong alarm?  
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn  
From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead?  
Should not each day strike us, as we pass,  
Portentous, as the written wall, which struck,  
O'er midnight beds, the proud Assyrian's sale;  
Like that, the dial speaks, and points to thee?  
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;  
And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."  
Now, like the Median, fate is in thy walls:  
Man's stake encloses the sure seeds of death:  
Life feeds the murderer: migrate! he thrives,  
On her own meal; and then his nurse devout.

*Life compared to a Sun dial.*

That solar shadow, as it measures life,  
It life resembles: life too speeds away  
From point to point, tho' seeming to stand  
still:

The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:  
Too subtle is the movement to be seen,  
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.  
Warnings point out our danger, gnomons,  
time:

As these are useless, when the sun is set;  
So those, but when more glorious reason  
shines.

Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye,  
That cadent shadow travels hard;  
But all mankind mistake their time of day;  
Even age itself: fresh hopes are hourly sown  
In furrow'd brows. So gentle life's descent,  
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain:  
We take fair days in winter, for the spring:  
We turn our blessings into bane; since oft  
Man must complete that age he cannot feel:  
He scarce believes he's older for his years.  
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store  
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;  
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

*Death of the good Man.*

So sung Philander, O! the cordial warmth,  
And elevating spirit, of a friend,  
For twenty summers ripening by my side;  
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;  
All social virtues rising in the soul;  
As chrysal clear, and smiling as they rise!  
On earth how lost! Philander is no more.  
How blessings brighten as they take their  
flight!

His flight Philander took; it were profane  
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,  
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.  
Strange! the theme most affecting, most sub-  
lime,

Momentous most to man, should sleep undung:  
Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest  
fall!

The death-bed of the just! is yet undrawn  
By mortal hand; it merits a divide;  
Angels should paint it, angels ever there;  
There, on a post of honour, and of joy.

The chamber where the good man meets his  
fate

Is privileg'd beyond the common walk,  
Of a tedious life, quite in the verge of heaven.  
Fly, ye profane! or else draw near with awe,  
For, here, resistless demonstration dwells;  
Here tird dissimulation drops her mask,  
Here true and apparent are the same.  
You see the man; you see his hold on heaven:  
Heaven waits not the last moment, owns its  
friends

[men;  
On this side death; and points them out to  
A lecture silent, but of sovereign pow'r,  
To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace!

Whatever force the boastful hero plays,  
Virtue alone has majesty in death;  
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.  
Philander! he severely frown'd on thee.

"No warning given! ungenerous fate!

"A sudden rush from life's meridian joys!

"A restless bed of pain! a plung' opaque

"Beyond conjecture; feeble nature's dread!

"Strong reason shudders at the dark un-  
known?

"A sun extinguish'd! a just opening grave!

"And oh! the last, last: what? (can words ex-  
press?

"Thought reach?) the last, last—silence of a  
friend!"

[agonies,  
Through nature's wreck, through vanquish'd  
Like the stars struggling thro' this midnight  
gloom.

[peace!  
What gleams of joy! what more than human  
Where the frail mortal? the poor object worm?  
No, not in death, the mortal to be found.  
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,  
With unreluctant grandeur, gives, not yields  
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.  
How our hearts burn within us at the scene!  
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to  
man!

His God sustains him in his final hour!

His final hour brings glory to his God!

Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call its  
own.

Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!  
Christians adore! and infidels believe.

Np. LIV.

At that black hour, which general horror  
sheds

On the low level of the inglorious throne,  
Sweet peace, and heavenly hope, and humble  
joy,

Divinely beam on his exalted soul;  
Destruction gild, and crown him for the  
skies.

Life, take thy chance, but oh for such an end!

NIGHT III.—Picture of Narcissa, description  
of her Funeral, and a reflection upon Man.

Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!

And young as beautiful! and soft as young!

And gay as soft! and innocent as gay;

And happy (if aught happy here) as good!

For fortune fond had built her nest on high.

Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,

Transfix'd by fate (who loves a lofty mark)

How from the summit of the grove she fell,

And left it unharmonious! all its charms

Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!

Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear;

Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain

(O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!

"Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy! this  
group

Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise,

As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,

Kneel, and present it to the skies; as all

We guess of heaven, and these were all her  
own:

[blest—  
And she was mine; and I was—was!—most  
Gay title of the deepest misery!

As bodies grow more ponderous rph'd of life.

Good lost weighs more in grief than gain'd in  
joy.

[sorrow,  
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal  
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay!

And in death still lovely, lovelier there;

Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.

And will not the severe excuse a sigh?

Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep;

Our tears indulg'd indeed deserve our shame.

Ye that ere lost an angel! pity me.

Soon as the lustrous languish'd in her eye,

Dawning a dimmer day of human sight;

And on her cheek, the residence of spring,

Pale omen sat; and scatter'd fears around

On all that saw, (and who could cease to gaze

That once had seen?)—with haste, parental  
haste,

I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,

Her native bed, on which black Boreas blew,

And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun

(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,

Denied his wonted succour; nor with more



Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells  
Of lilies; fairest lilies, not so fair!

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace  
Who dwell in fields, and lest ambrosial lives:  
In morn and evening dew your beauties bathe,  
And drink the sun; which gives your cheeks  
to glow;

And out-blush (mine excepted) every fair  
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,  
Which often clogg'd your odours, incense  
meet

To thoughts so pure! Ye lovely pigmies!  
Coeval race with man! for man you smile;  
Why not smile at him too? You share indeed  
His sudden pass, but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight,  
But what his glowing passions can engage;  
And glowing passions, beat on aught below,  
Must soon or late with anguish turn the  
scale;

And anguish after rapture, how severe!  
Rapture? Bold man! who tempts the wrath  
divine

By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste,  
While here presuming on the rights of Hea-  
ven.

For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour;  
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expence be wise;  
Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the  
heart;

A broken reed at best, but oft a spear:  
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope ex-  
pires. [thought repell'd]

Turn hopeless thoughts! turn from her:—  
Repenting rallies, and wakes every woe.  
Snatch'd ere thy prime, and in thy bridal  
hour! [storm!]

And when kind fortune, with thy lover,  
And when high-flavour'd thy fresh opening  
joys! [complete!]

And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss  
And on a foreign shore where strangers wept:  
Strangers to thee; and, more surprising still,  
Strangers to kindness wept: their eyes set fall:  
Inhuman tears; strange tears! that trickled  
down

From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness:  
A tenderness that call'd them more severe;  
In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd;  
While nature melted, superstition rav'd;  
That mourn'd the dead; and this denied a grave.

Their sighs incens'd, sighs foreign to the  
will! [storm]

Their will the tiger suck'd, outrag'd the  
For, oh! the curs'd ungodliness of zeal!

While sinful flesh relented, spirit nurs'd  
In blind infallibility's embrace,  
The sainted spirit petrified the breast:  
Denied the charity of dust, to spread

O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.  
What could I do? what succour! what re-  
source?

With pious sacrilege a grave I stole,  
With impious piety that grave I wrong'd;  
Short in my duty, coward in my grief!  
More like her murderer than a friend, I crept  
With soft suspended step, and muffled deep  
In midnight darkness whisper'd my last sign:  
I whisper'd what should echo thro' their  
realms; [the skies]

Nor writ her name whose tomb should pierce  
Presumptuous fear! how durst I dread her  
foes,

While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd:  
Pardon necessary, blest shade! Of grief  
And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;  
Half execration mingled with my prayer;  
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;  
Sore grug'd the savage land her sacred dust;  
Stamp'd the curs'd soil; and with humanity  
(Denied Narcissus) wish'd them all a grave.

Glow's my resentment into guilt? What  
guilt

Can equal violations of the dead?  
The dead how sacred! Sacred is the dust  
Of this heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine;  
This heaven-assum'd majestic robe of earth  
He deign'd to wear who hung the vast ex-  
panse

With azure bright, and cloth'd the sun in gold:  
When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend;  
When strikes us ev'ry motive than can melt;  
When man can wreck his rapour uncon-  
troll'd.

That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;  
Then open to dust? the dust of innocence:  
An angel's dust!—This Lucifer transcends,  
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,  
'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;  
The strife of pontif pride, not pontif gall.

Far less than this is shocking, in a race  
Most wretched but from streams of mutual  
love.

And uncrested but for love divine:  
And, but for love divine, this moment lost,  
By fate, murder'd, and sunk in endless night.  
Man hard of heart to man! a horrid thing  
More horrid! Misapprehensions, highly strange!  
Yet oft his court sides are smooth for wrongs;  
Pride brandishes the favours he confers,  
And contumelious his humility.  
What then his vengeance! hear is not, ye  
stars!

And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound!  
Man is to man the worst, surest ill.  
A previous blast foretold the raining storm,  
O'erwhelming currents threaten ere they fall:  
Volcanos bellow ere they disemboague;

Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;  
 And smoke betrays the wide consuming fire:  
 Ruin from man is most concealed when near,  
 And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.  
 Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!  
 Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but him-  
 self  
 That hideous sight, a naked human heart!

NIGHT IV. — *Death not to be dreaded.*

How deep implanted in the breast of man  
 The seed of death! I sing its sovereign cure.  
 Why start at death? where is he? death  
 arriv'd,  
 Is past: not come, or gone, he's never here.  
 Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man  
 Receives, not suffers, death's tremendous blow.  
 The kiltie, the shroud, the mattock, and the  
 grave;  
 The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the  
 worm;  
 These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,  
 The terrors of the living, not the dead.  
 Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,  
 Man makes a death which nature never made;  
 Then on the point of his own fancy falls;  
 And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.

*Death desirable to the aged.*

But was death frightful, what has age to  
 fear?  
 If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,  
 And shelter in his hospitable gloom.  
 I scarce can meet a monument but hold  
 My younger: every date cries — "Come away!"  
 And what recalls me? look the world around,  
 And tell me what: the wisest cannot tell.  
 Should any horn of woman give his thought  
 Full range, on just dislike's unbounded field;  
 Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;  
 Flaws in the best; the many, saw all o'er,  
 As leopards spotted, or as Ethiopians dark;  
 Vivacious ill; and dying immaturity;  
 And at its death-breathing still the pain;  
 His heart tho' bold would sick at the sight,  
 And spend itself in sighs for future scenes.

But grant to life some requital of joy,  
 A time there is when, like a fiction-told tale,  
 Long time life of sweet can yield no more,  
 But from our comment on the comedy,  
 Pleasing reflections on parts well sustain'd,  
 Or purpos'd emendations where we fail'd,  
 Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,  
 When, on their exit, souls are hid unrole,  
 And drop this mass of flesh behind the scene.  
 With me, that time is come; my world is  
 dead:

A new world rises, and new manners reign:  
 What a pert race starts up! the strangers  
 gaze,  
 And I at them; my neighbour is unknown.

*Folly of human pursuits.*

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid  
 My heart at rest beneath this humble shed!  
 The world's a stately bark on dangerous seas,  
 With pleasure seen, but board'd at our peril;  
 Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,  
 I hear the tumult of the distant throng,  
 As that of seas remote, or dying storms;  
 And meditate on scenes more silent still;  
 Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.  
 Here, like a shepherd, gazing from his hut,  
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,  
 Eager ambition's fiery chase I see;  
 I see the circling hunt of noisy men  
 Burst law's enclosure, leap the bounds of  
 right,

Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;  
 As wolves for rapine; as the fox for wiles;  
 Till death, that mighty hunter, catches them  
 all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?  
 What, tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?  
 Earth's highest station ends in "here he lies,"  
 And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest  
 song.

If this song lives posterity shall know  
 One, tho' in Britain born, with courtiers  
 bred, [late;  
 Who thought even gold might come a day too  
 Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme  
 For future vacancies in church or state;  
 Some avocation deeming it — to die;  
 Unbit by rage, canine of dying rish:  
 Guilt's blunder; and the loudest laugh of hell.

*Folly of the love of life in the aged.*

O say coevals! dominant of yourselves!  
 Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!  
 Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,  
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,  
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?  
 Shall our pale wither'd hands be still stretch'd  
 out;

Trembling at once with eagerness and age?  
 With vivacity and convulsions grasping hard?  
 Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?  
 Man wants but little; nor that little long:  
 How soon must he resign his very dust,  
 Which frugal nature lent him for an hour?  
 Years unexperient'd rush on numerous ills;  
 And soon a man, expert from time, has found  
 The key of life, it opens the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,  
 And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,

Firmer in health, and greener in their age,  
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far  
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe  
I still survive; and am I forl of life?  
Who scarce can think it possible I live?  
Alive by miracle! it still I live,  
Who long have buy'd what gives life to live,  
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.  
Life's bed is not more shallow, than unsure,  
And rapid; sense and reason shew the door,  
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

*Address to the Deity.*

O thou great abiter of life and death!  
Nature's immortal, immaterial sun!  
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth  
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay  
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath  
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,  
To drink the spirit of the golden day,  
And triumph in existence, and could'st know  
No motive, but my bliss; with Abraham's joy,  
Thy call I follow to the land unknown;  
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;  
On life or death is equal; neither weighs,  
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!

*Fears of Death extinguished by Man's redemption.*

Tho' nature's terrors, thus, may be repress;  
Still frowns grim death; guilt points the  
tyrant's spear.  
Who can appease its anguish? how it burns!  
What hand the bail'd, envenom'd thought  
can draw?  
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace  
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb?  
With joy, with grief, that healing hand I  
see;

Al! too conspicuous! it is fix'd on high!  
On high!—What means my phrenzy? I blas-  
pheme,  
Alas! how low! how far beneath the skies!  
The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me—  
But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it bleeds,  
Draw the dread steel—ah no!—the dreadful blas-  
sing

What heart or can sustain? or dares forego?  
There hangs all human hope: that nail sup-  
ports

Our falling universe: that gone, we drop:  
Horror receives us, and the dismal wish  
Creation had been smother'd in her birth.  
Darkens his curtain, and his bed the dust,  
When stars and sun are dust beneath his  
throne!

In heaven itself can such indulgence dwell?  
O what a groan was there? A groan not his,  
He seiz'd the dreadful right, the load sustain'd,  
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.

A thousand worlds so bought, were bought  
too dear.

Sensations new in angels' bosoms rise!  
Suspend their song; and silence is in heaven.

O for their song to reach my lofty theme!  
Inspire me, Night, with all thy terrible spheres!  
Much rather, Thou! who dost those spheres  
inspire;

I lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.  
Thou most indulgent, most tremendous  
power!

Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous  
That arm, with awe more awful, thy com-  
mands;

And foul transgression dips in sevenfold light,  
How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!  
In love immense, inviolably just!

O guilt, (how unobscurable!) with out-  
stretch'd arms,

Stern justice, and soft-smiling love, embrace,  
Supporting, in full majesty thy throne,  
When seem'd its majesty to need support,  
Or that, or man inevitably lost

What, but the fathomless of thought divine  
Could labour such expedient from his part,  
And rescue both? Both rescue! both exalt!  
O how are both exalted by the deed!

A wonder in omnipotence itself!  
A mystery, no less to gods than men!

Not thus our models th' Eternal draw,  
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute, complete:  
Full orb'd, in his whole round of rays com-  
plete; he set as odds heaven's jarring attributes,  
And with one excellence another wound;

Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal  
beams,

Bid mercy triumph over—God himself,  
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise;  
A God of mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye brainless wits, ye baptiz'd infidels,  
The ransom was paid down; the fund of  
heaven

Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,  
All price beyond: tho' curious to compute,  
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:  
Its value earth ungrasp'd by minds create,  
For ever hides, and glows in the supreme.

And was the ransom paid? It was: and paid  
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.

The sun beheld it!—no, the shocking scene [face  
Drove back his chariot; midnight veil'd his  
Not such as this; not such as nature makes;  
A midnight, nature shudder'd to behold;

A midnight new! from her Creator's frown!  
Sun! did'st thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start  
At that enormous load of human guilt,  
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd

his cross [womb,  
Made: centre; burst earth's marble

Whisp'ings, strange pangs! deliver'd of her  
dead: (tear;

Well howl'd; and heav'n, that hour let fall a  
Heav'n went, that man might smile! Heaven  
bled,

That man might never die—

What heart o' stone but glows, at thoughts  
like these? mount

Such contemplations mount us, and should  
the mind still higher, nor ever plant on man,  
Unapt to, manifold; where roll my  
thoughts caught!

To rest from wonders? How my soul is  
Heav'n's sovereign blessing, clust'ring from  
the cross,

Lies on her, in a throng, and close her round,  
The prisoner of amaze!—In his latest life,  
I see the path, and, in his death, the prize,  
And in his great ascent the proof supreme  
Of immortality—And did he rise?

Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!

He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.

Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates,

And give the king of glory to come in!

Whom the king of glory? he who left

His throne of glory, for the pang of death:

Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates,

And give the king of glory to come in!

Who is the king of glory? he who slew

The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race?

The king of glory, he, whose glory fill'd

Heaven with amazement at his love to man;

And with divine complacency beheld

Poets most illumin'd wander'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then, shall man  
sustain?

Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd  
throne!

Last gasp! of vanquish'd death, Speed earth  
and heaven,

This sum of good to man: whose nature, then,  
Took wing, and mounted with him from the  
tomb!

Then, then, I rose; then first my duty  
Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light,

And seiz'd eternal youth. Mortality

Was then transferr'd to death; and heaven's  
duration

Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,

This child of dust—Man, all-immortal! hail!

Hail, heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man!

Thine all the glory! man's the boundless bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,

On Christian joy's exulting wing, above

Th' Aonian mount?—Alas small cause for joy?

What if to pain, immortal? if extent

Of being, to preclude a close of woe?

Where, then, my boast of immortality?

I boast it still, tho' cover'd o'er with guilt;

For guilt, not innocence, his life he pou'd

Is guilt alone can justify his death;

Nor that, unless his death can justify

Relenting guilt in Heaven's indulgent sight.

If sick of folly, I relent; he writes

My name in heaven, with that inverted spear

(A spear deep dipt in blood!) which pierc'd  
his side,

And open'd there a font for all mankind

Who give, who combat crimes, to drink, and  
live

This, only this, subdues the fear of death.

### Gratitude of the Redeemed.

And what is this?—Survey the wondrous  
cure:

And, at each step, let higher wonder rise!

'Pardon for infinite offence' and pardon—

'Pard' means that speak its value infinite!

"A pardon bought with blood! with blood  
divine!

"With blood divine of him I made my foe;

"Persisted to provoke! tho' wond' and wond'.

"Bless'd, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel!

"A rebel mock'd the thunders of his throne!

"Nor I alone! a rebel universe!

"My species up in arms! not one exempt!

"Yet for the roughest of the soul he dies.

Bound every heart! and every bosom burn!

Oh what a scale of miracles is here!

Its lowest roof'd, high-plaited on the skies;

Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought

Of man, or angel. Oh that I could climb

The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!

Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high  
heaven

More fragrant, than Arabia's sacrific'd;

And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

### Praise bestowed on Men, due to Heaven.

From courts and thrones return, apostate  
praise!

Thou prostitute! to thy first love return.

Thy first, thy greatest, once, unvall'd theme.

Back to thy fountain; to that parent power,

Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought  
to spar,

The soul to be. Men homage pay to men,

Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they  
bow,

In mutual awe profound of clay to clay,

Of guilt to guilt, and turn their backs on thee,

Great sire! whom thrones celestial ceaseless  
sing.

Oh the presumption, of man's awe for man!

Man's author! end! restore! law! and judge!

Thine all; day thine, and thine this gloom of  
night;

With all her wealth with all her radiant,

What might eternal, but a breath from thee  
What heaven's meridian glory, 'of thy smile?  
And shall not praise <sup>be</sup> thine? not human  
praise,

While heaven's high host on Hallelujahs live?

*Magnificence and Omnipresence of the Deity.*

Oh may I breathe no longer than I breathe  
My soul in praise to him, who gave my soul,  
And all her infinite prospect fair,  
Cut thro' the shades of hell, great love! by  
thee!

Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er  
Should end?

Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause!  
How is night's sable mantle labour'd o'er,  
How richly wrought, with attributes divine!  
What wisdom shines! what love! This mid-  
night pomp!

This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds in-  
lay'd,

Built with divine ambition! nought to thee:  
For others this profession: then apart,

beyond! oh tell me, mighty mind,  
Where art thou? shall I dive into the deep?

Call to the sun, or ask the roaring winds,  
For their Creator? shall I question loud

The thunder, if in that th' Almighty dwells?  
Oh holds the furious storms do strengthen'd

reins, [ear:  
And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid

What mean these questions?—trembling I  
retract;

My prostrate soul adores the present God:  
Praise I a distant Deity? He tunes

My voice (if tun'd); the nerve that writes  
Sustains;

Wapp'd in his being, I resound his praise:  
But tho' past all diffus'd, without a shore,

His essence: local is his throne (as meet),  
To gather the dispers'd, to fix a point,

A central point, collective of his sons,  
Since finite every nature but his own.

The nameless He, whose nod is nature's  
birth;

And nature's shield, the shadow of his hand:  
Her dissolution, his suspended smile;

The great first last! pavilion'd high he sits  
In darkness, from excessive splendour born.

His glory, to created glory, bright  
As that to central horrors; he looks down

On all that spurs; and spans immensity.

*Inability of sufficiently praising God.*

Down to the centre should I send my  
thought,

Thro' beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems,  
The'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;

Goes out in darkness: if, on tow'ring wing,

I send it thro' the boundless vault of stars,  
The stars, tho' rich, what dress their gold to  
thee,

Great! good! wise! wondrous! eternal King?  
If those conscious stars thy throne around,

Praise ex-pouring, and unblissing bliss,  
I ask their strain; they want it, more they

want;  
Languid their energy, thyr ardour cold,

Indebted still, thir highest rapture hangs;  
Short of its mark, defy live, tho'

Still more—his praise is man's, and man's  
alone:

Their vast appointments reach it not; thy  
see:

On earth a bounty, not indulg'd on high,  
And downward look for Heaven's superior

praise.  
First-born of æther! high in fields of light!

View map, to see th' glory of your God!  
You sung creation (for in that you shar'd),

How rose in melody the child of love!  
Creation's great superior, man! is thine;

Thine is redemption, eternize the song!  
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;

Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;  
Far more than labour—it was death in heaven.

Here pause and ponder: was their death in  
heaven? [the blow?

What then on earth? on earth which struck  
Who struck it? Who?—O how is man en-  
larg'd, [tow'rs!

Seen thro' this medium! How the pigmy  
How counterpois'd his origin from dust!

How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return!  
How voided his vast distance from the skies!

How near he presses on the seraph's wing!  
How this demonstrates thro' the thickest

cloud  
Of guilt, and slay condens'd, the son of heav'n!

The double son; the made, and the re-made!  
And shall heaven's double property be lost?

Man's double madness only can destroy him,  
To man the bleeding cross has promis'd all;

The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace:  
Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny?

O ye, who from this Rock of Ages leap  
Disdainful, plunging headlong in the abyss!

What cordial joy, what consolation strong,  
Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,

Our interest in the master of the storm  
Cling there, and in wreck'd nature's ruins

smile;  
While vile apostates tremble in a calm.

*Man.*

Man! know thyself; all wisdom centres  
there

To none man seems ignoble, but to man;

Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, adore  
How long shall knaves, untimely, their bold  
Degenerate mortals, and mangled by thee?  
The beam dim reason sheds, *dark* wonders  
there

What high content! illustrious faculties!  
But the grand comment which displays at full  
Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine.  
By heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the  
cross.

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself  
An awful stranger, a trespasser, and god?  
A glorious partner with the Deity  
In that high attribute, immortal life!  
I gaze, and as I gaze, my mounting soul  
Catches strange fire, eternity! let thee.

He, the great father, kindled all our race  
The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd  
From spirit's awful fountain pour'd himself  
Thro' all their souls; but not in equal measure:  
Profuse, or frugal of th' inspiring God,  
As his wise plan demand'd: and when past  
Their various trials in their various spheres  
If they continue rational, as made,  
Resorbs them all into himself again;  
His throne then centre, and his smile, their  
crown.

Why doubt we then the glorious truth to sing:  
Angels are men of a superior kind;  
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,  
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight:  
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,  
Who wade this my vale, and climb with  
pain,

And slippery step, the bottom of the steep:  
Yet summon'd to the glorious standard soon,  
Which flames eternal crimson thro' the skies

#### Religion.

Religion's all. Descending from its arc  
To wretched man, the goddess in her left  
Holds out this word, and in her right, the  
next!

Religion! the sole voucher man is man;  
Supporter sole of man above himself.

Religion! providence! an after state!  
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;  
This can support us; all is sea besides;  
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.  
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,  
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness;  
And groaning Calvary of thee! There shine  
The noble truths; there strongest motives  
sting!

Can love allure us? or can terror awe?  
He weeps! the falling drops puts out the sun;  
He sighs! the sigh earth's deep foundation  
shakes.

It, my love, so terrible, what then  
Is so lovely? so tender? so fond?  
And why, my love, so terrible, what then  
Is so lovely? so tender? so fond?

My crown! my inspiration! and my crown!  
My stone! my rock! my rock in low estate!  
My crown! my inspiration! and my crown!  
My stone! my rock! my rock in low estate!

My crown! my inspiration! and my crown!  
My stone! my rock! my rock in low estate!  
My crown! my inspiration! and my crown!  
My stone! my rock! my rock in low estate!

#### Love, to the Deity.

O how One! where is lost in love!  
Father of angels! but the friend of man!  
Thou, who dost save him, snatch the smoking  
brand!  
From out the flames, and quench it in thy  
How art thou pleas'd, by bounty of distress!  
To make us good, or teach our guiltiness!  
To challenge, and to destroy all sin!  
Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,  
And leave praise panting in the *valley*!  
But since the naked will obtains thy name,  
Beneath this monument of praise flung,  
Forever lie entomb'd my fear of death,  
And dread of every evil, but thy frown.

Oh for an humble heart and softer song!  
Thou, my much injur'd theme! with that  
soft eye  
Which melted o'er doom'd Sodom, deign to look  
Compass on to the colder sin of my breast;  
And pardon to the water in my stream.

#### Lake (see) Devotion.

Oh ye cold hearted, frozen formalists!  
On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm;  
Shall Heaven which gave us ardour, and has  
shewn  
Us how for man so strongly, not disdain  
What smooth emollients in theology,  
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,  
That prose of piety, a few warm praise:  
Rise o'er us sweet from incense unmix'd?  
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undivine.

#### Death, where is thy Sting?

Oh when will death (now stingless), like a  
friend,  
Admit me of that choir? Oh when will death,  
This mould'ring, old partition-wall thrown  
down,  
Give beings, one in nature, one in shade?  
Oh death divine that gives us to the skies,  
Great future! glorious patron of the past,  
And present, when shall I thy shape adore?  
From Nature's continent immensely wide,  
Immensely blest, this little vale of life

Divides us. Happy day that breaks our chain;  
That re-admits us thro' the guardian hand  
Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne;  
Who hears our Advocate, and thro' his wounds  
Beholding man, allows that tender name.

'Tis this makes Christian triumph a command;  
'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wise.

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming  
flight?

Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds  
On gazing nations, from his light train  
Of length enormous, takes his ample round  
Thro' depths of ether, coasts unnumber'd  
worlds

Of more than solar glory; doubles wide  
Heav'n's mighty cape, and then revisits earth,  
From the long travel of a thousand years.  
Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return  
He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze;  
And with him all our triumph o'er the tomb.

*Faith enforced by our Reason.*

Nature is dumb on this important point:  
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes:  
Faith speaks aloud, distinct; even adders hear,  
But turn and dart into the dark again.  
Faith builds a bridge across the bridge of death,  
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,  
And lands thought smoothly on the farther  
shore.

Death's terror is the mountain Faith removes;  
That mountain barrier between man and peace:  
'Tis Faith disarms destruction; and absolves  
From ev'ry clamorous charge the guiltless  
tomb.

Why shouldst thou disbelieve?—"Thy Reason bids,"

"All sacred Reason."—Hold her sacred still;  
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame.

Reason! my heart is thine: deep in its folds,  
Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.  
My reason re-baptis'd me, when adult;  
Weigh'd true and false in her impartial scale;  
And made that choice, which once was but my  
fate.

Reason pursu'd is faith: and unpursu'd  
Where proof invites, 'tis reason then no more;  
And such our proof, that, or our faith is right,  
Or Reason lies, and Heaven design'd it wrong.  
Absolve we this? What then is blasphemy?

Fond as we are, and justly fond of Faith,  
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard,  
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear:  
Reason the root, fair Faith is but the flower:  
The fading flower shall die: but Reason lives  
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.  
Wrong not the Christian, think not reason  
yours:

'Tis reason our great Master holds so dear;  
'Tis Reason's injur'd rights his wrath resents.  
Believe; and shew the reason of a man;  
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;  
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:  
Thro' Reason's wounds alone thy faith can  
die;

Which dying, tenfold terror gives to Death,  
And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting

*False Philosophy.*

Learn hence what honours due to those who  
pugh

Our antidote asine; those friends to reason,  
Whose fatal love, stabs every joy, and leaves  
Death's terror heighten'd gnawing at his  
heart.

Those pompous sons of reason idoliz'd,  
And vili'd at once; of reason dead,  
Then deified, as monarchs were  
While love of truth thro' all their camp re-  
sounds

They draw pride's curtain o'er the noon-tide  
ray

Spike up their inch of reason, on the point  
Of philosophic wit, call'd argument,  
And then exulting in their taper; cry,  
"Behold the sun:" and, Indian-like, adore.

Talk they of morals? O thou bleeding Love!  
Thou maker of new morals to mankind!  
The grand morality, is love of thee.

A Christian is the highest style of man.  
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off  
As a foul blot from his dishonour'd brow?  
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:

The wretch they quit, desponding of their  
charge,

[tell?]  
More struck with grief or wonder, who can

*Thy mere Man of the World.*

Ye sold to sense, ye citizens of earth,  
(For such alone the Christian banner fly)  
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your  
gain?

Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:  
"He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,  
"And says, he call'd another; that arrives,  
"Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on,  
"Till one calls on him, who varies not his call,  
"But holds him fast, in chains of darkness  
bound,

"Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free:  
"A freedom, far less welcome than his chain."

But grant man happy; grant him happy  
long;

Add to life's highest prize her latest hour;  
That hour so late, comes on in full career:  
How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy  
shroud!

Where is the fable of thy former years?  
Thrown down the gulf of time; as far from  
thee

As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand  
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;  
Scarce now possess't, so suddenly 'tis gone;  
And each swift moment fled is death advanc'd  
By strides as swift: Eternity is all;  
And whose eternity? Whose triumphs?  
Bathing for ever in the foam of bliss?  
For ever basking in the Deity!

Conscience reply, O give it leave to speak;  
For it will speak ere long. Oh hear it now.  
While useful its advice, its accents mild.  
Truth is deposited with man's last hour;  
At honest hour, and faithful to her trust.  
Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity;  
Truth, of his council when he made the worlds,  
Nor less when he shall judge the worlds he  
made.

The silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,  
Thou from her cavern in the soul's abyss,  
The goddess bursts in thunder and in flame,  
"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

#### SCENE V.—*Darkness.*

Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond  
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:  
Darkness has more divinity for me:  
It strikes thought inward, it drives back the  
soul

To settle on itself, our point supreme!  
There lies our theatre; there sits our judge.  
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull  
scene;

'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretch'd out  
To twist man and vanity; 'tis Reason's voice,  
And Virtue's too; these tutelary shades  
Are man's asylum from the tainted throng.

#### *The Futility of Man's Resolutions.*

Virtue for ever frail, as fair below,  
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,  
Nor touches on the world, without a stain:  
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve  
Immaculate the manners of the morn.  
Something we thought, is blotted; we be-  
solv'd,

Is shaken; we renounc'd, returns again.  
Each salutation may slide in a sin  
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.  
Nor is it strange, light, motion, concourse,  
noise,

All scatter us abroad; though outward bound,  
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off  
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,  
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

To. LIV.

#### *The Power of Example.*

Present example gets within our guard,  
And acts with double force, by few repell'd.  
Ambition fires ambition; love of gain  
Strikes like a pestilence from breast to breast;  
Riot, pride, perfidy, bile vapours breathe;  
And inhumanity is caught from man;  
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,  
And shot at random, often has brought home  
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart,  
Of envy, rancour, or insatiate desire.  
We see, we hear with peril, safety dwells  
Remote from multitude; the world's school  
Of wrong, and what professors swarm around!  
We must or imitate, or disapprove;  
Must list as their accomplices, or foes.  
That stains our innocence, this wounds our  
peace  
From nature's birth, hence, wisdom has been  
Withaw'd, recess, and languish'd for the shade.

#### *Milton.*

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?  
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.  
Few are the fouls we flatter when alone  
Vice sinks in her allanments, is sought,  
And looks, like other objects, black by night.  
By night an atheist half-believes a God.  
Night is fair, Virtue's immemorial friend;  
The conscious moon, through every distant  
age,

Has held a lamp to Wisdom, and let fall  
On contemplation's eye her purging ray.  
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black  
waste

Of unnumber'd time: auspicious midnight hail!  
The world excluded, every passion hush'd,  
And open'd a calm intercourse with Heaven;  
Here the soul sits in council, ponders past,  
Predetermines future actions; sees, not feels,  
Tumultuous life; and reasons with the storm;  
All her lies answers, and thinks down her  
charms.

#### *Little to be expected from Man.*

What are we! how unequal! now we soar,  
And now we sink: how dearly pays the soul  
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay!  
Reason, a baffled counsellor! but adds  
The blush of weakness to the bane of woe.  
The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate,  
In this damp, dusky region, charg'd with  
storms,  
But feebly Butters, yet untaught to fly.

'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.  
Tho' proud in promise, big in previous thought,  
Experience damps our triumph. I who late,  
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,  
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,

K



And call'd mankind to glory, down I rush,  
In sorrow drown'd--But not in sorrow lost.  
How wretched is the man, who never mourn'd!  
I dive for precious pearls in sorrow's stream.  
Not so the thoughtless man that only grieves,  
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,  
(Inestimable gain!) and gives Heaven leave  
To make him but more wretched, not more  
wise.

*Wisdom.*

If wisdom is our lesson, (and what else  
Ennobles man? what else have angels learnt?  
Grief, more proficient in thy school have  
made, [boast,

Than genius, or proud learning, ere could  
Voracious learning, often over-fed,  
Digests not into sense her motly meal.  
This forger on others' wisdom leaves  
Her native farm, her reason quite untill'd:  
With mix'd manure she surfeits the rank soil,  
Dung'd, but not dress'd; and rich to beggary:  
A pomp untameable of weed prevails:

Her servant's wealth encumber'd Wisdom  
mourns. [wise."

And what says Genius? "Let the dull be  
It pleads exemption from the laws of sense:  
Considers Reason as a leveller,  
And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.  
That wise it could be, thinks an ample claim  
To glory, and pleasure gives the rest.  
Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.

But Wisdom smiles, when humbled mortals  
weep.

When Sorrow wounds the breast, as ploughs  
the glebe,

And hearts obdurate feel her softening power:  
Her seed celestial, then glad Wisdom sows,  
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.

If so, I'll gain by my calamity,  
And reap rich compensation from my pain.  
I'll range the plentiful intellectual field;  
And gather every thought of sovereign power,  
To chase the moral maladies of man;  
Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to  
the skies,

Tho' natives of this coarse penurious soil,  
Nor wholly wither there, where Seraphs sing;  
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd in Heaven.

*Reflections in a Church-yard.*

Say, on what themes shall puzzled choice  
descend?

Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;

"Why men decline it; Suicide's foul birth;

"The various kinds of grief, the faults of age,

"And Death's dread character--invite my  
adag." [vey'd.

And first, th' importance of our end sur-

Friends counsel quick dismission of our grief;  
Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal too soon.  
Are they more kind than ~~the~~ who struck the  
blow?

Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,  
And banish peace, till nobler guests arrive,  
And bring it back, a tree, and endless peace?  
Calamities are friends: as evening day  
Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight;  
Prosperity puts out our inner thoughts  
Of import high, and light divine to man.

The man, how fast, who sick of gaudy  
scenes, [selves!]

(Scenes apt to thirst between us and our  
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk  
Beneath Death's gloomy, silent, cypress  
yeshades,

Unpitied by Vanity's fantastic ray;

To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,

Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!

Lorenzo, read with me, Narcissa's stone;

Few orators so tenderly can touch

The feeling heart. What pathos in the date!

Apt words can strike, and yet in them we see

Faint images of what we here enjoy

What cause have we to build on length of life?

Temptations seize when fear is laid asleep;

And ill-forboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, Truth sallies on my soul;

And puts delusion's dusky train to flight;

Dispels the mists our sultry passions raise,

And shows the real estimate of things,

Which no man, unaffected, ever saw;

Pulls off the veil from Virtue's rising charms;

Detects Temptation in a thousand lies.

Truth bids me look on men, as autumn's  
leaves,

And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,

Driven by the whirlwind: lighted by her  
beams,

I widen my horizon, gain new powers,

See things invisible, feel things remote,

Am present with futurities; think nought

To make so foreign as the joys possess'd,

Nought so much his as those beyond the  
grave."

No folly keeps its colour in her sight:

Pale worldly wisdom loses all her charms.

How differ worldly wisdom and divine?

Just as the waning and the waxing moon.

More empty worldly wisdom every day;

And every day more fair her rival shines.

But soon our term for wisdom is expir'd,

And everlasting fool is writ in fire,

Or real wisdom wafts us to the skies.

What grave prescribes the best?--a friend's;  
and yet

From a friend's grave how soon we disengage,  
Even to the dearest, as his marble, cold!

Why are friends ravish'd from us! tis to bind,  
By soft Affection's ties, on human hearts,  
The thought of death, which Reason, too sup-  
pine,  
Or misemploy'd so rarely fastens there,  
Nor Reason, nor Affection, no, nor both  
Combun'd, can break the witchcrafts of the  
world.  
Behold th' inexorable hour at hand!  
Behold th' inexorable 'soul forgot!  
And to forget it the chief aim of life;  
Tho' well to ponder it is his chief end.

*His attention paid to the warnings of Death.*

1. Death, that ever threatening, ne'er remote,  
That all important, and that only sure  
(Come when he will) an unexpected gust  
Nay, tho' invited by the loudest calls  
Of mortal imprudence, unexpected still?  
Tho' numerous messengers are sent before  
To warn his great arrival! What the cause,  
The wondrous cause, of this mysterious ill?  
All heaven looks down astonish'd at the sight.

*Life compared to a Stream.*

Is it that life has sow'd her joys so thick,  
We can't thrust in a single care between?  
Is it that life has such a swarm of cares,  
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?  
Is it that time steals on with downy feet,  
Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream?  
To-day is so like yesterday it cheats;  
We take the present sister for the same.  
Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook;  
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.  
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice.  
To the same life none ever twice awoke.  
We call the brook the same; the same we think  
Our life, though still more rapid than its flow;  
Nor mark the much irreversibly sap'd,  
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say  
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)  
That life is like a vessel on the stream?  
In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide  
Of time descend, but not on time intent;  
Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave;  
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;  
We start, awake, look out; our bark is burst.

Is this the cause death flies all human  
thought!

Or is it judgment by the will struck blind,  
That domineering mistress of the soul!  
Or is it fear turns startled reason back,  
From looking down a precipice so steep?  
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd,  
By nature conscious of the make of man.  
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,  
A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.  
By that unaw'd, man on each pique of pride,

Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein  
Bound o'er the barriers, rush into the dark,  
And meet the scheme of Providence below.

*Song.*

What groan was that! There took his gloomy  
flight,

On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,  
Blasted from a hell with men of lust and death.  
Thy friend the brave, the great Almonst,  
So call'd, so thought—and then he hid the  
field.

Less base the fear of death than fear of life.  
O Britain! infamous for suicide;  
An island in thy manners! far disjoin'd  
From the whole world of nations beside,  
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,  
Wash the due stain, nor shock the continent.  
But thou be shock'd, while I depict thy cause  
Of self-assault, expose the monster's birth,  
And bid abhorrence hiss it round the world.  
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun;  
Immortal climes kind nature never made  
The cause I sing in Eden might prevent,  
And proves it is thy folly, not thy fate.

The soul of man (let man in homage bow  
Who names his soul) a native of the skies!  
High-born, and free, her freedom should main-  
tain,  
Unsold, unmortgag'd for earth's little bribes.  
Th' illustrious stranger, in th' foreign land  
Like strangers jealous of her dignity,  
Studios of home, and audent to return,  
Of earth suspicious, earth's enchanted cup  
With cool reserve light touching, should in-  
dulge

Quarrel with her godlike taste?  
There take large draughts, make her chief  
banquet there.

But some reject the sustenance divine;  
To beggarly vile appetites descend;  
Ask alms of earth for gifts that came from  
heaven;  
Sink into slaves; and sell, for present hire,  
Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)  
Their native freedom, to the prince who sways  
This wretched world. And when his payments  
fail,

When his full basket gorges them no more;  
Or then pall'd palates loath the basket full,  
Are, instantly, with wild demoniac rage,  
For breaking all the chains of Providence,  
And bursting their confinement; tho' fast  
bound

By laws divine and human; guarded strong  
With horrors doubled to defend the pass,  
The blackest nature, or dire guilt can raise;  
And moated round with fathomless destruction,  
Sure to receive and whelm them in their fall.

Such, Betous! is the cause, to you unknown,  
 Or worse, o'erlook'd o'erlook'd by magistrates,  
 Thus, criminals themselves. I grant the deed  
 Is madness; but the madness of the heart.  
 And what is that? our utmost bound of guilt.  
 A sensual, unreflecting life is big  
 With monstrous births, and suicide, to crown  
 The black infernal brood. The bold to break  
 Heaven's law supreme, and desperately rush  
 Thro' sacred nature's murder, on their own,  
 Because they never think of death, they die.  
 When by the bed of languishment we sit,  
 Or, o'er our dying friend, in anguish hang,  
 Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,  
 Number their moments, and in every clock,  
 Start at the voice of an eternity;  
 See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift  
 An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,  
 Then sink again, and quiver into death.  
 (That most pathetic becloud of our own!)

How read we such sad scenes? as sent to man  
 In perfect vengeance? no; in pity sent,  
 To make him do, like wax, and then impress  
 Indelible, death's image on his heart;  
 Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.  
 We bleed, we tremble; we forget, we smile:  
 The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry:  
 Our quick returning folly cancels all:  
 As the tide rushing, washes what is writ  
 In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd  
 shore.

## Tears.

Lorenzo! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh?  
 Or studied the philosophy of tears?  
 Hast thou descend'd deep into the breast,  
 And seen their source? If not, descend with  
 me,  
 And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs:  
 Our funeral tears from different causes rise.  
 Of various kinds they flow. From tender  
 hearts,  
 By soft contagion catch'd, some burst at once,  
 And stream obsequious to the leading eye.  
 Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd,  
 Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,  
 Struck by the public eye, gush out amain.  
 Some weep to share the fame of the deceased,  
 So high in merit, and to them so dear:  
 They dwell on praises, which they think they  
 share.  
 Some mourn in proof that something they  
 could love.  
 They weep not to relieve their grief, but show.  
 Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,  
 As conscious all their love is in arrears.  
 Some mischievously weep, not unappriz'd,  
 Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.

As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,  
 While liquid pearl runs, trickling down their  
 cheek.

By kind construction some are deem'd to weep,  
 Because a decent veil conceals their joy.

Some weep in earnest; and yet weep in vain;  
 As deep in miscrection, as in woe.

Passion, blind passion! impotently pours  
 Tears, that deserve more tears; while reason  
 sleeps

Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcern'd;  
 Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm,  
 They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,  
 And full as short! the cruel grief soon tann'd,  
 They make a pastime of the stingless tide!  
 Far as the deep-resounding knell, they spread  
 The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.  
 No grain of wisdom pays them for their woe.  
 When the sick soul, her wonted stay with-  
 drawn,

Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust;  
 Instead of leaning; then her true support,  
 She crawls to the next shrub, or humble vire,  
 The stranger woe, and blossoms as before,  
 In all the human's folleries of life.

## Indication to the race of Death.

What thus unmasks? what enchantment  
 plants

The phantom of engaged 'twixt us and death,  
 Already at the door? He knocks, we hear him,  
 And yet we will not hear. What mad defends  
 Our unquench'd hearts? what magic turns off  
 The pointed thought, which from a thousand  
 pulses

Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?  
 We stand as in a battle, throngs on throngs  
 Around us falling; wounded off ourselves;  
 Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal  
 still.

We see time's furrows on another's brow,  
 And death entrench'd, preparing his assault;  
 How few themselves in that just mirror see!

Absurd Longevity! More, more, it cries:  
 More life, more wealth, more trash of every  
 kind!

And whence mad for more, when relish fails?  
 Shall folly labour hard to mend the bow,  
 While nature is relaxing every string?  
 Ask thought for joy; grow rich and hoard  
 within.

Think you the soul, when this life's rattles  
 cease,

Has nothing of more manly to succeed?  
 Contract the taste immortal; learn even now  
 To relish what alone subsists hereafter:  
 Divine or none, hush forth your joys for ever.  
 Of age, the glory is to wish to die.

That wish is praise and promise; it appalls

Past-life, and promises our future bliss  
What weaknes, not yet children in their senses?  
And character'd absurdities!

Any hard authority to truths of youth,  
How shocking! it makes forty thrice a fool;  
And our irresistibility night on us despise.

What folly can be liker—like our shadows,  
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.  
No wish should linger, then, this side the grave.

Our heart, should leave the world, before the knell.

Call for our carcasses to mend the soil,  
Enough to live in tempest, & in point.  
Age should fly concourse, cover in relief  
Defect of judgment, and the gall sublime;  
Walk thoughtless on the silent, solemn shore  
Of that vast ocean if must sail so soon;  
And put good works on board, and wait the wind.

That shortly blow us into worlds unknown;  
If unconsider'd, too, a dreadful scene!

*Let's I am told, and let's be both!*

Puff you me dead and; in volumes deep you sit;

In wisdom shallow: pompous ignorance!  
Learn well to know how much you not know;

And what that knowledge which impairs your sense.

Our needful knowledge like our needful food,  
Unhappily, is sown in life's common field;  
And bids all welcome to the vital feast,  
You scorn what lies before you in the page  
Of nature and experience, moral truth;  
And dive in science for distinguish'd names,  
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.

Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords  
light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout.  
If you would learn death's character, attend.

All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,  
All dross of fortune, and all dates of age;  
Together shock in his impartial urn,  
Come forth at random. Or if choice is made,  
The choice is quite sarcastic, and insults  
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.

*The Caprice and universal Power of Death.*

Like other tyrants, Death delights to smite,  
What smitten most proclaims the pride of power,

And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,  
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;  
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud;  
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb;

Me thine, Narcissa!—what tho' short thy date?  
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures,

That life is long, which answers life's great end.

The time that lingers in fruit, deserves no name:  
The man of wit, and the man of years,  
In heavy youth Melancholians may die,  
O how mislaid on their flattering tombs!

All more than common mummies and cad;  
A little betokens brevity of life.

To plant the seed on her eternal guard,  
In what expectation of our end?

Thou runs Death's dread commission; "Strike, but—"

"As most claims the living by the dead."

Hence stratagem, and art, and surprise,  
And cruel sport with men's securities.

Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim,  
And where he lost fear'd, there conquest triumph's nest.

What art he arts to try our fears, to keep!

Filician art, he guesses wrap up.

In deep dissimulation's darkened road.

Like princes unadvised in war's alarms,

Who travel under cover, Death assumes  
The name and look of life, and dwells among

us.

Behind the easy bloom he loves to lurk,

O'er a blush, or a smile, or wanton dive

By dimples deep, cheeks' eddies, which draw in

Us away in mirth, and seek them in despair.

Most happy they whom least his arts deceive.

Once eye on Death, and our firm field on heaven,  
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.

What is not Death? sure as night follows day,  
[world,

Death treads in Pleasure's footsteps, and the  
Which Pleasure treads the paths which reason

shuns,

When, against reason riot shifts the door,

And gaudy supplies the place of sense.

Then for most at the banquet and the ball,

Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die.

Not ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.

Gaily promising to his gay companions,

But he laughs, to see them laugh at him,

As absent far: and when the revel burns,

When fear is banish'd, and triumphant

thought

Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,

Against him turns the key: and bids him sit

With their progenitors—He drops his mask

Frowns out at full; they start, despair, ex-

pire!

Scarcely with more sudden terror and surprise,

From his black mask of nitre, touch'd by fire

He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.

And is not this triumphant treachery,

And more than simple conquest in the fiend?

And now, gay trifler, dost thou wrap thy  
soul  
In soft security, because unknown  
Which moment is commission'd to destroy?  
In death's uncertainty thy danger lies.  
Is death uncertain? therefore thou be fix'd;  
Fix I as a scimitar, all eye, all ear,  
All expectation of the coming foe.  
Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy  
spear,  
Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy stal,  
And fate surprise thee nodding. Watch, be  
strong.

Thus giv'st each day the death and reason,  
Of dying well, tho' death should never be;  
Not let the period breathe, so true and  
Hide too from thee, the precious use of life.

Bequeath with youth and gaiety to pine  
To weary, triple wreath of happiness?  
That chime mark invites the tyrant's spear.  
As if to damp our extended aims,  
And sternly preach leniency to man,  
O how portentous is prosperity!  
How, come like it, that tears while it shines!  
Few years but yield as proof of Death's am-  
bition.

To cull his victims from the fairest fold,  
And death his shafts in all the pride of life.  
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er  
With recent honours, bloom'd with every  
bliss;

Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,  
The gaudy centre of the public eye;  
When fortune, thus, has toss'd her child in  
air,

Snatch'd from the covert of an humble state,  
How often have I seen him dropp'd at once,  
Our morning's envy, and our evening's sigh!  
As if her boundies were the signal giv'n,  
The flow'ry wreath, to mark the sacrifice,  
And call Death's arrows on the destin'd prey.

#### NIGHT VI.—*The Death of Narcissa.*

She (for I know not yet her name in heaven)  
Not early, like Narcissa, left the scene;  
Nor sudden, like Philander. What avail?  
This seeming mitigation but inflames;  
This fancy'd medicine heightens the disease.  
The longer known, the closer still she grew;  
And gradual parting is a gradual death.

O the long dark approach thro' years of  
pain,  
Death's gallery with sable terror hung;  
Sick hope's pale lamp its only glimmering  
ray!  
There fate my melancholy walk ordain'd.

How oft I go'd, prophetically sad  
How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles!  
In smiles she sunk her grief to lessen mine.  
She spoke me comfort, and increased my pain.  
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,  
By slow and silent, but restless sleep,  
In his pale progress gently gaining ground,  
Death in'd his deadly siege, in spite of grief,  
Of all the balmy blessings nature lends  
To succour frail humanity. Alas!  
And thou, O mortal, hast thou  
night

He for the pillow fix'd, to sleep, he  
And copy my sensations then to his  
By reason's depredations, and  
He, then that he had been, to sleep  
Of sleep's silent darkness, and he had

Let's dread the day that drops me to the tomb,  
And posited at eternity below.

When my soul shudder'd at futurity,  
When, on a moment's point, so important die  
Of life and death, spun doubtful, and at last,  
And turn'd up his; my title to immor-

But why more woe? more comfort let it be  
Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to  
die;

Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain—  
Nothing is dead, but what encumber'd, gill'd,  
Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from real life.  
Where devils that wish most ardent of the  
wise?

Too dark the sun to see it; highest stars  
Too low to reach it, death, great death alone,  
O'er stars and sun triumphant, vands us there.

Nor shouldful our transition; tho' the mind,  
An artist at creating self alarms,  
Rich in expedients for iniquitude.

Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take  
Death's portrait true? the tyrant never sat.  
Our sketch, all random strokes, conjecture all;  
Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single  
tale.

Death, and his image rising in the brain,  
Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;  
Fear shakes the pencil, Fancy loves excess,  
Dark Ignorance is lavish of her shades,  
And these the formidable picture draw.

But grant the worst; 'tis past; new pro-  
speets rise;

And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.

Far other views our contemplation claim,  
Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life;  
Views that suspend our agonies in death.

Wrapt in the thought of immortality,  
Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come  
on;

And find the soul unsated with her theme.  
Its nature, proof, importance, fire my song

*Reflections on Man and Immortality*

Thy nature, immortality, who knows?  
 And yet who knows it not? It is but life  
 In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,  
 And spun for ever; black and brittle here!  
 How short our correspondence with the sun!  
 And while it lasts, how idle! our best deeds,  
 How wanting in their weight! our highest joys,  
 Small cordials to support us in our pain,  
 And give us strength to suffer. But how great  
 To mingle interests, converse, amities,  
 With all the sons of Reason, scatter'd wide  
 Through habitable space, wherever born,  
 How 'twould endow'd! to live free citizens  
 Of univers'd Nature! to try hold  
 By more than feeble faith on the Supreme!  
 To call Heaven's rich and inexhaustible store  
 Our own! to rise as sciences in bliss,  
 Initiate in the secrets of the sky!  
 To read creation; read its mighty plan  
 In the bare bosom of the Deity!  
 The plan and execution to collate!

To see, before each glance of piercing thought,  
 All cloud, all shadow blown remote, and leave  
 No mystery—but that of love divine,  
 Which lifts us in the seraph's flaming wing,  
 From earth's Aeolian, this field of blood,  
 Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,  
 From darkness, and from dust, to such a scene!  
 Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!  
 From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more  
 far.

These are the thoughts that aggrandise the  
 How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,  
 And every moment fear to sink beneath  
 The clod we tread; soon trodden by our sons)  
 How great, in the wild whirl of time's pursuits,  
 To stop, and pause, invol'd in high presage!  
 Through the long vista of a thousand years,  
 To stand contemplating our distant selves,  
 As in a magnifying mirror seen,  
 Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!  
 To prophesy our own futurities!  
 To gaze in thought on what all thought  
 transcends!

To talk, with fellow candidates of joys  
 As far beyond conception, as desert,  
 Ourselves th' astonish'd takers and the tale!  
 When mount we? when these shackles cast  
 when quit

This cell of the creation? this small nest,  
 Stuck in a corner of the universe,  
 Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and hue-spun air?  
 Fine spun to sense, but gross and sordid  
 To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe  
 Ambrosial gales; and drink a purer sky;  
 Greatly triumphant on time's farther shore.

In an eternity what scenes shall strike!  
 What webs of wonder shall unravel there!

What delicate pavilion all the paths of heaven,  
 And in the Abyssary's foot-steps in the deep!  
 How shall the blessed way of our discharge  
 Unwind? O'er the labyrinth of fate,  
 And straten its intricate maze!

If inextinguishable thirst in man  
 To know; how rich, how full our banquet  
 here!

Here, not the mortal world alone unfolds;  
 The solid materiality seen in shades,  
 And in those shades, by figments only seen,  
 And seen by figments by the labouring eye,  
 Unbroken, now, illustrious, and entire,  
 Its ample sphere, its universal frame,  
 In full dimensions, swells to the survey;  
 And enters, at one glance, the wish'd sight.  
 How shall the stranger man's dummi'd eye,  
 In the vast ocean of unbounded space,  
 Behold a infinite of floating worlds,  
 Divide the crystal waves of ether's pole,  
 In endless voyage, without port! the least  
 Of these disseminated orbs how great!

Yet what are these to the stupendous whole?  
 As particles, as atoms ill-perceiv'd.

If admiration is a source of joy,  
 What transport hence! Yet this the least in  
 Heaven.

What this to that illustrious robe He wears,  
 Who toss'd this mass of wonders from his hand,  
 A specimen, an earnest of his power!  
 'Tis, to that glory, whence all glory flows,  
 As the mead's meanest flower to the sun,  
 Which gave it birth. But what, this Sun of  
 heaven!

This bliss supreme of the supremely blest!  
 Death, only death, the question can resolve.  
 Its death cheap bought (th' ideas of our joy;  
 The bare ideas of solid happiness  
 So distant from its shadow, and below!

And chase we still the phantom thro' the fire,  
 O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, 'till death?  
 And toil we still for sublimary pay?  
 Defy the dangers of the field, and flood,  
 Or, spider like, spin out our precious web,  
 Our more than vitals spin in curious cells  
 Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;  
 (To meet work of the brain) to catch a fly!  
 The momentary buzz of vain renown!  
 A name, a mortal immortality.

*Genius connected with Ignominy*

Genius and art, ambition's boasted wings,  
 Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble and  
 Heart merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,  
 Our height is but the gabbet of our name.  
 When I behold a genius bright and base,  
 Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims;  
 Methinks, I see, as thrown from her high  
 sphere,

The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,  
With rubbish mixt, and glittering in the dust.

Hearts are proprietors of all applause,  
Right ends, and means, make wisdom's worldly-  
wise

Is but half-witted, at its highest praise.

*Exalted Station.*

—What is station high?

'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;  
It begs an alms of homage from the throng;  
And o'th' throng denies its charity.

Monarchs, and ministers, are awful names;  
Whoever wears them, challenge our devoir.

Religion, public order, both exact  
External homage, and a supple knee,

To beings pompously set up, to serve  
The meanest slave; all more is merit's due;

Her sacred and inviolable right,  
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.

Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;  
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.

Fools indeed drop the man in their account,  
And vote the mantle into majesty.

Let the small savage boast his silver fur;  
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,

His own, descending fairly from his sire's.  
No man be proud to wear his livery;

And souls in ermine scorn a seal without?  
Can place or lessen us, or aggrandize?

Pigmies are pigmies still, tho' perch'd on Alps,  
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

Each man makes his own stature, builds  
himself:

Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids;

Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

Of these sure truths dost thou demand the  
cause?

The cause is lodged in immortality.

Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for  
power;

'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before?  
Then thou before was something less than man.

Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride?

That pride defames humanity, and calls

The being mean, which staffs or strings can  
raise.

*True Greatness.*

That prince, and that alone, is truly great,  
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly  
sheaths;

On empire builds what empire far outweighs,  
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.

Why this so rare? because forgot of all  
The day of death; that venerable day,  
Which sits as judge: that day which shall  
pronounce

On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.

Lorenzo! never shut thy thought against it;

Be levers ne'er so full, afford it room,

And give it audience in the cabinet.

That friend consulted, flatteries apart,  
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,

Is that ambition? then, if flames descend,

Point to the centre their inverted spires:

When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,

And downward pores for that which shines  
above,

Substantial happiness, and true renown;

Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,

We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;

At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

*The torment of Ambition.*

Ambition! powerful source of good and ill?  
Thy strength in man, like length of wing in  
birds,

When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease  
And swifter flight, transports us to the skies.

By toys entangled, or in guilt bewir'd,

It turns a curse; it is our chain, and scourge,

In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,

Close-grated by the sordid bars of sense;

All prospect of eternity shut out;

And but for execution ne'er set free.

*True Riches.*

With error in ambition, justly charg'd,

Find we Lorenzo wiser in his wealth?

Where thy true treasure; Gold says, "not in  
me,"

And, "not in me," the Diamond. Gold is  
poor;

India's insolvent: seek it in thyself;

Seek in thy naked self, and find it there:

In being so descended, form'd, endow'd;

Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!

Erect, immortal, rational, divine!

If senses, which inherit earth and heavens;

Enjoy the various riches nature yields;

Far nobler! give the riches they enjoy;

Give taste to fruits; and harmony to groves;

Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright  
sire;

Take in at once the landscape of the world,

At a small inlet, which a grain might close,

And half create the wondrous world they see.

Our senses, as our reason, are divine.

But for the magic organ's powerful charm,

Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos still.

Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,

Which beautifies creation's ample dome.

Say then, shall man, his thoughts all sent  
abroad,

Superior wonders in himself forgot,

His admiration waste on objects round,

When heaven makes him the soul of all he sees?  
Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean, is man.

What wealth in senses such as these! what  
wealth

In fancy, fit'd to form a fairer scene  
Than sense surveys! in memory's firm record,  
Which, should it perish, could the world  
recal,

From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years;  
In colours fresh, originally bright  
Preserve its portrait, and report its late!  
What wealth in intellect, what sovereign  
power!

Which sense, and fancy, summons to the bar!  
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends:  
And from the mass those underlings import,  
From their materials sifted, and refin'd,  
Forms art, and science, government, and law.

What wealth in souls that soar, dive, range  
arous'd.

Disdaining limit, or from place, or time,  
And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear  
Th' Almighty fiat, and the trumpet's sound!  
Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view  
What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be;  
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,  
Creations new, in fancy's field to rise!  
Souls, that can grasp what'er th' Almighty  
made,

And wander wild through things impossible;  
What wealth, in faculties of endless growth,  
In liberty to choose, in power to reach,  
And in duration (how thy riches rise!)  
Duration to perpetuate—boundless bliss!

#### • The Vanity of Wealth. •

High-built abundance, heap on heap! for  
what?

To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;  
Then make a richer scramble for the throng:  
Soon as this feeble pulse, which hops so long,  
Almost by miracles is tir'd with play,  
Like rubbish, from dislodging engines thrown  
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;  
Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes;  
New masters court, and call the former fool,  
(How justly!) for dependance on their stay.  
Wide scatter first, our play-things, then our  
dast, [know:

Much learning shows how little mortals  
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy:  
At best it babies us with endless toys;  
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.  
As monkeys at a mirror stand amur'd,  
They fail to find what they so plainly see;  
Thus men in shining riches see the face  
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;  
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,  
And wish, and wonder, it is absent still.

No. LIV.

How few can rescue opulence from want!  
Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor;  
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.  
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,  
In debt to fortune, trophies at her pow'r.  
The man of reason smiles at her, and death.  
O what a patrimony thine! a being  
Of such inherent strength and majesty,  
Not world's possess can raise it; worlds de-  
stroy'd  
Can't injure; which hold its glorious  
When thine, O nature, ends too blest to  
mourn.  
Creation's obsequies. What treasure this!  
The monarch is a beggar to the man.

#### Immortality.

Immortal! ages past, yet nothing gone!  
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!  
Unshorten'd by progression infinite,  
Eternity for ever future! life  
Beginning still, where computation ends!  
Is the description of a Deity!

Is the description of the meanest slave.  
Immortal! what can strike the sense so  
strong,  
As this, the soul? it thunders to the thought;  
Reason amazes; gratitude o'erwhelms;  
No more we lumber on the brink of fate;  
Roll'd at the sound, the exulting soul ascends,  
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds  
Ambition high, and kindles other fires;  
Quick kindles all that act and live within us;  
Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the  
stars.

Immortal! was but one immortal, how  
Would others envy! how would thrones adore!  
Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?  
How this fits up the bounteous hand of Hea-  
ven!

O vain, vain, vain! all else: eternity!  
A glorious, and a needful refuge that  
From vile imprisonment in subject views.  
'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,  
Amidst life's pains, abasements, emptiness,  
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.  
Eternity depending covers all;  
Sets earth at distance, casts her into shades;  
Blends her distinctions; abrogates her pow'rs;  
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,  
Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,  
Make one promiscuous, and neglected heap,  
The man beneath; if I may call him man,  
Whom immortality's full force inspires.  
Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;  
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll un-  
heard.

By minds quite conscious of their own descent,  
Their present province, and their future prize



Divinely darting upward every wish,  
Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.

Doubt you this truth? why labours your belief?

If earth's whole orb by some due distance'd eye  
Was seen at once, her towering alps would sink,  
And level'd Atlas leave an even sphere.  
Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,  
Is swallow'd in eternity's vast round.  
To that stupendous view when souls awake,  
So large of late, so mount'rous to man,  
Time's toys subside; and equal all below.

*Man ignorant of his real Greatness.*

In spite of all the truths the muse has sung,  
Are there who wrap the world so close about  
them,

They see no farther than the clouds; and dance  
On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,  
Till stumbling at a straw, in their career,  
Headlong they plunge, where ead both dance  
and song?

Are there on earth (let me not call them men)  
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;  
Unconscious as the mountain of its ore,  
Or rock, of its invisible gem?  
When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish,  
the  
Shall know their treasure; Treasure, then, no

*Disbelier of a Future State.*

Are there (still more amazing!) who resist  
The rising thought; who smother in its birth  
The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?  
Who thro' this bosom-barrier burst their way,  
And, with rever'd ambition, strive to sink?  
Who labour downwards thro' the opposing  
powers,  
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,  
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock  
Of endless night? night darker than the  
grave's?

Who fight the proofs of immortality?

To contradict them see all nature rise!  
What object, what event, the moon beneath,  
But argues, or endears, an after scene?  
To reason proves, or weds it to desire?  
All things proclaim it needful; some advance  
One precious step beyond, and prove it sure.  
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,  
From Heaven, and earth, and man. Indulge  
a few,

My nature, as her common habit worn.

Thou! whose all-providential eye surveys,  
Whose hand directs, whose Spirit fills and  
warms

Creation, and holds empire far beyond!  
Eternity's inhabitant august!

Of two eternities amazing Lord!

One past, ere man's, or angel's had begun;  
Aid, while I rescue him from the foe's assault.  
Thy glorious immortality in man.

*Man's Immortality proved by Nature.*

Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth  
Of thee the great immutable, to man  
Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;  
And he who most consults her, is most wise.  
Look nature through; 'tis revolution all.  
All change, no death. Day follows night; and  
night

The dying day stars rise, and set, and rise;  
Earth takes the example. See the summer gay,  
With her green, fragrant, and ambrosial flows,  
Droops into pallid autumn; winter grey,  
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,  
Blows autumn, and his golden fruits away.  
Then melts into the spring; soft spring, with  
breath

Favonius, from warm chambers of the south,  
Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades:

As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend:

Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just,  
Nature revolves, but man advances; both

Eternal, that a circle, this a line,  
That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul  
Ardent, and tremulous, like flame ascends;  
Zeal, and humility, her wings to heaven.

The world of matter, with its various forms,  
All dies into new life. Life born from death

Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.

No single atom, once in being, lost,

With change of counsel changes the Most  
High.

Matter, immortal? and shall spirit die?

Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?

Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,

No resurrection know? shall man alone,

Imperial man? sown in barren ground,  
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he  
feeds?

Is man, in whom alone is power to prize

The bliss of being, or with previous pain

Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate

Severely doom'd death's single unredem'd?

#### NIGHT VII.—Discontent.

Why discontent for ever harbour'd there?

Incurable consumption of our peace!

Resolve me, why, the cottager, and king,

He whom sea sever'd realms obey, and he

Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,

Repelling winter's blast, with mud and straw,

Disquieted alike, draws sigh for sigh,

In fate so distant, in complaint so near.

Is it, that things terrestrial can't content:  
 Deep in rich pasture, with the flocks complain?  
 Not so: but to their master is deny'd  
 To share their sweet serene. Man, ill at ease,  
 In this, not his own place, this foreign field,  
 Where nature fodder'd him with other food  
 Than was ordain'd his savings to confer,  
 Poor in abundance, hungry at a feast,  
 Sighs on for something more, whose most ex-  
 joy'd.

Is heaven then kinder to thy flocks than thee:  
 Not so, thy pasture new, but remote?  
 In part, remote; for that remote part  
 Man bleats from instinct, tho', perhaps, de-  
 banch'd

By sense, his reason sleep, nor dreams the  
 cause

The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes!  
 His grief is but his greatness in disguise;  
 And discontent is his reality.

Shall sons of earth, shall the blood of heav'n,  
 Set up their hopes on earth, and stable here,  
 With brutal acquiescence in the mire?  
 No, no, my friend: they shall be nobly pain'd;  
 The glorious foreigners distinct, shall sigh  
 On thrones; and thou congratulate the sigh:  
 Man's misery declares him born for bliss;  
 His anxious heart asserts the truth I sing

Our heads, our hearts, our passions, and our  
 powers,

Speak the same language; call us to the skies.  
 Unrip'd these in this infernal clime,  
 Scarcely rise above conjecture, and mistake;  
 And for this life of trifles, those too strong,  
 Tumultuous vice, and tempest human life;  
 What prize on earth can pay us for the storm?  
 Meet objects for our passions heav'n ordain'd,  
 Objects that challenge all their five, and leave  
 No fault, but in defect: blest heav'n! avert  
 A bounded ardour for unbounded bliss!  
 O for a bliss unbounded! far beneath

A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.  
 Nor are our powers to perish immature;  
 But, after feeble effort here beneath,  
 A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,  
 Transplanted from this sublunary bed,  
 Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their  
 bloom.

#### Reason and Instinct:

Reason progressive, instinct is complete;  
 Swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs.  
 Brutes scoop their zenith reach; their little all  
 Flows in at once; in ages they no more  
 Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.  
 Was man to live coeval with the sun,  
 The patriarch pupil would be learning still;  
 Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearn'd.  
 Men perish in advance; as if the sun

Should set ere noon, in eastern oceans drown'd.  
 To man, why step-dame nature, so severe?  
 Why thrown aside thy master-piece half-  
 wrought.

While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy?  
 Or, if abjectively poor man can't die,  
 Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in  
 dread?

Why thirst with foresight? wise to misery?

Why of his prouder negative the prey?

Why less pre-eminent in rank than pain?

His immortality, what can tell,

Fault ample fund to balance all amiss,

And turn the scale in favour of the just.

#### Human Hope.

His immortality alone can solve  
 That darkest of enigmas, human hope;  
 Of all the darkest if it death we die.  
 Hope, eager hope, the assassin of our joy,  
 All present blessings treating under foot,  
 Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.

With no past toils content, still planning new,  
 Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.

Possession, why more tedious than pursuit?

Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?

That wish accomplish'd, why the grave of bliss?

Because in the great future bury'd deep,

Beyond our grasp of empire and renown,

Lies all that man with ardour should pursue;

And he who made him bend, turn to the right.

Man's heart the Almighty to the future sets

By secret and inviolable springs;

And makes his hope his sublunary joy.

Man's heart's all things, and is hungry still;

"More, more, the glutton cries," for some-

thing new

Stings appetite, if man can't mount,

He will descend: He starves on the possesst.

Hence the world's master, from ambition's

spire,

As Caprea plung'd; and die'd beneath the

in that rank sty why wallow'd empire's son

Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;

His riot was ambition in despair.

See restless hope, for ever on the wing!

High perch'd o'er every thought that falcon

sits,

To fly at all that rises in her sight;

And never stooping, but to mount again!

Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,

And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.

There should it fail us (it must fail us there,

If being fails) more mournful riddles rise,

And virtue vies with hope in mystery.

Wily virtue? Where its praise, its being, fled?

Virtue is true self-interest pursu'd;

What, true self interest of quite mortal man?

To close with all that makes him happy here,

If vice (as a rule) is our first education,  
Then vice is virtue, 'tis our second need.

The right guardian of a numerous host,  
So long a maid, so long repeated song  
To work with such knight-errand's career,  
Why bend'st thou to one with ill fame dross  
Of gallant enterprise, and glorious strife?  
Doe for thy country—thou shalt be its aid?  
Seize, seize the plume, thy helmet be thy sign!  
Thy country! what to thee? speak with awe!  
The godhead, what's mine? I should not bleed thee  
Blood?

If, with the blood, thy soul here is split,  
 For thy Omnipotence, toward the host,  
 Be deaf; preserve thy being, disobey.

### The Measure of Fecundity.

Since virtue's recompense is doubtful here,  
To man's eyes wholly, well may we demand,  
Why is man suffer'd to be good in vain?  
Why to be good in vain, is man enjoin'd?  
Why to be good in vain, is man betray'd?  
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast;  
By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?  
Why is his peace, his life, his joy, his virtue's part?  
Or if blind instinct (which assumes the name  
Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,  
Why reason made accomplice in the cheat?  
Why are the wisest lost in her praise?  
Can man by reason's beam be led astray?  
Or, at his peril, irritate his God?  
Since virtue's sequences ruins us on earth,  
Or, both are true, or man survives the grave.

Or man survives the grave, or own, Lorenzo,  
 Why boast in crime, a wild abundance  
 Dauntless thy spirit: towards art thou own  
 Grant that a punishment, and thy scene is just.  
 The man difficult, rationally brave,  
 Dares rush on death,—I leave the rest to die.  
 But if man loses all, when life is lost,  
 He lives a coward, or a fool expires.  
 A daring misdeed (and such there are,  
 From pride, example, rage, revenge,  
 Or pure logical defect of thought),  
 Of all earth's madness most deserves a chain.

When, to the grave, we follow the renown'd  
For valour, virtue, &c. &c., all we love,  
And all we praise; for worth, whose noontide  
beams

Mends our ideas of ethereal powers;  
 Dream we, that taste of the mortal world  
 Goes out in search, and rattles the close?  
 Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,  
 And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,  
 The mind Almighty? could it be, that fate,  
 Just when the lucubrations began to shine,  
 Should snatch the draught, and blot it out for  
 eter?

Shall we, this moment, gaze on God in man?

He ne'er, lose man nor ever in the dust?  
 From duce we disengage, or man mistakes;  
 And there, where least his judgment finds a  
 show,

Woe on, and woe, hopelessly he came on;  
A sowing and wither'd seed, a harvest never;  
Wither'd, and cold, and cruel, and unkind, and dead,  
Why not endure, and live, and prosper?  
"Thine capacities, infected both,  
To make us but more each to each; we don't eye  
Acute, for what? To spy more ourselves,  
And worth, so ready in us, new points their  
                  stings:

Or man the grave surmounts, or gains a lust,  
And worth exalts affluence as the mud;  
Were then capities divine conferred,  
A rank and station, in salvage-woods,  
Rank in out of our pompous poverty?  
Which reaps but pain from seeming claims so

In fuffice, agglies no redignst and shut,  
Eternity the de from our fupremant  
Ifs, for what ftrange ends we mortals made  
The wof to wallow, and the beft to weep.  
Can we conceive a difregard in heav'n,  
What the wof purpofe, or the beft endure?

This cannot be. To love, and hate, in man  
Is boundless appetite, and boundless power;  
And these demonstrate hereditary objects, the  
Objects, powers, appetites, heaven's suits in all;  
Nor, nature thir'd, her violated this sweet,  
Eternal general, on her tractful string,  
Is man the sole exception from her laws.  
Fiercely struck off from human hope,  
Man is a monster, the reproach of heaven,  
A stain, a dark opening, life's cloud  
On nature's blazon'd aspect; and deform'd,  
(Amazing blot!) deform'd as her with her lord.

Or own the soul immortal, or invent  
All order: Go, mock-majesty! go, man,  
And bow to the superiors of the stall;  
"How ev'ry scene of sense superior far:  
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the  
stream

Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unimbat'd  
With death's, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets,  
despairs,

Mankind's peculiar! reason's precious dow' !  
So foreign clime they ransack for their robes,  
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar :  
Their good is good entire, unmixt, unmarr'd ;  
They find a paradise in ev'ry field,  
On boughs forbidden, where no curses hang ;  
Their ill no more than strikes the sense, no-  
stretch'd

By previous dread or murmur in the ear;  
When the worst comes, it comes, unfeard;  
one stroke

Begins and ends their woe ; they die but once :

Short, incommunicable privilege!  
For which who rules the globe, and rears the  
stars,

Philosophy or love sighs in vain.  
Account on his prerogative in beauty:  
No day, no glimpse of day to solve the knot,  
But what he is on that point of eternity;  
O sole and sweet solution! that tastes  
The difficult, and says, "I have it here."  
The cloud on water, the sun on the sea, the  
Rest on the light of the world, the light on the  
And the multitude of the world, the world on the  
Of joy, and love, and of immortal life,  
And yet he is not in the world, no more:  
Each virtue bears its own golden glow,  
And each is a revelation of the divine;  
And, though it be in the world, it is not of it,  
Prophetic, and gives the taste of heaven.  
O wherefore is the body so kind?

If 'twere a demand—for he is not enjoyed below:  
Still must he be the stubborn, the  
there

The traitor back, who doubts the truth I say:  
He is not guilty; he is not a traitor;  
He is, in the world, in the heart, in the world and  
New, unexpected witness against the old  
Ambition, and the false love of gold.  
Must thou suspect that these, who make the  
soul

The slave of earth, should own her hour of  
heaven?

Canst thou suspect, what makes us do believe  
Our immortality, should prove it false?

#### *Ambition and Envy.*

First, then, ambition summon to the bar.  
Ambition's charge, extravagance, disgust,  
And inextinguishable nature, speak.

Each much deposes; hear them in their turn.

The soul how passionately sold off from  
How aware is that fond passion to conceal!  
We blush detected in desires on praise,  
Tho' for best deeds, and from the best of men.  
And why? because immortal—Art divine  
Has made the body tutor to the soul.  
Heaven kindly gives our blood a floral flow;  
Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there  
Proclaim that little heart's insidious aim,  
Which stoops to court a character from man;  
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment, sit  
Far more than man, with endless praise, and  
blame.

Ambition's boundless appetite out-speaks  
The verdict of its shame. When souls take fire  
At high presumptions of their own desert,  
One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,  
The thunder by the living best begun,  
Late time must echo! worlds unborn resound:  
We wish our names eternally to live:

Would dream! which ever had haunted human  
thought

Had not our natures been eternal too.

Unseen guests of our inmost in hereafter;  
But our blind reason is not where it lies;  
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.

There is the shade of immortality,

And in it, a shadow, soon as caught,

Could hold, it clings to nothing in the grasp.

Consult the ambition, this ambition's cure.

And thus all the world is at his height,

Defiant. The third profound ambition's song

Of immortality. The first of four,

Observe him in, your eye will shatter:

Shall at the disproportion of the two

The passion, and the passion, be with

At such success, and then at his reason:

And why? because for the passion's

His heart, for more numerous glory's

And can ambition, with the power of supply

It can, and stronger than the power of

The all-appetite, in ambition's

And the success is best, yet still we have

In vain to place it from us, in must

An absolute victory, in

And the oppressive spirit of the

By the attention of the

Each village, has his ambition too.

And thus in proportion, then, his

Slaves build the little Babylon of

Echo the proud Assyria, in their

And cry,—"Behold the wonders of my

might!"

And why? because in the world, as their

And, on's committed must for ever

At something great, the golden, or the

The praise of mortals, is the praise of

#### *And Envy.*

Thus for ambition. What says

This her chief maxim, which has long

been

"The wise and wealthy are the same." I grant

it

To store up treasure, with his

This is in the power, this is his

For this great and he will

To guide that instinct, reason is

This is to tell us where true

But reason failing to discharge

A blunder follows, and blind

Overloading, with the cares of

The jaded spirits of the present

Providing for eternity below.

Whence inextinguishable thirst of

From inextinguishable life in

Man, it not meant by worth to

Had wanted wing to fly so far

in guilt.

So, grapes I grant ambition, avarice;

Yet still their root is immortality  
These its wild growths religion can reclaim,  
Brave, exact, throw down their poisonous lea,  
And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.

*Address to Unbelievers*

"Know all; know infidels, unapt to know,  
'Tis immortality your nature solves;  
'Tis immortality decyphers mean,  
And opens all the mysteries of his make.  
Without it half his instincts are a riddle:  
While at it, all his virtues are a dream:  
His very crimes attest his dignity;  
His senses' appetite of gold, and fame,  
Declares him born for blessings infinite.  
What, less than infinite, makes unabsurd  
Passions, which all on earth but more inflame?  
Fierce passions, in his measure'd to this scene,  
Stretch'd out, like eagles' wings, beyond our  
reach,  
Tear him beyond the worth of all below.  
For earth to huge, pursues a nobler flight,  
And evidence our title to the skies."

*The Passions.*

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!  
Whose constitution dictates to you peace,  
Who, cold yourselves, think and compute from  
head!  
Think not our passions from corruption  
spring,  
Tho' to corruption now they lend their wings.  
That is their mistress, not their mother. All  
(And justly) reason deem divine: I see,  
I feel a grandeur in the passions too,  
Which speaks their high descent, and glorious  
end;  
Which speaks them as of an eternal fire.  
In paradise itself they burnt as strong,  
Ere Adam fell; the wiser in their aim.  
What tho' our passions are too mad, and  
steep  
With low terrestrial appetite, to gaze,  
On trash, on toys, delusion'd from high desire;  
Yet still, thro' their disguise, no feeble ray  
Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they  
fell.  
But these, when reason moderates the rein,  
Shall re-ascend, re-mount their former sphere.  
But grant their pürenzy lasts; their pürenzy  
fails  
To disappoint one providential end;  
Was reason silent, boundless passion speaks  
A future scene of boundless objects too,  
And brings glad tidings of eternal day.  
Eternal day! 'tis that enlightens all;  
And all by that enlighten'd, proves it sure.  
Consider man as his immortal being,  
Intelligible, all; and all is great!

Consider man as mortal, all is dark,  
And wretched; reason weeps at the survey.

*Proofs of Immortality. Man's Happiness consists  
in the Hope of it.*

Match—as has been urg'd; and dost thou call for  
more?  
Call; and with endless questions be distress,  
All unresolvable, if earth is all.  
"Why life, a moment; infinite, desire?  
Our wish eternity; our home, the grave?  
Heaven's promise dormant lies in human hope,  
Who wishes life immortal, proves it too.  
Why happiness pursu'd, tho' never found?  
Man's thirst of happiness declares it is,  
(For nature never gratulates to nought;)  
That thirst ungranch'd declares it is not here,  
Why cordial friendship rivetted so deep,  
As, hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,  
If friend and friendship vanish in an hour?  
Is not this torment in the mask of joy?  
—Why by reflection marr'd the joys of sense!  
Why past and future, preying on our hearts,  
And pointing all our present joys to death?  
Why labours reason? instinct weeps as well;  
Instinct far better; what can choose, can err,  
O how infallible the thoughtless brute!  
Reason with inclination why at war?  
Why sense of guilt? why conscience up in  
arms?"

Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,  
And bosom-counsel to decline the blow!  
Reason with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,  
If nothing future paid forbearance here.  
Thus on—these, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,  
All promise, some mature, a second scene;  
Which, was it doubtful, would be dearer far  
Than all things else most certain; was it false,  
What truth on earth so precious as the lie?  
This world it gives us, let what will ensue;  
This world it gives us, in that high cordial, hope;  
The future of the present is the soul:  
How this life groans, when sever'd from the  
next!

Poor, mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!  
By dark distrust his being cut in two,  
In both part perishes; he void of joy,  
Sad prelude of eternity in pain!

*Misery of Unbelief*

Couldst thou persuade me, the next life  
would fail  
Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out  
My bleeding heart in anguish, new, as deep!  
Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope, and my  
despair,  
Abhor'd Annihilation blasts the soul,  
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!  
In this black channel would my ravings run:

Grief from the future borrow'd peace, ere  
 while  
 The future vanish'd, and the present pauc'd.  
 Day, how profound! how'd headlong, how'd  
 at once

To night! 'tis nothing! darker still than night!  
 If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe?  
 O for oblivion! O for sleep still!  
 Could vengeance strike much stronger than to  
 plant

A thinking being in a world like this,  
 Not over rich before, now beggar'd quite;  
 More curst than at the Fall. The sun goes out!  
 The thorns shoot up! what thorns in ev'ry  
 thought!

Why sense of better? 'tis no better worse:  
 Why sense of life? if but to die, then sink  
 To what I was? 'twere nothing! and much woe!  
 Woe from heaven's bounties! woe from what  
 was woe!

To better woe, high intellectual pow'rs.  
 Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings,  
 by thy scheme,

All poison'd into plagues. First, knowledge, once  
 My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread.  
 To know myself, true wisdom!—no, to shun  
 That shocking science, parent of despair!  
 Avert thy mirror; if I see, I die.

"Know thy Creator! Omb his blest abode  
 By painful speculation pierce the veil,  
 Dive in his nature, read his attributes,  
 And gaze in admiration—on a foe,  
 Outrading life, withholding happiness  
 From the tall, rivers that surrounded his  
 throne.

Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;  
 Him gazing for one drop, that he might cease  
 To curse his birth, nor envy reptiles more!  
 Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night!  
 Hide him, forever hide him from my thought,  
 Once all my comfort; source and soul of joy!

"Know his achievements! study his re-  
 nown!

Contemplate this amazing universe,  
 Dropt from his hand, with miracles typ'd!  
 For what? Mid miracles of nobles' state,  
 To find one miracle of misery!  
 To find the being, which alone can know,  
 And praise his works, a blemish on his praise.  
 Thro' nature's ample range, in thought to  
 stray  
 And start at man, the single mourner there,  
 Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs,  
 and death!

"Knowing is suffering: and shall virtue  
 shive

The sigh of knowledge? virtue shares the sigh.  
 By straining up the steep of excellent,  
 By battles fought, and from temptation won,

And she, but the pang of seeing worth,  
 And worth, soon, shudd'ring to the dark  
 Yet to cry woe, and'sept to burial more!

"But, forlorn! thus, our duty done,  
 Truly research. Religion is our task:  
 They, that are, are, but to reveal the cheat  
 Ye chills! how, ye daughters of my pride!  
 Who force you, by the rites of the dead,  
 Ye towering hopes, to live energies!  
 That to a child, or on my arm, or breast,  
 To make the shroud, and build prisonation  
 there!

As I were torn of elements  
 You were torn of elements! how, hence, more,  
 As bounded, my long, by my wish  
 All is inverted, wisdom is a fool  
 Sense! take the strong, blind passion! drive us  
 on;

And, ignorance! befriend us on our way;  
 Yes, give the pulse full empire; but the  
 brute,  
 Since, as the brute, we die—the sum of man,  
 Of godlike man! to revel, and to rot

"But not on equal terms with other brutes.  
 Their revels a mole poison'd with yield,  
 And satisfying they never poisons change,  
 Insatiate, than reason, makes more wholesome  
 meals,

And feeds all-mourning mourning far away.  
 For sensual life they best philosophize;  
 Those, that refine, the sages sought in vain.  
 'Tis man alone expostulates with heaven,  
 His, all the pow'rs, and all the cause to mourn,  
 Shall human eyes alone dissolve in tears!

And bleed, in anguish, none but human hearts:  
 The wide stretch'd area of grief, of woe,  
 Stop, sense, and soul for, as all our own.  
 And so satally distinguish'd, why

Cast in one lot, contumacious, lump, in death?  
 "And why then have we thought? To toil  
 and eat,

And, in the end, in darkness, needs no  
 What superstitions are reaching souls!  
 O! give eternity, or no light to thy —  
 But without thought, our curse were half un-  
 felt!

Is blunted edge would spare the throbbing  
 And therefore 'tis bestow'd. I think thee,  
 reason,

For aid, to tell too small calamities,  
 And giving owing to the dust of death [much  
 such are thy heresies!—Why, then, too  
 For me, to trespass on the burial rights?  
 Too much for heavy, to make one enervate more!

Too much for choice to permit my mass  
 A longer stay with essence unthought,  
 Unfashion'd, unarm'd into man?  
 As, to be I perment to this round of pains!  
 Wretched capacity of phrensy, thought!

Wretched captivity of dying life!

Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (oh foul revolt!)

Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.

"Death then has chang'd its nature too; O death,

Come to my bosom, thou best gift of Heav'n!  
Best friend of man! since man is man no more:

Why is this thorny wilderness so long,  
Since there's no promised land's ambrosial bow?

But why this sumptuous insult o'er our heads?  
Why thus illustrious canopy display'd?

Why so magnificently lodg'd despair?  
At stated periods sure returning, roll,

These glorious orbs that mortals may contemplate  
Their length of labours, and of pains; nor lose

Their misery's full measure!—smiles with flowers,

And fruits promiscuous, ever-teeming earth,  
That man may languish in luxurious scenes,

And in an Eden number his with'ring joys?  
Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due

For such delights! Lost animals! too wise  
To wonder; and too happy to complain!

"Our doom decreed, demands a mournful scene;

Why not a dungeon dark for the condemn'd?  
Why not the dragon's subterranean den,

For man to howl in? why not his abode  
Of the same dismal colour with his fate?

A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expence  
Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,

As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome  
Which prompts proud thought, and kindles

high desire,  
If from her humble chamber in the dust,

White proud thought swells, and high desire  
inflames,

The poor worm calls us for her inmates there;  
And round us death's ignominious haud

Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more.

[Death,

"Undrawn no more" behind the cloud of

Once I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt  
That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:

How the grave's alter'd? fathomless as hell!  
Annihilation! how it yawns before me!

Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense,

The privilege of angels, and of worms,  
An outcast from existence! and this spirit,

This all pervading, this all-conscious soul,  
This particle of energy divine,

Which travels nature, flies from star to star,

And visits gods, and emulates their power,  
For ever is extinguish'd. Horror! death!

Death of that death I fearless once survey'd,  
When horror universal shall descend,

And Heaven's dark cottage urn all human race,

On that enormous, unfading tomb,  
How just this verse! this monumental sigh!

"Beneath the lumber of a thousand worlds,  
Of matter never dignified with life,

Here lie proud mortals; the sons of heav'n!  
The lords of earth! the property of worms!

Beings of yesterday, and not to-morrow!  
Who liv'd in thyme, and in poems expi'd."

And art thou then a shadow? less than shadow?

A nothing? less than nothing? To have been,  
And not to be, is lower than unborn.

Art thou ambitious? why then make the worm

Thine equal? ruins thy taste of pleasure high  
Why patronize sure death of every joy?

Charm riches? why choose beggary in the grave,  
Of every hope a bankrupt? and for ever?

Dar'st thou persist? And is there nought on earth

But a long train of transitory forms,  
Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?

Bubbles of a fantastic lord, blown up  
In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?

Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo,  
Destroys thy scheme the whole of human race?

Kind is full Lucifer compar'd to thee.  
Oh! spare this waste of being half divine;

And vindicate the economy of heav'n.

The Annihilation of Man incompatible with the

Goodness of God.

Heav'n is all love; all joy in giving joy;  
It never had created but to bless;

And shall it then strike off the list of life,  
Being blest, or worthy so to be?

Heav'n starts at an annihilating God.

The Guilty alone wish for Annihilation.

Is that all nature starts at thy desire?  
Shalt such a clod to wish thyself all clay?

What is that dreadful wish!—the dying groan  
Of nature murder'd by the blackest guilt!

What deadly poison has thy nature drunk?  
To nature undebauch'd no shock so great;

Nature's first wish is endless happiness;  
Annihilation is an after-thought,

A monstrous wish, unborn, till virtue dies.  
And oh! what depth of horror lies includ'd!

For non-existence no man ever wish'd,  
But first he wish'd the Deity destroy'd.

No spiritual Substance annihilated.  
 Think'st thou omnipotence a naked root,  
 Each blessing faulted, Deity destroy'd?  
 Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; eternal  
 That ever animated form in clay,  
 Now wakes! is on the wing—and why to the seal  
 Of that loud trumpet collects us round his awful  
 throne,  
 Conglob'd we back to everlasting day  
 How bright this prospect shines thro' gloomy  
 time!

A trembling world! and all your no. crowd!  
 Earth, but the shambles of annihilation!  
 Heavens have all stand with causeless mis-  
 eries  
 Of complex millions, born to feel the pang  
 Of being lost!—*For ever, and for ever!*  
 Thus does our shudder at the thoughts of life  
 Who would be born to such a phantom world.  
 Where nought substantial, but our misery?  
 A world, where dark, mysterious vanity  
 Of good and ill the distant curtains blends,  
 Confounds all reason, and all hope destroys—  
 A world so fix'd and great, and yet how great  
 It shines too heavily! there's nothing real in it  
 Being, a shadow! consciousness, a dream!  
 A dream how dreadful! universal sink  
 Before it, and behind! poor man in a spin!  
 From non-existence struck by wrath divine,  
 Glittering a moment, nor that moment sure,  
 Midst upper, nether, and surrounding night,  
 His sad, sad, sudden, and eternal tomb.

#### *The World's System of Theology.*

The skies above proclaim immortal man,  
 And man immortal all below resounds  
 The world's a system of theology,  
 Read by the greatest strangers to the schools.  
 If honest, learn'd, and sages o'er you preach  
 What then is unbelief? 'tis any report  
 A strenuous interpreter to join it, man  
 Must burst thro' ev'ry bar of common sense,  
 Of common shame, magnanimously wrong;  
 And what rewards the study combatant?  
 His prize, repentance; infancy his growth.

#### *Virtue the Truest Immortality*

The virtues grow on immortality;  
 That root destroy'd, they wither and expire;  
 A Deity believ'd will nought avail;  
 Rewards and punishments make God ador'd:  
 And hopes and fears give conscience all her  
 power,  
 As in the dying parent dies the child,  
 Virtue with immortality expires.  
 Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,  
 Whatever his boast, has told me he's a knave.  
 His duty, 'tis to love himself alone,  
 Nor care, tho' mankind perish, if he smiles.  
 No. LII.

And are there such?—Such candidates there  
 are

For more than death; for utter loss of being  
 Is it in words to paint?—*O ye! O ye!*  
 I'll fly from the wings of reason and of hope!  
 Lured in a lure, from appetite  
 Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!  
 Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains!  
 More senseless than the irrational you,  
 I'll fly from you!—*O ye most infamous!*  
 Of base, thoughtless, vulgar dignity!  
 You are you too, convinced, poor souls! of all  
 The chimeras, and die to die,  
 From the flood of evidence against you  
 In the coarse dudgeons and sinks of sin,  
 Your souls have quite worn out the make of  
 heaven

By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own.

#### *Free Thinking*

This is free thinking, unconfined to puffs,  
 To send the soul on curious travel bent,  
 Thro' all the provinces of human thought,  
 To dart her flight, thro' the whole sphere of  
 man  
 To look on truth unbroken, and entire;  
 Tigh't in the system, the full orb; where  
 truths  
 By truth enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford  
 An such like, strong foundation, to support  
 The uncumbant weight of ah oblate, complete,  
 Conviction; here, the more we press, we  
 stand  
 More firm; who must examine, must believe.  
 Parts, like half sentences, confound; the  
 whole  
 Confuses the sense, and God is under foot.  
 Who not in fragments writes to him in race;  
 Read his whole volume, septic, then, rep's,  
 Thus, this is thinking free, a thought that  
 grasps

Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.  
 Turn up thine eyes, survey this midnight  
 scene  
 What are earth's kingdoms to you boundless  
 Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range  
 And what you boundless orbs to godlike man  
 Those numerous worlds that throng the firmament.

And ask more space in Heaven, can roll at large  
 In man's capacious thought, and still have  
 room

For ampler orbs, for new creations there  
 Can such a soul contract itself, to gauge  
 A point of no dimension, of no weight  
 It can; it does: the world is such a point,  
 And of that point how small a part—slaves.  
 How small a part—of nothing, shall I say!  
 M



Why not—friends, our chief treasure—how  
they drop?

How the world talks to pieces round about us,  
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!  
What says this transposition of my friends?  
It bids me leave the place where now they dwell,  
And seek this wretched spot they leave so  
poor.

Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee;  
Give thy mind sea-room; ~~happ't wide of earth,~~  
That rock of souls immortal; cut thy cord;  
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call every  
ind,  
Eye thy great Pole star; make the land of life.

*Rational and Animal Life.*

Two kinds of life has double-natur'd man,  
And two of death; the last far more severe.  
Life and 'tis natur'd by the sun;  
Thine own, its bounty, triumphs in its beams.  
Life rational subsists on higher food,  
Triumphant in his beams who made the day.  
When we leave that sun, and are left by this,  
(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt)  
'Tis utter darkness; strictly, double death.  
We sink by no judicial stroke of heav'n,  
But nature's course; as sure as planets fall.

If then that double-death should prove thy lot,  
Blame not the bowels of the Deity:  
Man shall be blest, as far as man permits.  
Not man alone, all rational heav'n's arms  
With an illustrious, but tremendous, pow'r  
To counteract its own most gracious ends:  
And this, of strict necessity, not choice.  
That pow'r deny'd, men, angels, were no more  
But passive engines, void of praise, or blame.  
A natur'd rational imparts the pow'r  
Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;  
Else idle reason could have nought to do;  
And he that would be barr'd capacity  
Of pain, counts incapacity of bliss.  
Heav'n wills our happiness, allows our doom  
Invites us ardently; but not compels;  
Man falls by man, if finally he falls;  
And fall he must, who learns from death alone  
The dreadful secret,—that he lives for ever.

Why this to thee? Thine yet perhaps in doubt  
Of second life: but wherefore doubtful still?  
Eternal life is nature's ardent wish:  
What ardently we wish, we soon believe:  
Thy tardy faith declares that wish destroy'd:  
What has destroy'd it?—shall I tell thee,  
What?

When fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wish'd,  
And when unwish'd, we strive to disbelieve.

*The Gospel.*

Instead of racking fancy, to refute,  
Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy.—

From purer manners, to sublimer faith,  
Is nature's unavoidable ascent;  
An honest deist, where the gospel shines,  
Matured to noake, in the Christian ends  
When that blest change arrives; then cast  
asle.

This song superfluous; life immortal strikes  
Conviction, in a flood of light divine.  
A Christian dwells, like Ured in the sun;  
Mendacious evidence pursued to flight;  
And ardent hope anticipates the skies  
Read, and reveré the sacred page, a page  
Where triumphs immortality; a page  
Which not the whole creation could produce.  
Which not the conflagration shall destroy,  
In nature's ruins nothing left lost  
'Tis printed in the minds of gods for ever.

*The Mystery of a Future State; as an answer  
against it*

Still seems it strange, that thou should'st  
live for ever?  
Is it less strange, that thou should'st live at all?  
This is a miracle; and that no more.  
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end;  
Deny thou art, then, doubt if thou shalt be.  
A miracle, with miracles inclos'd,  
Is man; and starts his faith at what is strange?  
What less than wonders from the wonderful?  
What less than miracles from God can flow?  
Admit a God,—that mystery supreme!  
That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;  
Nothing is uncaus'd for him to do:  
Deny him—all is mystery besides.  
We nothing know, but what is marvellous  
Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe  
So weak our reason, and so great our God,  
What most surprises in the sacred page,  
Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true.  
Faith is not reason's labour, but repose.

*Hope.*

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;  
By hischer tears, and transport has he'd death;  
Hope, like a coral, innocent, tho' strong,  
Man's heart, a once, inspires and serenes;  
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;  
'Tis all our present state can safely bear,  
Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!  
And to the modest eye chaste'd delight!  
Like the fair summer evening, mild, and  
sweet!

'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!

NIGHT VIII.—*Worldly Pursuits.*

On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave,  
The proud run up and down in quest of eyes

The sensual in pursuit of something worse;  
The grave, of gold; the politic, of power;  
And all, of other butterflies, as vain.  
As daddies draw things frivolous, and light,  
How is man's heart by vanities drawn in;  
On the swift circle of returning toys,  
Withd'raw, straw-like, round and round, and then  
ingulph'd,  
Where gay delusion darkens to despair!

*Human Life compared to the Ocean.*

Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home  
Of tuggers, at eternal war with man!  
Death's capital! where most he domineers,  
With all his chosen terrors howling round,  
Thou'rt beasted high at Albion's cost;  
Wide opening, and loud roaring still for more!  
'Tis faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect  
The melancholy face of human life!  
The strong resemblance tempts me farther  
still

And, haply, Britania may be deeper struck  
By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,  
Which nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-battered, unexperienc'd, high in hope,  
When young, with sanguine cheer and steam  
(as gay),

We cut our cable, launch into the world,  
And fondly dream each wand and star our  
friend;

All in some darling enterprise embark'd  
But where is he in triumph, even?  
Amid a multitude of artless hands,  
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!  
Some steer aright: but the black blast blows  
hard,

And puff's them wide of hope: with hearts of  
proof

Full ag'd just wind, and tide, some with their way,  
And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,  
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!  
They strike, and, while they triumph, they  
capitulate.

In stress of weather, most some sink outright;  
O'er them and o'er their names the billows  
close;

To-morrow knows not they were ever born:  
Others a short memorial leave behind;  
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd,  
It floats a moment, and is seen no more;  
One Caesar! yes, a thousand are forgot.

How few beneath auspicious planets born,  
With swelling sails make good the promis'd  
port,

With all their wishes freighted! Yet even these,  
Freight'd with all their wishes, soon com-  
plane

They still are men; and when is man secure?  
As fatal times stern! the rush of years

Beats down their strength: their numberless  
escapes

In ruin end; and now their proud success  
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:  
What para to quit the world just made their  
own,

Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high,  
Foolish they build, who build beneath the stars

*The Ego of Distinction.*

Apollon! pleasure! let us talk of thee:  
Dost grasp greatness? first know what it is.

Think'st thou thy greatness in distinction lies?  
Not in the number, wadst thou so rich,  
Is glory lodg'd? 'Tis lodg'd in the reverse,  
In that which joins, in that which connects all,  
The monarch and his slave:—A deafness  
soul,

Unbounded prospect, and immutability,  
A father God, and noth'g in the skies.

We wisely strip the steel we mean to buy  
Judge we, in their comparisons, of more:  
It nought avails thee, where, but what thou  
art;

All the distinctions of this little life  
Are quite enigmatic, foreign to the man:

When first death's frights, earth's subtle  
serpents creep,

Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,  
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,

All that now glitters, while they rear aloft,  
Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below:

How mean that snuff of glory, fortune lights,  
And death puts out! dost thou demand a test?

A test at once infallible and short,  
Of real greatness? that man greatly lives,

Whatever his fate or fame, who greatly dies:  
Tough flush'd with hope, where heroes shall  
despair.

*Pleasure.*

Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still  
To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,

Lorenzo cries, "Be, then, ambition cast;  
Ambition's dealer far surpass'd, unimpair'd,

Gay pleasure! pride and ambition is her slave:  
Who can resist her charm?"—Ory, should  
I or no!

What mortal shall resist, where angels yield:  
Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal powers;

Pleasure's the mistress of the world below:  
How would all stagnate, but for pleasure's ray?

What is the pulse of this so busy world?  
The love of pleasure: that, through every  
vein,

Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death  
from life.

Tho' various are the tempers of mankind,  
Pleasure's gay family holds all in chains.

Some most affect the black; and some the fair—

Whatever the motive, pleasure is the mark:  
For her the black assassin draws his sword;  
For her, dark statesmen from their midnight

lamp,  
To which no single sacrifice may fall:  
The Stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure  
scorn'd;

For her, affliction's daughters grief indulge,  
And seek, or hope, a luxury in tears—  
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy,  
And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death  
Thus universal her despotic pow'r.

Potion of pleasure! I thy rival am;  
Pleasure, the purpose of my gloomy song  
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name—  
I wou'd; her still, I rate her worth too low—  
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flow'r.

The love of pleasure is man's eldest born,  
Born in his cradle, lying to his tomb—  
Wisdom, her younger sister, tho' more grave,  
Was meant to minister, and not to war  
Imperial pleasure, queen of human hearts.

#### *Rise of Pleasure.*

First, pleasure's birth, rise, strength and  
grandeur see,  
Brought forth by wisdom, nurs'd by discipline,  
By patience taught, by perseverance crown'd,  
She rears her aged majesty round her  
throne.

Erected in the bosom of the just,  
Each virtue, list'd, forms her manly guard:  
For what are virtues, formidable name!  
What, but the fountain, or defence of joy?  
Great legislator!—see so great a kind!  
If men are rational, and love delight,  
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice:  
In the transgression lies the penalty;  
And they the most indulge, who most obey.

#### *End of Pleasure.*

Of pleasure, next, the final cause expow'r;  
Its mighty purpose, its important end  
Not to turn human brutish, but to build  
Drine on human, pleasure came from heav'n:  
In aid to reason was the goddess sent,  
To call up all its strength by such a charm.  
Pleasure first sows virtue; in return,  
Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign  
While, but the pleasure of food, friendship,  
faith,

Supports life natural, civil, and divine?  
It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;  
Glide then for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!  
Through Eden as Euphrates ran, it runs,  
And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life;  
Makes a new Eden where it flows.

#### *Virtue and Piety.*

"Is virtue then, and piety the same?"  
No—piety is more: 'tis virtue's source;  
Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy,  
With piety begins all good on earth;  
Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies!  
Useless, lifeless, impotent to good,  
A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power  
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's  
sake;

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.  
Of piety, humanity is built;  
And, on humanity much happiness—  
And yet still more on piety itself.  
A Duty believ'd, is joy begun;  
A Duty ador'd, is joy advanced;  
A Duty believ'd, is joy matur'd—  
Each branch of piety delight inspires:  
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the  
next,

Over death's dark gulph, and all its horror  
bides;

Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,  
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;  
Piety's ardent open'd heaven, lets down a stream  
Of glory, on this consecrated hour  
Of man, in audience with the Deity.  
Who worships the great God, that instant  
joins  
The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell.

#### *Resources of a dejected Man.*

Art thou dejected? is thy mind o'ercast?  
Thy gloom to chase, go, fix some weighty  
truth;  
Chain down some passion; do some generous  
good;  
Teach ignorance to see; or grief to smile;  
Correct thy friend; befriend thy greatest foe;  
Or, with warm heart, and confidence diving,  
Spring up, and lay strong hold on him who  
made thee—

Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;  
Thou wilt'er'd is thy vine, and harp unstring'  
Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,  
Loud mirth, mad laughter? wretched equi-  
formers,

Physician! more than half of thy disease,  
Laughter, tho' never censur'd yet as sin,  
Is half-immortal. Is it much indulg'd?  
By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,  
It shows a scorner, or it makes a fool;  
And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.  
The house of laughter makes a house of woe:  
What cause for triumph, where such ill  
abound?

What for dejection, where presides a pow'r,  
Who call'd us into being to be bless'd?  
So grieve, as conscious grief may rise to joy;

No joy, as conscious joy to grief may fall  
Most true; a yonder never will be sold  
But neither will *torments*, bebbine' with  
A shallow stream of happiness betray;  
Too happy to be so, he's serene.

Retire, and read thy bible, to beguile  
There truths abound of sovereign aid to peace  
Ah! do not prize them less because inspir'd;  
Not inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,  
Time's treasure! and the wonder of the world!

But hark, thou think'st, are gloomy paths  
To joy.

True joy th' sunshine ne'er was fold'd at first  
They, first, themselves offend, who greatly  
Please,

And travel only gives a sound repose.  
Heaven's all pleasure; that is the vice,  
The joys of conquest are the joys of man;  
And glory the victorious laurel's spigots  
O'er pleasure's pain, perpetual, placid stream.

*A Man of Pleasure is, Man of Pains.*

There is a time, when toil must be prefer'd,  
Or joy, by mischance's tenderness is undeared.  
A man of pleasure is a man of pains.  
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be bless'd.  
False joys, indeed, are born from want of  
Thought:

From thoughts full bent, and energy, the true;  
And that demands a mind in equal poise,  
Remote from gloomy grief, and glooming joy.  
Much joy not only speaks small happiness,  
But happiness that shortly must expire;  
Can joy, discolour'd in reflection, stand?  
And in a tempest, can reflection live?  
Can joy like thine seeme itself an hour?  
Can joy like thine meet accident unshock'd.  
Or open the door to honest poverty?  
Or talk with threatening-death, and not turn  
pale?

In such a world, and such a nature, these  
Are needful fundamentals of delight.  
These fundamentals give delight indeed;  
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;  
Delight, unshaken, unswerving, divine;  
A constant, and a sound, heterogeneous joy.

Is joy the daughter of severity?

It is: yet far my doctrine from severe.

"Rejoice for ever;" it becomes a man;  
Exalts, and sets him near to the gods;  
"Rejoice for ever." Nature cries, "Rejoice,"  
And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,  
Mix'd up of delicacies for every sense;  
To the great Founder of the bounteous feast  
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise;  
And he that will not pledge her, is a churl,  
Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,  
Is the whole science of felicity.

Yet sparing pledge; her bowl is not the best

Mankind can best. A rational repast,  
Fervour, and cheer, a mind in arms,  
A salutary dependence on thought,  
To toll temptation of the deceitful fiend,  
An ever waking, and a full, the night,  
Is the consistent, and the good, the great heart,  
No light diet, light, that's better; still wants  
What reason bids, and duty commands,  
How aggrandiz'd the shadow of a thing we do?  
That, nothing, is, is paid to the wise;  
For these inspired all, but what is said;  
Joy's strength, and truth, and fast, and strong, of gods.

*Fortitude, or, Consistency.*

Consistent wisdom ever is the same;  
Thy little wish, ever on the wing,  
Each of herself is folly's character,  
As wisdom's is a modest self-appraise.  
A change of evils is thy good supreme;  
Nor, but in misfortune, dost thou find thy rest.  
Man's greatest strength is shown in standing  
still:

The first sure symptom of a mind in health,  
Is rest of heart, and pleasure put at home.  
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports;  
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the true.  
The true is fix'd, and solid, as a rock;  
Shippily the false, and tossing, as the wave.  
His love of flowing makes an angel here;  
Such angels all, entitled to repose  
On him who governs fate. Tho' tempest  
frowns,  
Tho' nature shakes, how soft to lean on heaven!  
To lean on him on whom archangels lean!  
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,  
They stand collecting every beam of thought,  
Till their hearts' candle with divine delight.  
For all their thoughts, like angels seen of old  
In Israel's dream, come from and go to heaven;  
Hence are they studios of sequester'd scenes,  
While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

*Joy.*

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight,  
Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.  
Joy's a fix'd state; a fever, not a start;  
Bliss there is none, but unperceivable bliss;  
That is the gem; sell all, and purchase that.  
It is an perpetuates joy that reason gives,  
And makes it as immortal as herself.  
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

*Follies of Imagination.*

In this is seen imagination's guilt;  
But who can count her follies? She betrays  
thee,  
To think in grandeur there is something great.  
For works of enormous art, and affluent fame,  
Thy genius hauntings, elegantly, and;

And foreign climes must cater for thy taste  
Hence what disaster!—Thy price was paid,  
That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome  
Detain'd thy dinner on the Larian shore;  
And poor magnificence is staid'd to death.  
Hence, just resentment, indignation, ire!

*Pleasure consists in goodness.*

Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;  
Our only contest, what deserves the name;  
Give pleasure's name to nought, but what may  
pass'd

Th' authentic seal of reason, which defies  
The tooth of time; where past a pleasure still;  
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,  
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes  
Our future, while it forms our present joy.  
Some joys the future overcast; and some  
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the  
toomb:

Some joys appear eternity: some give  
Abbor'd annihilation dreadful charms.  
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?  
Consult thy whole existence, and be safe;  
That oracle will put all doubt to flight:  
Be good,—and let heav'n answer for the rest.

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,  
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,  
The good man has his clouds that intervene;  
Clouds that obscure his sublunary day,  
But never conquer. Few the best must own,  
Patience, and resignation, are the pillars  
Of human peace on earth: remote from thee;  
Till this heroic lesson thou hast learn'd;  
To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain,  
Fix'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss.  
Heav'n in reversion, like the sun as yet  
Beneath the horizon, cheers us in this  
world;

It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,  
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

Now see the man immortal; him, I mean,  
Who lives as such; whose heart, full bent on  
heav'n,

Leads all that way his bias to the stars.  
The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall  
raise

His lustrous more; tho' bright, without a soil.  
Observe his awful portrait, and admire:  
Nor stop at wonder; imitate and live.

*Picture of a Good Man.*

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,  
Behold him seated on a mount serene,  
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;  
All the black cares and tumults of this life,  
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet;  
His genuine sons, the sceptred and the  
slave,

A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees  
Bewilder'd in the vale; his all awake!

His full reverse in all; what higher praise?

What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all their care; the future, his:

When public welfare calls, or private want,

They give to fame; his bounty he conceals:

Thy virtues varnish nature; his exalt:

Thine, the will chace of false felicities;

His, the compos'd possession of the true:

Alike throughout is his consistent peace,

All of one colour, and an even thread;

While party colour'd shreds of happiness

With hideous gaps between, patch up for them

A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows

The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs; where  
they

Behold a sun, he spies a Deity;

What makes them only smile, makes him  
adore;

Where they see mountains, he but atoms  
sees;

An empiric, in his balance, weighs a giant:

They things terrestrial worship, as divine;

His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,

That dims his sight, and shortens his survey;

Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound:

Titles and honours, if they prove his fate)

He lays aside, to find his dignity:

They triumph in externals (which conceal

Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse

He nothing thinks so great in man, as man;

Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect;

Another's welfare, or his right invade;

Their interest, like a lion's, lives on prey:

Thy kindly at the shadow of a wrong;

Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on  
heav'n;

Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;

Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds  
his peace;

A cover'd heart their character defends;

A cover'd heart denies him half his praise:

With nakedness, his integrity agrees;

While their broad foliage betrays their fall;

Their no joys end, where his full feast begins;

His days create, theirs murder, future bliss:

To triumph in existence, his alone;

And his alone, triumphantly to think

His true existence is not yet begun:

His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;

Death, then, was welcome, yet life still is  
sweet.

*The Fall of the Good Man.*

But nothing charms, Lorenzo, like the firm,  
Undaunted breast:—And whose is that high  
praise?

'They yield to pleasure, tho' they danger brave,  
And shew no fortitude, but in the field;  
It there they shew it, as for glory shown:  
Nor will they ever do always more their hearts:  
A cardinal his sustenance that cannot fail—  
By pleasure unsullied, unbroke by pain,  
He shares in that omnipotence he tries:  
Ad bearing, all attempting, till he falls  
And when he falls, rises still on his shield  
From magnanimity, all war above:  
From no other recompense, above applause.

*Wit and its Abuse.*

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste!—  
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of sense;  
But, as its substitute, a dire disease:  
Fornice a talent! flatter'd by mankind,  
Yet hated too; they think the talent rare.  
Wisdom is rare, Porcenzio wit abounds;  
Fashion can give it, sometimes windbags puff  
The lucky flash, and madness rarely fails.  
Whatever cause the spirit strongly stings,  
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown;  
Chance often hits it, and, to pique thee more,  
See dullness blundering on vivacity.  
But wisdom, and wisdom! which inspects,  
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,  
Seize, the right, and holds it to the last;  
How rare! In senates, synods, sought in vain;  
Or, if there found, 'tis sacred to the few.  
While a loud prostitute to pun's trifles,  
Frequent as fatal wit—In civil life,  
Wit makes an enterprising squire, a man.  
Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume;  
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves:  
Sense is the diamond, witty, solid, sound;  
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;  
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still:  
Wit, widow'd of good sense, is worse than  
nought;

It hoists more sail to run against a rock.

How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,  
Where syrens sit, to sing thee to thy fate!  
Let not the cooings of the world allure thee,  
Which of her lovers ever found her true?  
Happy! of this bad world who little know;  
She gives but little; nor that little, long.  
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse;  
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,  
That mantles high, that sparkles and expires,  
Leaving the soul more vapid than before;  
An animal ovation! such as holds  
No commerce with our reason, but subsists  
On juices thro' the well-tou'd tubes, well-  
stam'd;

A nice machine! scarce ever tun'd aright;  
But when it jars, the syrens sing no more,  
The demi-god is thrown beneath the man;  
In coward gloom immur'd, or fell despair.

*False Gamblers and a Peasant.*

They gain; but wherefore? and how long  
they tarry?

Half ignorance, then youth and half, a lie  
To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they  
smile.

Harder their task! The most abandon'd own,  
That others, if abandon'd, are undone.

Then, for themselves, the moment reason  
stands,

O how laborious is their gaiety!

They scarce can master patience for the fair;  
And pamp'ring laughter, till the curtain falls:  
Scarcely did I say—Scarcely must shut out;  
Off their own evening brow, the curtain draw,  
And shew us what they pay, by their despair.

The clotted hand! gor'd breast! blaspheming  
eye!

Its impious fury still alive in death!  
Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But he can  
denies

A cover to such guilt—and so should man.  
Look round, Porcenzio! see the reeking blade;

The envenom'd phlegm and the fatal ball;  
The streaming blood, and soft-aching stream;

The loathsome rottings and foul decays  
Jugragag! not slower suicides,;

And pride in these, more execrable still!—  
How horrid all to thought!—But horrors,  
these,

That touch the truth, and end my feeble song.

*NIGHT-IV—Reflections on Death.*

Where the prime actors of the last year's  
scen;

Their port so proud, then buskin, and their  
plume?

How many sleep, who kept the world awake  
With haste, and with noise? Has Death pro-  
claim'd

A truce, and hung his satiated lance on high?

'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the present  
year

Be more tenacious of her human leaf,

Or spread of froth by a thinner fall.

But feeble monuments to wake the  
thought;

Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality,

Tho' in a style more florid, full as plain,

As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs

What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths

Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,

The well-stam'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?

Our fathers' grace, or rather haunt, the scene;

Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

"Protest diversions! cannot these escape?"  
Far from it; these present us with a shroud,

And talk of death like garlands o'er the grave.  
 As some bold plunderer, for buried wealth,  
 We ransack tombs for pasting; from the dust  
 Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread  
 The scene for our amusement: how like gods  
 We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,  
 Shed generous tears on wretches born to die;  
 Their fate deploring, to forget our own!

*The World a Grave.*

What is the world itself? thy world—a  
 grave?  
 Where's the dust that has not been alive?  
 The spade, the plough, the turf bar ancestors;  
 From human mould we reap our daily bread:  
 The globe around earth's hollow surface  
 shakes,

And to the ceiling of her sleeping sons:  
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep;  
 Wholesom'd towns support the dancer's heel:  
 The moist of human frame the sun exhales;  
 Winds scatter, thro' the mighty void, the dry;  
 Earth re-possesses part of what she gave,  
 And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;  
 Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;  
 As nature wide, our ruins spread; man's  
 death

Indulge all things, but the thought of man.

*The Triumphs of Death.*

Nor man alone this breathing bust expires;  
 His tomb is mortal; empires die; Where now  
 The Roman? Greek? They stalk an empty  
 name!

Yet few regard them in this useful light;  
 Tho' half our learning is their epitaph.  
 When down, thy vale, unlock'd by midnight  
 thought,

Thou lovest to wander in thy sunless realms,  
 O Death! I stretch my view; what visions rise!  
 What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!  
 In wither'd laurels, glide before my sight!  
 What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high  
 With human agitations, roll along  
 In unsubstantial images of air!  
 The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,  
 Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's pause,  
 With penitential aspect, as they pass,  
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride.

*Deluge and Conflagration.*

But O Lorenzo! far the rest above,  
 Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,  
 One form assaults my sight, and chills my  
 blood,  
 And shakes my frame: of one departed world  
 I see the mighty shadow; oozy wreath  
 And dismal sea would crown her; o'er her urn  
 Reclining, she weeps her desolated realms,

And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophesies  
 Another's dissolution, risen in flames.

Deluge and Conflagration, dreadful powers!  
 Prime ministers of vengeance! chaf'd in caves  
 Distinct, apart the giant-ruin roar;  
 Apart; as such their horrid rage for ruin,  
 In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage  
 Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd:  
 But not for this ordain'd their boundless rage;  
 When heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,  
 War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak  
 To scourge a world for her enormous crimes;  
 These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,  
 Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,  
 With irresistible commission arm'd,  
 The world, in vain collected, to destroy,  
 And ease creation of the shocking scene.

*The Last Day.*

Scout thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man?  
 The fate of nature; as, for man, her birth:  
 Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,  
 And make creation groan with human guilt:  
 How must it groan in a new deluge which'd;  
 But not of waters? at the destin'd hour,  
 By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,  
 See, all the formidable hosts of fire,  
 Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings,  
 play

Their various engines, all at once disgorge  
 Their blazing magazines; and take by storm  
 This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period; when each mountain-  
 height

Out-brun Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour  
 Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;  
 Stars rush; and final Ruin fiercely drives  
 Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft  
 More than astonishment! if more can be!  
 Far other *Pyra* went than e'er was seen,  
 Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!  
 Stars animate, that govern these of fire:  
 Far other sun!—A sun, O how unlike  
 The babe at Bethlehem! How unlike the man  
 That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet, He it is;  
 That maw of sorrow! O how chang'd! What  
 pomp!

In grandeur terrible, all heaven descend!  
 A swift archangel, with his golden wing,  
 As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace  
 The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside:  
 And now, all dress remov'd, heav'n's own pure  
 day,

Full on the confines of our ether, flames.  
 While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far be-  
 neath!

Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,  
 And storms sulphurous: her voracious jaws  
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

At midnight, when mankind is wrapp'd in  
 peace,  
 And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams,  
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no  
 more,  
 Above, around, beneath, amazement all!  
 Terror and glory joined in their extremes!  
 Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!  
 All nature struggling in the pangs of death!  
 Dost thou not hear her? dost thou not deplore  
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?  
 Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is  
 gone,  
 On which we stood! Lorcuzo! while thou  
 mayst,  
 Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!  
 Where? how? from whence? vain hope! it  
 is too late!  
 Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,  
 When consternation turns the good man pale?  
 Great day! for which all other days were  
 made,  
 For which earth rose from chaos; man from  
 earth;  
 And an Eternity, the date of Gods,  
 Descended on poor earth created man!  
 Great day of dread, decision, and despair!  
 At thought of thee, each sublunary wish  
 Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world,  
 And catches at each real of hope in heav'n.  
 Already is begun the grand assize,  
 In us, in all: deputed conscience scales  
 The dread tribunal, and foretells our doom;  
 Foretells; and by foretelling, proves it sure.  
 Why on himself should man void judgment  
 pass?  
 Is idle nature laughing at her sons?  
 Who conscience sent, her sentence will sup-  
 port,  
 And God above assert that God is man.

*Thoughtlessness of the last Day.*

Three happy they, that enter now the court;  
 Heav'n opens in their bosoms: but, how rare?  
 Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!  
 What hero, like the man who stands himself,  
 Who dares to meet his naked heart alone?  
 Who hears intrepid the full charge it brings  
 Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?  
 The coward flies; and flying, is undone.  
 Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,  
 For that great day, which was ordain'd for  
 man?  
 O day of consummation! mark supreme  
 (If men are wise) of human thought; nor least,  
 Or in the sight of angels, or their King!  
 Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er  
 height,  
 As in a theatre surround this scene.  
 No. LII.

Look on man and anxious for his fate,  
 Angels look out for thee: for thee, their Lord,  
 To vindicate his glory; and for thee,  
 Creation universal calls aloud,  
 To dissolve the mortal world, and give  
 To nature's renovation brighter charms—  
 Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,  
 Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his  
 thought?

I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!  
 All nature, like an earthquake, trembling  
 round!  
 I see the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!  
 The volume open'd! open'd every heart!  
 A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!  
 No patron! intercessor none! now past  
 The sweet, the clement! mediatorial hour!  
 For guilt no plea! to pain no pause! no bound!  
 Inexorable, all! and all extreme!  
 Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,  
 From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his  
 chain,  
 And rears his brazen front, with thunder  
 Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll  
 His baleful eyes! he curses whom he heads,  
 And deems it the first moment of his fall.

*Eternity and Time.*

'Tis present, to my thought!—And yet,  
 where is it?  
 Say, Thou great close of human hopes and  
 fears!  
 Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!  
 Great end! and great beginning! say, where art  
 Thou?  
 Art thou in time, or in eternity?  
 Not in eternity, nor time! I find thee!  
 These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet  
 (Monarchs of all claps'd, or unarriv'd!)  
 As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd,  
 May swell the grandeur, or discharge the  
 wrath,  
 Of him, who both their monarchies obey.  
 Time, this vast fabric for him, built (and  
 doom'd)  
 With him to fall! now bursting o'er his head;  
 His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd, calls his sons  
 From their long slumber; from earth's heav-  
 ing womb  
 To second birth; upstarting from one bed;  
 He turns them o'er, eternity! to thee:  
 Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live  
 He falls on his own scythe; nor falls alone;  
 His greatest foe falls with him; time, and he  
 Who murder'd all time's offspring, death, ex-  
 pire.  
 Time was! eternity now reigns alone!  
 And lo! her twice ten thousand gates thrown  
 wide,



With banners, streaming as the comets blaze,  
And clarions, louder than the deep in storms,  
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and  
pow'rs,

Of light, of darkness; in a middle field,  
Wide as creation! there to mark th' event  
Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes  
Detain'd them close spectators, thro' a length  
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result;  
Ages, as yet unnumber'd but by God;  
Who, now, pronouncing sentence; vindicates  
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

Eternity, the various sentence past,  
Assigns the several throug distinct abodes,  
Sulphureous or ambrosial: What ensues?  
The goddess, with determin'd aspect, turns  
Her adamantine key's enormous size

Thro' destiny's inextricable wards,  
Deep-diving ev'ry bolt; on both their fates;  
Then from the crystal battlements of heav'n,  
Down, down, she hurls it thro' the dark pro-  
found,

Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,  
And ne'er unlock her resolution more  
The deep resounds, and hell, thro' all her  
glooms,

Returns, in groans, the melancholy row.

— *The unreasonableness of Complaint.*

What then am I?—

Amidst applauding worlds,  
And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,  
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,  
Which jars in the grand chorus, and com-  
plains?

All, all is right, by God ordain'd, or dole;  
And who, but God, resum'd the friends he  
gave?

And have I been complaining, then, so long?—  
Complaining of his favours? pain, and death?  
Who without pain's advice would ever be  
good?

Who without death, but would be good in  
vain?

Pain is to save from pain! all punishment,  
To make for peace! and death to save from  
death!

And second death to guard immortal life;  
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous aw,  
And turn the tide of souls another way;  
By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,  
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for  
man,

A fairer Eden, endless in the skies.

*Grief and Joy.*

Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd,  
But chiefly then, when grief puts in her  
claim:

Joy from the joyous, frequently betrays,  
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe:  
Joy amidst ills, corroborates, exalts;  
'Tis joy and conquest: joy and virtue too:  
A nobler fortitude in ills, delight  
Heav'n's earth, ourselves; 'tis duty, glory,  
peace.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;  
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray:  
As night to stars, woe's lustre gives to man:  
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,  
And virtue in calamities, admire.  
The crown of manhood is a winter joy;  
An ever-green, that stands the northern blast,  
And blossoms in the vigour of our fate.

— *Night*

— O majestic Night!

Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born  
Add fast'd to survive the transient son?  
A starry crowd thy raven brow adorns,  
An azure zone, thy waist; clouds, in heav'n's  
loom

Wrought thro' varieties of shape and style,  
In ample folds of drapery divine,  
Thy flowing mantle form, and, Heav'n  
throughout,

Voluminously pour thy pompous train:  
Thy gloomy grandeurs claim a grateful verse,  
And like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,  
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the  
scene.

*Regularity of the Heavenly Bodies.*

Nor hiff thou seest a wild disorder here:  
Thro' this illustrious chaos; to the sight,  
Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.  
The path prescrib'd, invariably kept,  
Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind:  
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;  
They rove for ever, without error rove:  
Confusion unconfus'd! nor less admire  
This tumult untumultuous: all on wile,  
In motion, all! yet what profound repose!  
What fervid perfection, yet no noise! as awed  
To silence by the presence of their Lord;  
Or hushed, by his command, in love to man  
And bid let fall soft beams of human rest,  
Recess themselves. On you cerulean plain,  
In exultation to their God and thine,  
They dance, they sing eternal jubilee.  
Eternal celebration of his praise:  
But, since their song arrives not at our ear,  
Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the sight  
Fair hieroglyphic of his peerless power:  
Mark, how, the labyrinthian turns they take.  
The circles intricate, and mystic maze,  
Weave the grand cypher of Omnipotence!  
To Gods, how great! how legible to man!

*Miracles.*

And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,  
To give his tott'ring faith a solid base;  
Why call for less than is already thine?  
Says, which imports more plenty of power,  
Or nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?  
To make a sun, or stop his mid-care?  
To countermand his orders, and send back  
The flaming courier to the frighted east,  
Or bid the moon, as with her journey tir'd,  
In Ajar's soft, flow'ry vale repose?  
Great things are these; still greater to create.  
From Adam bow'r look down thro' the whole  
train

Of miracles;—resistless is their power!  
They do not, cannot, more amaze the mind,  
Than this, call'd un-miraculous survey.  
Say'st thou, "The course of nature governs  
all!"

The course of nature is the art of God:  
The miracles thou call'st for, this attest;  
For, say, could nature nature's course con-  
troul?

*Nature the Eve of Scepticism.*

Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,  
And let in manhood; let in happiness;  
Admit the boundless theatre of thought  
From nothing up to God; which makes a  
man:

Take God from nature, nothing great is left:  
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees:  
Emerge from thy profound erect thine eye;  
See thy distress! how close art thou besieg'd!  
Besieg'd by nature, the proud sceptic's foe!  
Inclus'd by these innumerable worlds,  
Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,  
As in a golden net of Providence,  
How art thou caught! sure captive of belief!  
From this thy blest captivity, what art,  
What blasphemy to reason sets thee free?  
This scene is Heaven's indulgent violence:  
Canst thou bear up against this tide of  
glory?

What is earth bosom'd in the ambient orbs,  
But faith in God impos'd, and press'd on

God is a spirit, spirit cannot strike  
These gross, material, organs; God by man  
As much is seen, as man a God can see,  
In these astonishing exploits of power:  
What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!  
Apt means! great ends! consent to general  
good!

Each attribute of these material gods,  
A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought;  
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

*Reasons for Belief.*

"What am I? and from whence?—I nothing  
know,

But that I am; and, since I am, conclude  
Something eternal: had there e'er been  
nought,

Nought still had been: eternal there must be:  
But what eternal?—Why not human race;

And Adam's ancestors without an end?

That's hard to be conceiv'd; since every link

Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail;

On every part depend, and not the whole?

Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;

Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal  
too?

Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs  
Would want some other father:—much de-  
sign

Is seen in all their motions, all their makes:

Design implies intelligence, and art:

That can't be from themselves, or man: that  
art

Man scarce can comprehend, could man be-  
stow?

And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man.—

Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,

Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight?

Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume

Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?

His matter innate motion? Then each atom,

Asserting its indisputable right

To dance, would form an universe of dust:

Has matter none? Then whence these glorious  
forms,

And boundless flights, from shapeless, and re-  
pos'd?

Has matter more than motion? has it thought,

Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd

In mathematics? Has it found such laws,

Which, but to guess, a Newton made im-  
mortal?

If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,

Who think a clod inferior to a man!

If art, reason, and council, to conduct;

And what with greater far than human skill;

Resides not in each block—a Godhead reigns.—

Grant then invisible, eternal, mind;

That granted, all is solv'd.—But, granting  
that

Draw I not o'er me still a darker cloud?

Grant I not that which I can ne'er con-  
ceive?

A being without origin, or end!

Hail, human liberty! There is no God.

Yet why? on either scheme the knot sub-  
sists:

Subsist it must in God, or human race:

If in the last, how many knots beside,  
Indissoluble all?—why choose it there,  
Where, chosen, still existest ten thousand  
more!

Reject it; where that chosen, all the rest  
Dispers'd, leave reason's whole horizon clear?  
What vast preponderance is here! Can rea-

son  
With louder voice exclaim—Believe a God?  
What things impossible, must man think true,  
On any other system? and how strange  
To disbelieve, through mere credulity!

*The Power of God infinite.*

Can man conceive beyond what God can  
do?

Nothing, but quite impossible, is hard;  
He summons into being, with like ease,  
A whole creation, and a single grain.  
Speaks he, the word? a thousand worlds are  
born!

A thousand worlds? there's space for millions  
more;

And in what space can his great fiat fail?  
Still seems my thought enormous? Think  
again;

Experience self shall aid thy lame belief;  
Glasses (that revelation to the sight!)  
Have they not led us deep in the disclose  
Of fine-spun nature, exquisitely small;  
And, tho' demonstrated, still ill-conceiv'd?  
If, then, on the reverse, the mind would  
mount

In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,  
To keep the balance, and creation's poise?  
Stupendous Architect! Thou, Thou art all!  
My soul flies up and down in thought of  
Thee,

And hinds herself but at the centre still!  
I Am, thy name! existence all thine own!  
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if staid  
"The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God."

*The World sufficient for Man. Contemplation of  
the Heavens.*

Yet why drown fancy in such depths as  
these?

Return, presumptuous rover! and confine  
The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too  
small:

Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen?  
Full ample the dominions of the sun!  
Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,  
The matchless, Monarch from his flaming  
throne,

Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,  
Farther, and faster, than a thought can fly,  
And feeds his planets with eternal fires?

Beyond this city, why strays human thought?  
One wonderful, enough for man to know!  
One firmament, enough for man to read!  
Nor is instruction, here, our only gain;  
There dwells a nobler patron in the skies,  
Which warms our passions, proselytes our  
hearts:

How eloquently shines the glowing pole!  
With what authority it gives its charge,  
Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,  
Tho' silent, loud! heard earth around; above  
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;  
He'll has his wonder, tho' too proud to praise.

Divine instructor! thy first volume this,  
For man's perusal; all in capitals!  
In moon, and stars, heaven's golden alphabet!  
Emblaz'd to seize the sight; who runs, may  
read;

Who reads, can understand: 'tis unconfund,  
To Christian land, or Jewry; fairly writ  
In language universal, to mankind:  
A language, lofty to the learn'd: yet plain,  
To those that feed the flock, or guide the  
plough.

Or from its husk strike out the bounding grain!  
A language, worthy the great mind that  
speaks!

Preface, and comment, to the sacred page!  
Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise!  
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee  
By thee much open'd, I confess, O Night!  
Yet more I wish; say, gentle Night! whose  
beams

Give us a new creation, and present  
The world's great picture, soften'd to the  
sight;

Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key  
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view  
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by  
day

Behind the proud, and envious, star of noon!  
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—and  
show

The mighty potentate, to whom belong  
These rich regalia, pompously display'd?  
O for a glimpse of him, my soul adores!

As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste,  
Pursues for the living stream; for him who made  
her,

So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank  
Of sublimary joys: say, goddess! where?  
Where blazes his bright court? where burns  
his throne? [round,

Thou know'st; for thou art near him; by thee,  
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports,  
The sable curtain's drawn, if not, can none  
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,  
Who travel far, discover where he dwells?

A star his dwelling pointed out below;  
Say, ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,  
On which hand must I bend my course to find  
him?

These courtiers keep the secret of their king;  
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from  
them.

In ardent contemplation's rapid car,  
From earth, as from my barrier, I set out:  
How swift I mount! 'Tis nigh'd earth recedes;  
I pass the moon; and, from her further side,  
Pierce heaven's blue curtain, pause at every  
planet,

And ask for him, who gives their orbs to roll  
From Saturn's ring, I take my holder's flight,  
Amid those sovereign glories of the skies,  
Of independent native lucre, proud,  
The souls of system!—What behold I now?  
A wilderness of wonders burning round;  
Where larger suns inherit higher spheres;  
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;  
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;  
Oh, far beneath it, I am grovelling still.

*Mor's Science the Culture of his Heart.*

'Tis not the curious, but the pious path,  
That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,  
Without, or star, or angel, for their guide,  
Who worship God, shall find him: humble  
love, [heaven;  
And not proud reason keeps the door of  
Love finds admission, where proud science fails.  
Man's science is the culture of his heart;  
And not to lose his plummet in the depths  
Of nature, or the more profound of God:  
To fathom nature; (ill attempted here!)  
Past doubt, is deep philosophy above;  
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,  
As deeper learn'd; the deepest learning still:  
For, what a thunder of omnipotence  
Is seen in all! in man! in earth! in skies!  
Teaching this lesson, pride is loth to learn—  
Not deeply to discern, not much to know.  
Mankind was born to wonder and adore.

*The Greatness of God is impossible.*

“O what a root! O what a branch is here!  
O what a father! what a family!  
Worlds! systems! and creations! and  
creations,  
In one agglomerated cluster, hang,  
Great Vine! on thee: on thee the cluster  
hangs;  
The filial cluster! infinitely spread  
In glowing globes, with various being fraught;  
Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)  
A conglomeration of ten thousand germs,  
Set in one signet, flames on the right-hand

Of majesty divine! the blazing seal,  
That deeply stamps, on all created mind,  
Indelible, his sovereign attributes  
Omnipotence and love: nor stop we here,  
For want of power in God, but thought in man.  
If greater aught, that greater art is thine,  
Deed Sire!—Accept this miniature of thee;  
And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,  
In which archangels might have fail'd,  
to glorify.”

*The Meaning of Sin.*

O Thou, consolutions of disgrace alone?  
Rank coward to the fashionable world!  
Art thou ashamed to bend thy knee to heaven?  
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,  
Were half so sad, as one benighted mind,  
Which gropes for happiness, and meets  
Despair.

How, like a widow in her woe, the night,  
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!  
How sorrowful, how desolate, she sweeps  
Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!  
A scene more sad sun makes the darken'd soul;  
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

*Reason.*

The blind of heart, still open is thine eye;  
Why such magnificence in all thou seest?  
Of matter's grandeur, know, one end is this,  
To tell the rational, who gazes on it—  
Tho' that immensely great, still greater he,  
Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and  
lodge,  
Unburthen'd, nature's universal scheme;  
Can grasp creation with a single thought;  
Creation grasp; and not exclude its sire—  
To tell him farther!—If he loves him much  
To guard the important, yet depending, fate  
Of being, brighter than a thousand suns;  
One single ray of thought outshines them all.

*Man.*

O Thou most awful being! and most vain!  
Thy will, how frail! how glorious is thy  
power!  
Thou dread eternity has sown her seeds  
Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotic breast;  
Thou heaven and hell depend upon thy thought,  
A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled.  
My solemn night-born adjuration hear;  
Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust.

*Death.*

By silence, death's peculiar attribute!  
By darkness, guilt's inevitable doom:  
By darkness, and by silence, sisters dead!

That draw the curtain round night's ebony  
thron'd;

And raise idles, solemn on the scene:

By night, and all of awful, night presents  
To thought, or sense, by these her trembling  
fires,

By these bright orators, that prove and praise,  
And press thee to revere the Deity:

Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd a while,  
To reach his throne; as stages of the soul,  
Thro' which, at different periods, we shall  
pass,

Refining gradual, for her final height;  
And purging off some dross at every sphere:

By this dark pall thro'g'd o'er the silent world:  
By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most  
regrown'd,

From short ambition's zenith set for ever

By the long list of swift mortality,

From Adam downward to this evening's knell,

Which mighty waves in fury's startled eye;

And shocks her with a hundred centuries

Round death's black banner thro'g'd, in human  
thought:

By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,  
And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear:

By tombs o'er tombs arising, human earth;

Ejected, to make room for—human earth;

By pompous obsequies, that shun the Gay,

The torch funeral, and the noisling plume,

Boast of our ruin! triumph of our dust!

By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;

And the pale lamp, that shews the ghastly  
dead, [gloom

More ghastly thro' the thick incumbent

If, visits (if there are) from darker scenes,

The gliding spectre! and the groaning grove!

By groans and graves, and miseries that groan

For the grave's shelter: by desponding wren,

Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of  
guilt:

By guilt's fast attitude: by son's moon in blood,

The rocking firmament, the falling stars,

And thunder's last discharge, great nature's  
knell!

By second chaos; and eternal night—

Be wise—nor let Philander blame my charm;

But own not ill-discharg'd my double debt,

Love to the living; duty to the dead.

#### Reflections on Sleep.

But oh!—my spirits fail!—sleep's dewy  
wand

Has stol'd my drooping lids to soft repose:

Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's  
cot,

The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's  
straw,

Whence sorrow never chas'd thee: with thee  
bring

Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts

Delicious of well-tasted, cordial rest;

Mau's rich restorative; his balmy bath.

That supplies, lubricates, and keeps in play,

The various movements of this nice machine.

Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;

Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,

Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion  
ends.

When will it end with me?

Thou only know'st,

Thou, whose broad eye the future and the past

Joins to the present, thou, and thou alone,

All-knowing!—all unknown! and yet well  
known?

Thine, tho' invisible, for ever seen!

And seen in all the great, and the minute,

I each glebe above, with its gigantic race,

Each flower, each leaf, with its small people  
swarm'd,

To the first thought, that asks, from whence  
declare

Their common source, thou fountain running  
o'er

In rivers of communicated joy!

Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler  
themes!

Say, by what name shall I presume to call

Him I see burning in these countless suns,

As Moses in the bush's illustrious mind!

How shall I name Thee?—how my labouring  
spirit

Heaves underneath the thought, too big for  
birth!

#### Address to the Trinity.

'Great system of perfections! mighty cause

Of nature, that luxuriant growth of God,

Father of this immeasurable mass

Of matter multiforn: mov'd, or at rest:

Father of these bright millions of the night!

Of which the least full Godhead had pro-  
claim'd,

Father of matter's temporary lords!

Father of spirits! mother of sprig! sparks

Of high paternal glory; rich-endow'd

With various measures, and with various  
modes

Of instinct, reason, intuition; beams

More pale, or bright from day divine, that  
raise

Each over other in superior light,

Till the last ripens into lustre strong

Of next approach to Godhead: Father kind

Of intellectual beings! beings blest

With powers to please thee; not of passive ply

To laws they know not, beings lodg'd in seats  
Of well adapted joys; in different domes  
Of his imperial palace for thy sons.  
Or, no! indulge, immortal King! indulge  
A title, less august in deed, but more  
Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears!  
Father of immortality to man!  
And thou the next, yet equal! thou, by  
whom  
That blessing was convey'd; far more! was  
bought;  
Ineffable the price! thy whom all worlds  
Were made; and one redeem'd! illustrious  
light  
From light illustrious! Thou, whose regal  
power,  
On more than Alcantara basis fix'd,  
O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones  
Invincibly reigns; beneath whose foot  
And by the mandate of whose awful nod,  
All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,  
Of high, of low, of mud, and matter roll  
Through the short channels of expiring time,  
On shoreless ocean of eternity,  
In absolute subjection!—and, O Thou  
The glorious third! distinct, not separate,  
Beaming from both! incorporate with dust!  
By condescension, as thy glory great;  
Inshrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,  
Divine inhabitant! the tie divine  
Of heaven with distant earth!—mysterious  
power!  
Reveal'd,—yet unreveal'd! darkness, light!  
Number in unity! our joy! our dread!  
Triune, unutterable, unconceiv'd,  
Absorbing yet demonstrable, great God!  
Greater than greatest! with soft pity's eye,  
From thy bright home, from that high firmament  
Where thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt;  
Beyond archangels unassisted ken;  
Thro' radiant ranks of essences unknown;  
Thro' hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd,  
Round various banners of omnipotence,  
With endless change of rapturous duties  
fir'd;  
Thro' wondrous beings interposing swarms:  
Thro' this wide waste of worlds—look down—  
down—down,  
On a poor breathing particle in dust,  
Or, lower, an immortal in his crimes;  
His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues too!  
These smaller faults; half-converts to the  
right.  
Nor let me close these eyes, which never  
more  
May see the sun (tho' night's descending  
scale

Now weighs up morn) un pity'd and unblest!  
In thy displeasure dwelt eternal pain;  
And, since all pain is terrible to man,  
Gently, ah, gently, lay me in my bed!  
My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, so new!  
And when (the shelter of thy wing improv'd)  
My senses, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose;  
O sink this truth still deeper in my soul,  
Man's sickly soul; tho' turn'd, and toss'd for  
ever,  
From side to side, can rest on nought but  
thou,  
Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy.  
Thou God and mortal! thence, more God to  
man!  
Thou canst not 'scape uninjur'd from our  
praise,  
Uninjur'd from our praise can he escape,  
Who, discern'd from the Father, flows  
The heaven of heavens, to kiss the distant  
earth!  
Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!  
Against the cross, death's iron sceptre  
breaks;  
Throws wide the gates of heav'n to his foes!  
Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,  
Debates their suffering brothers to receive!  
Injoins it as our duty, to rejoice!  
And (to close all) omnipotently kind,  
Takes his delights among the sons of men.  
What words are these?—And did they come  
from heav'n?  
And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?  
What are all mysteries to love like thine!  
Rich publication of consummate joy!

## Conclusion.

Then, farewell night? of darkness, now no  
more:  
Joy breaks, shines, triumphs: his eternal day!  
Shall that which rises out of nought com-  
plain,  
Of a few evils, pay'd with endless joys?  
My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join  
The two supports of human happiness,  
Which some erring souls, think can never  
meet?  
True taste of life, and constant thought of  
death;  
Thy patron, he, whose diadem has dropp'd  
You gems of heav'n; eternity thy prize.  
How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,  
The truth of things new blazing in its eye,  
Look back astonish'd, on the ways of men,  
Whose life's whole drift is to forget their  
graves!  
And when our present privilege is past,  
The same astonishment will seize us all.

What then must pain us, would preserve us  
now!

Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise:

That is, seize wisdom, ere she seizes thee:

For, what is hell? full knowledge of the truth,

When truth, resist'd long, is sworn our foe;

And calls eternity to do her right.

Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,

And sacred silence whispering truths divine,

And truths divine converting pain to peace, a

My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,

And shot, ambitious of unbought keenness,

Beyond the flaming lions of the world,

Her glory's flight. But what avails the  
flight

Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?

Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes;

Looms! rise at this suspicious hour;

An hour, when heaven's most intimate  
man;

When, like a falling star, the ray divine

Glides swift into the bosom of the just;

And just are all, determin'd to reclaim;

Which sets that tide high within thy reach,

Awake, then, thy Philander calls, awake,

Thou who shalt wake, when the creation  
sleeps

When, like a thief, all these snags expire:

When time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath

Plucking the pillars that support the world,

In nature's ample mists lies entomb'd;

And midnight, universal midnight! reigns.

END OF THE NIGHT THOUGHTS.

# INDEX

TO THE

## MISCELLANEOUS PART OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

- Duchess of Rutland, 3
- Lady Fitzpatrick, 27
- Catharine Howard, 8
- Euston, 127
- Manners, 268
- Melville, 207

### ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

- Account of the Island of St. Hylepp, 20
- of the Battle of Aspern, 29
- of Abyssinia, 60
- of a Mermaid seen on the coast of Scotland, 88
- of the Battle of Cornnna, 112
- Advice to the Female Sex, 135
- Angelotes of Viotti, 21
- of Gaming, 72
- of depravity in London, 142, 182, 235
- Art of Drawing, 38
- Authorities touching the actual existence of Mermaids, 169
- Biographical sketch of Benvenuto Cellini, 68
- City Fashions, 17
- Covent Garden Theatre, description of the architecture and interior of, 172
- opening of, 172
- Consequence of marrying a Fine Woman, 213
- Curious Arithmetical Problem, 276
- Description of the Inhabitants of West Barbary, 13
- of the Island of Walcheren, 27
- of the South of France, 57
- Epitaphs, 160
- Eruption of Mount Etna, 73

- Essay on Novelty, 196
- Extracts from Mr. Kett's "Essay," 147
- from the "Life of W. Cobbet," 157
- Explanation of the Map of the Islands and Course of the Scheld, 83
- Female Education, 215
- Garde of Nine men's Morris, 109
- Hymeneus in search of a Husband, 5, 49, 89, 129, 169, 209
- History of the Oldecastle Family, 100, 137, 177, 217
- of Don Lewis de Barbaran, 173, 221
- of Maria Eleonora Stanning, 237
- Handsome girls are born married, 77
- Heraldry, 77, 102
- Letter on marriage, 71
- Letters descriptive of Ireland, 110, 114
- Life of a Lounger, 11, 36, 66, 113
- Observations made in a tour from London to Edinburgh, 190, 225
- Paradise of Women, 17
- Possibility of growing young again, 4, 128
- Sketch of the present state of Society in London, 105
- State of the case between the Lord Chamberlain and the Company of Comedians, 203
- Thoughts on affliction in the Female Sex, 74, 163, 203, 243

### LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE

- Explanation of the Prints of Fashion, 41, 89, 121, 161, 241, 241
- Female Beauty, 42
- General Observations on the Fashions, 41, 81, 121, 161, 201, 241
- Letters on Dress, 82, 162

### EMBELLISHMENTS IN VOL. VII.

Portraits.	Source by	Patterns and Fashions.
No. 48. Duchess of Rutland.	Mr. Hook.	Four Ditto.
Map of the Seat of War in Germany, and Plan of the Battle of Aspern.		
Map of the Island of Walcheren.		
No. 49. Lady Fitzpatrick.	Mr. Hook.	Four Ditto.
Map of the Islands and Course of the Scheld.		
No. 50. Lady Howard.	Mr. Hook.	Three Ditto.
View of the North and East Front of the new Theatre Covent-Garden.		
No. 51. Lady Euston.	Mr. Hook.	Four Ditto.
Jubilee Portrait of his Majesty George III.		
No. 52. Lady Manners.	Mr. Hook.	Four Ditto.
No. 53. Lady Melville.	Ditto.	Four Ditto.



# INDEX

TO THE

POETICAL PART OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

## BEAUTIES OF DR. JOHNSON.

Eulogium on Sir Thomas Hanmer, 82 .

Midsummer Wish, 5

Ode to Spring, *ib.*

— to Autumn, *ib.*

— to Winter, 6

— to Evening, *ib.*

— to Lycis, 7

— the Natural Beauty, *ib.*

— to Miss —, *ib.*

Vanity of human Wishes, 1

— of Wealth, 7

## BEAUTIES OF ADDISON

Hymn on Gratitude, 75

— on Providence, 16

— from the beginning of the Nineteenth

Century, *ib.*

Letter from Italy to Lord Halifax, 91

The Campaign, 12

## BEAUTIES OF MOORE

FABLES FOR THE FEMALE SEX.

Table I. The Eagle and the Assembly of Birds,

17

— II. The Panther, the Horse, and other

Beasts, 18

— III. The Nightingale and Glow-worm, 19

Table IV. Hymn and Death, 19

— V. The Poet and his Patron, *ib.*

— VI. The Wolf, the Sheep, and the

Lamb, 20

— VII. The Goose and the Swans, 21

— VIII. The Lawyer and Justice, 22

— IX. The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the

Cat, 23

— X. The Spider and the Bee, 24

— XI. The young Lion and the Ape, 23

— XII. The Colt and the Farmer, *ib.*

— XIII. The Owl and the Nightingale, 26

— XIV. The Sparrow and the Dove, 27

— XV. The female Seducers, 30

— XVI. The love of Vanity, 35

## BEAUTIES OF BURN

Ode to Despondency, 9.

— to a Mouse, *ib.*

— to a Mountain Daisy, 40

## BEAUTIES OF BLAIR.

The Grave, 41

## BEAUTIES OF YOUNG

Night-thoughts, 49

## PUBLICATION.

No. 34. Portrait of YOUNG, Author of the Night thoughts





